

Guardians of the Backwater

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Preface

Guardians of the Backwater took years to write and publish; from October 2012, to August 2017— 4.75 years. The initial writing part took two years, with some of the book written while under duress, being actively cased and sought by the rogue CIA's third-party contractors. As the first drops of ink were applied to paper, I was still in Florida, and had to write overnight at a fast-food restaurant, since I could not sleep in my home—there had been attempted break-ins, with unwanted visitors around my house in the middle of the night. Once, in the middle of the night, they shot at my parked truck; on another occasion, they broke the door handle on my screen door and tried to pry off a storm shutter with a crowbar. Other nights they would hang objects from trees: a water bottle on a rope, or articles of clothing made to look bloody, hanging upside down. During the daylight hours, they would stalk me, following me around or sitting nearby in cars; or lounging across from me in cafés, and occasionally making comments like: “how do we know *you* are not a spy?” Suddenly, to save my life, I quickly shut down my business, put my banking accounts in order, and moved to the far-Western mountains to a ranch on a high hill—with a BIG barking dog for security. Thus making it extremely hard for “them” to continue the harassment; although one of them showed up within days in a nearby downtown area, to let me know that they were still actively pursuing me. This CIA operative walked right up to me on the city sidewalk one morning and greeted me, “good morning,” he said in his identifiable, deep India accent and still dressed in the same attire he wore in Florida! Another day he sat in the local library and watched me browse for books; clearly the same man I had once joined me at my table at the overnight fast food restaurant where I spent the remaining over-nights of my last weeks in the Sunshine state. Fortunately, I had been forewarned in a dream that he was, without a doubt— *one of them*—a rogue CIA agent! But this surprise showing of one of the most dangerous men in the world gave me much concern; however, the BIG dog at my new residence, with her incredible ability to spot any activity around the ranch, and her incredible energy of running up to 30 miles an hour, gave me some peace. Here in the solace of wide-open spaces, I was able to complete this novel you are now

reading in around nine months; using much of their harassment against me as a writing model of CIA activities against domestic U.S. citizens. Also, at this time I was able to use a laptop computer, as prior to that time, I wrote the book by hand in a notebook. I was very much aware of the CIA's habit of bugging anything electronic: my phone, my internet surfing, and probably my home computer; everything had to be written by hand! Further, I hid the book's manuscript in an ottoman which had a secret compartment built in for shoe polish. Ironically, the first 30 pages of the book were transcribed into digital format from my notebooks in a homeless shelter in the new mountain community where I had fled—they had free coffee and internet access. The book then went through an extensive editing process for 18 months by a very qualified editor. During this time, I also finished some important additions. Then it went to a publisher who again edited the book, sending it back to me several times for further editing. Then, right after the book's first release in late 2016, this first publisher mysteriously closed its doors; events around this closing were timely and suspicious. Their printing operation in the Philippine Islands was suddenly closed by the Filipino government there, a sort of "labor dispute." Then, stateside in Oklahoma, where the publisher had his U.S. operations, the Attorney General there arrested the two top CEOs, resulting in the closing of the publishing company; the Attorney General claiming too many complaints by their author clients (over 1000) and charges of wrongdoing. The question remains in my mind, was this publisher targeted by the secret government and underworld? Thus, I had to find a new publisher, and that taking eight more months! My new publisher I would highly recommend to anyone! Fast and efficient, he took the finished manuscript and had it published and online in less than two weeks! This, not giving the secret government or the underworld any time to react to try to stop its introduction as a book available to the public. As soon as this book was officially released, everything became quiet, my email-box which was once a target for the underworld's threats, was empty. WE WON! I got the book in the hands of the public to have as many people read the story as possible—this creating a multitude of witnesses! Writing a book, or "going public" as some say, *is* one way to get the secret government/underworld to back-off!

The Research behind Guardians of the Backwater:

I uncovered deep corruption with little oversight in the intelligent services. If they screw up an operation and innocent people are hurt, it becomes an issue of national security; it all gets brushed away under the mat; any traces left behind are cleansed from any records, and witnesses are harassed into silence, framed or killed. Included into this cover-up cleansing process, is the pursuit of innocent Americans who “know too much;” that is, under the secret government’s definition. This could be to hide a classified operation, or illegal activities! Which are sometimes as unofficial as their official classified operations; all of this done domestically or internationally in the name of national security. So many bystanders and innocent people are literally crushed by a secret hand they can never see; the CIA becoming the judge, jury and executioner—this whole notion being disgusting and reprehensible. The Pike Report or House Select Committee on Intelligence chaired by Otis Pike, writes in its January 1976 report on the subject of intelligence collection....

- *The committee has examined both technical and non-technical intelligence gathering programs and has concluded that the risks accompanying them are unacceptably great; that information obtained does not justify the risk; the policymakers have been insensitive to dangers; especially of the violation of U.S. citizen’s rights; and, that there are inadequate policy-level mechanisms for the regular review of risk-assessment.[1]*

The Shenanigans of the CIA....

This book outlines in a fiction format, the surface of some of the intelligence corruption: drug running, prostitution, murder, and money laundering. There is so much more to uncover that a book the size of a dictionary would only be able to outline their basic networks; this book only giving a surface outline of some of the more obvious shenanigans; at least in one of their main centers of activity, the state of Florida, aka “the CIA’s Southern base.” To give example of how far shenanigans can go, The Pike

Report reveals an unsupervised CIA station, where a CIA station chief in a small country (they wouldn't say which one) turned in a one-year liquor bill of \$41,000.00. Taxpayer monies were spent to provide heads of state with female companions, the making of a pornographic movie entitled "Happy Days," and paying people of questionable reputations for blackmail purposes. So, what happened to the chief of station who spent this outrageous amount on alcohol? He was transferred to Angola.[2] This Western coast African country subsequently became another embarrassment, where CIA monies spent in Angola resulted in a total political meltdown of the country—nothing good came of it. Heavily involved in the civil war in Angola, and by the end of 1975, the U.S. through its spy agency, spent over \$31 million dollars in military hardware, transportation costs and cash payments; a government oversight committee thought that U.S. investment was much higher. Another contributing factor for Agency involvement could have been control of resources, Angola has significant oil deposits and two major U.S. multinational corporations operated in the offshore region.[3] That's black gold, Texas Tea! There were also over 500,000 civilian casualties in the Angolan Civil War. [4]

Across to another continent in the same era—mid-late 1960s—was another of the CIA's major cover-ups and embarrassments ... that was when the CIA managed to lose a plutonium-238 nuclear device that was part of a mountain-high monitoring station overlooking China. When, after installation, an avalanche occurred possibly distributing the 87-year half-life device into the Ganges river, a most holy site to a good part of the Indian population! Had it not been for Washington's non-comment stance on the subject, this easily could have turned into an international incident. To this day, not much is known of what could have happened to the radioactive spy device; perhaps it went into the Ganges River; perhaps it is buried in a pile of rubble on the side of India's highest peak; or, perhaps the Indian government found it and never reported their discovery to the U.S. government. An interesting to note, India's nuclear program took a leap forward following this incident.[5] It wasn't long before they had their first nuclear test which shocked the world.

And then, the Pike Report, or House Select Committee on Intelligence, found that the largest single category of covert

actions around the world by the CIA involved the tampering of free elections in other countries. U.S. tax dollars were spent toward financial election support to specific foreign parties and individuals. If the CIA influences elections in other countries, then it all depends on who is in power in Washington, Republican or Democrat and which president; the CIA often being an arm of the President determines the political wind direction and how foreign elections will be slanted. In other words, if President Clinton is in power, Argentina's elections go one way, and if Bush, an altogether different direction. American foreign policy along with wind pressure swings with the American voting block! This makes CIA operatives political change agents.

Next, the largest category of covert Agency action is media and propaganda: the insertion of articles into local press and distribution of books and leaflets; the Lion's share of this in the Cold War, was directed at the former Soviet Union. The Pike Report brings new light to Americans on the CIA's use of media....

- *The free flow of information vital to a responsible and credible press, has been threatened as a result of the CIA's use of world media for cover and for clandestine information gathering...the accuracy of news stories has been undermined... some planted, falsified articles have reached readers in the U.S.[6]*

The third category, covert action, is paramilitary arms and transfers.[7] In some cases enough arms and ammo to supply small armies! The Pike Report states....

- *"A vast arsenal of weapons and access to ammunition have been developed by CIA, giving its capability that exceeds most armies of the world (circa 1976)".[8]*

One private army that the CIA funded to the tune of \$15 million USD and \$20 million USD annually in weapons, medicine, logistics and training during the Angolan Civil War, was the infamous UNITA. What type of guerrilla fighters were they as they faced off with the Russian Funded MPLA?

- *With the resumption of the civil war in 1998, some 7,000 child soldiers were currently in the ranks of UNITA and in the Angolan army, the FAA, with forcible recruitment increasing in 2000...because they (the child soldiers) fear for their lives they have to do as they are told.*[9]

Child soldiers were either recruited or forcibly abducted. It was also reported that even young girls were abducted.

- *The death of a notorious UNITA leader, Savimbi, means the end of the most destructive guerrilla movement the world has known. For two generations hundreds of thousands of Angolan peasants were killed, wounded and displaced. Tens of thousands of children, boys and girls, were kidnapped and forced into UNITA's army as porters, sex slaves or fighters. Angola today is in economic and social ruin, despite its oil wealth.*[10]

And then, we need to talk of the United States Constitution and how it relates to the visibility, or lack of, in CIA spending programs; my fiscal point on their shenanigans....

- *Article I, Section 9 U.S. Constitution... No money shall be drawn from the treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.*[11]

The Pike Committee along with GAO employees on-loan to the committee concluded that the foreign intelligence budget was three-to-four times as costly as had been reported to congress. [12] Any legitimate American business that operated with such discrepancies would be automatically audited by the IRS. One way the CIA gets away with such deflated budgets is to piggyback their expenditures in other budgets. For example, a sizeable secret reconnaissance activity in the Defense Department was switched to "research and development." [13] Furthermore, the CIA's budget only appears as a single line item in the published Federal budget. This all in the name of secrecy,

but gives the agency a huge advantage; other government agencies wishing to transfer funds from one line item to another, must return to Congress for approval.[14] On top of that, the CIA has a very close relationship with the OMB (Office of Management and Budget); the Pike Committee reported that of the six employees that work on the Intelligence budget, three are former CIA employees![15] So there are former CIA operatives in the OMB; they are in the White House; they are in other powerful agencies in the government; they are in key positions in the major media; they recruit new operatives from Ivy League domestic colleges and universities; they have field offices across the United States (at one time 30); they work along with local domestic police departments, and they have a vast foreign network world-wide, hiring local agent/assets in foreign countries in key positions to gather information for them for cash payments—my guess, not filling them in completely of the dangers of being an informant in communist or third-world dictatorship? The Chinese government completely set back U.S. spying operations in their country by killing or jailing up to twenty CIA informants between 2010 and 2012.[16] The scary thought of this would be that, most likely, while they were in initial custody, they were probably tortured for information. Also, as portrayed in the spy thriller movie: *Spy Game* (2001), the asset-informant gets thrown under the bus by his case officer when things get too hot! In addition, the CIA is the most powerful spy agency of its kind; the Russian SVR RF, or as it is abbreviated: the SVR (following the dissolution of the KGB) pales in comparison. It's all secret, yet the CIA's National Intelligence Program budget as requested for the fiscal year 2020 is 62.8 billion dollars.[17] As the Pike Committee reported regarding the foreign and domestic intelligence budget of 1976....

- *"This adds up to more than 10 billion dollars being spent by a handful of people, with little independent supervision, with inadequate controls, even less auditing, and an overabundance of secrecy."*[18]

And my final point on CIA shenanigans: is the CIA involved in the international drug trade? Are they involved in

international drug pipelines into the United States today (**refer to: [Appendix C - CIA Drug Trade](#)**)?

The CIA's use of Mafia, third-party contacts to do their dirty work is also outlined in the book *Guardians of the Backwater*; a practice made visible by certain published articles, started during the early 60s, and just before the "Bay of Pigs" fiasco, when actual Mafia assets were hired to work in-cadence within a major CIA operation on Cuba.

Gathering this Deep State research, the table I sat at in a coffee house, weekdays in South Florida, had two CIA representatives, and one Mafia asset, he representing one of the most powerful Mafia organizations in the world—a dreadfully dangerous man! Other major mob organizations were also represented at this table, or in the background at other nearby tables. They were two Florida based Mafias: the Cuban mob which had a working relationship with the CIA from decades before, and a local Dixie mob of dangerous thugs; composed of former misguided military.

How did I get to this table? Truthfully, it was innocent, a simple coffee shop setting, where I came to get the best cup of java in the city. The underworld sat at another table, but once we became acquainted, they found that I had a gift—rare interpretive dream gift—they had a curious interest in, so they decided to have a look, inviting me over to their table. The CIA once had an operation where they analyzed others with similar gifts called: "Operation Stargate." So, they were more than curious when they discovered that the dreams I reported to them contained useful, accurate information—at the time I was receiving dreams filled with "intelligence" of sundry nature (**refer to: [Appendix E - Dream Technology](#)**). Under a spoken agreement with them, every morning, I would hand in a type-written dream report to X6 "the Kingpin," their notorious leader. He would take it to his intelligence source to have the information analyzed and report back to me of its accuracy within a day or two. This functioned smoothly for a year; often reporting back to me with comments like: "that one went right to the top," referring to a dream I had about a secret communist contact of the then Vice President of the United States, Joe Biden. Then, I started having dreams about corruption of their own, which is outlined in this book *Guardians of the Backwater*. After a year of cooperation, their Mafia asset suddenly got too

nervous and put a hit on me, hiring third party thugs from the local Mafias to bag me. However, my interpretive gift worked in my favor, giving me warnings of their activities; being warned ahead of the exact time of their operation and intentions; allowing me to side-step *every* net and trap!

Hopefully this book, which is inspired in-part by a true story, will give you as a reader some basic understanding on how corrupt and dangerous some CIA operatives are; whether they be official CIA, rogue CIA or any of their assets, of whom some are dyed-in-the-wool true mafiosos. To prove this point, I will quote directly from one of the government's own reports....

- *We must develop effective espionage and counterespionage services and must learn to subvert, sabotage and destroy our enemies by more clever, more sophisticated and more effective methods than those used against us...there are no rules in such a game...acceptable norms of human conduct do not apply.*[19]

Such a statement, going along with their operational procedures under the cloak of national security and need-to-know-basis, makes CIA and their rogue and Mafia assets the most dangerous people in the world. The military policy of need-to-know, sets up operatives to *not* ask any questions, “just do what you are told, or face censure,” even if it means coldblooded murder. They become the secret security police of their own agency, the Pentagon and the White House. My most trusted source tells me that in the South Florida base of operations, *thousands* of innocent American lives have been harassed, damaged, or even lost to their enforcer henchmen. With over 30 field offices across the United States this number could be magnified. In this writer's humble opinion, the CIA should not be allowed to operate domestically, or inside the borders of the U.S.-that is the job of the FBI!

Under duress, I made a quick move across the USA to the far Western mountains, where I still reside in relative safety. Yes, they did follow me, however, I continued to receive updates in dreams of their active operations, allowing me to avoid their dangerous traps, and they have at least for a time, gone on to other business; my book's successful release has confused their operational tactics against me, going public with my research has

created a barrier of truth, and truth is the most powerful advantage in the known world. Also, intelligence from dreams (which comes from the 4th dimension, AKA heaven) is far more advanced than anything the CIA has electronically. This is partly because dreams can see into the future.

CIA Domestic Involvement:

For most of its infancy, the CIA was mainly a foreign-theatre-only spy agency, however, like most of the intelligence agencies, sometimes their focus changes upon which party is in the White House.

In 1947, when Congress voted to create the CIA as part of the National Security Act, there was great concern about whether the CIA could operate in the United States and against Americans. Congress wanted to assure the public that this agency would not lead to the growth of a secret police. Responding to these suspicions, Dr. Vannevar Bush, an administration witness, explained that the agency was concerned only with intelligence “outside this country,” and not with “internal affairs.”[20] Responding to enormous pressure from President Johnson to uncover the foreign links to the growing unrest of the late 1960s, the CIA launched a new division within its Counter-Intelligence Branch. Over the next seven years, the program, Operation CHAOS, spied on more than 7,000 American citizens and 1,000 domestic organizations.[21]

- *“This was the most extensive, but not the first, CIA spying operation against Americans. For years, the agency had been opening mail, burglarizing homes, wiretapping phones, and secretly watching the movements of unsuspecting individuals within the United States, all in violation of its legislative charter.”[22]*

Operation CHAOS finally came to an end in 1974, as part of the winding down of the massive surveillance programs of the late 1960s and early 1970s. In general, specific programs were ended either because public dissent...or out of fear that the programs would be exposed. There was never a reevaluation of the CIA’s domestic role, and in fact, the agency continues its operations at home and against Americans abroad.[23]

Congress looks the other way, partly because some don't even want to know what some of the congressional CIA budget is spent on, and partly because it may be impossible to track any of their activities anyway, under the guise of national security.

In modern days, there seems to be an alarming and growing presence of CIA operatives inside the U.S.; central to their theme of collecting foreign intelligence....

- *"The Central Intelligence Agency is expanding its domestic presence, placing agents within nearly all the FBI's 56 terrorism task forces in the U.S., this in a step that law enforcement and intelligence officials say will help overcome some of the communications obstacles between the two agencies that existed before the September 11, 2001, attacks. The CIA also works with some local police establishments. In addition, the CIA operates around 30 domestic field stations."*[24]

They also recruit new operatives from some of America's finest universities, and at times make contacts with key business executives when it serves their purposes, especially strategic employees of the major media for media control and important contacts in law enforcement. This makes a strong presence of CIA across our nation; which can be acceptable for helping to solve domestic terrorism activities, or collecting foreign intelligence; however, it's the after-work hours when some of them go rogue, that this author finds most concerning. And, when they get caught, they flash the CIA badge of national security to clear them of crimes and misdemeanors. And then, when they retire and return to "civilian life," they still hold contacts with the underworld, continuing illegal businesses that profit off the losses of innocent Americans, especially our youth who become domestic clients to their illegal drugs, Mafia enforcement and prostitution rings (**for more information on CIA domestic activities, go to [Appendix J](#)**).

The Secret college:

Another issue this book outlines is the CIA's practice of starting a secret college in an American city, far from Langley. The CIA is only to operate domestically in areas of terrorism; otherwise, they are an international intelligence agency. When I

was doing research for this book in 2011 and 2012, they were operating a secret college in a city on the Western coast of Florida; a twenty to thirty thousand square foot facility; a building on stilts with parking underneath and fences all around; armed guards were at the gate. When I was asked by one of the CIA men at the coffee house featured in the book *Guardians of the Backwater*, “do you know anything about a school?” I answered, “yeah, I know all about it.” Following this discussion, within a short time, they closed the secret college. In addition, they closed or sold the safe-house restaurant where we met! I later had some intel that they reopened the secret college on the Eastern coast of Florida in a city north of one of their first operational bases, Jupiter, Florida. The problem of having such colleges in American cities is, they seem to attract all kinds of Mafia and foreign spy operatives; the Mafia hoping to get new contracts within the CIA, the foreign spies, hoping to get new intelligence on CIA activities; possibly also to make a record of who is attending the school, so they can send bios back to Russia, China, India, the Middle East, Cuba, and other countries who have active intelligence services not friendly with the U.S. The result of all this spy activity in an American city: murder, illegal activities, drug trades, prostitution, stalking and harassment! The small city in which this secret college was housed had regular gruesome murders. One is outlined in this book, the prostitute thrown onto the roadway. This murder was reported in the local newspaper; just another daily occurrence followed by the obit column! Other daily occurrences reported in the local newspaper: people shot in parking lots, murdered and thrown onto highways, or drowned in alligator infested rivers. I chose St. Augustine to be the fictitious city in question in this book, the real city where all my research was done on-location is across the Florida peninsula, on the Gulf Coast. The existence of the “secret CIA college” in this city made it a true “Mafia-World of activity.” Some of the most dangerous people in the world still live there and practice their secret trades; some of them retired or active CIA along with their Mafia assets and hired low-level, sometimes inexperienced in espionage, low IQ thugs. There were CIA shaking hands with Mafia; Mafia shaking hands with thugs who prowled around like a band of gutter-rats, and doing all their nightly dirty-work; driving super fancy muscle cars, with beautiful girlfriends sitting shotgun; illegal activity of all kinds

starting at 11 p.m.—home break-ins after 2 a.m. With Florida as one of the world’s largest retirement communities, the streets were bare after 10 p.m., leaving the roadways open to underworld pursuits. During the daytime, the regular good citizens were too tied up with sun-bathing and shopping at the incredible Florida beaches and malls to notice the morbid, daily headlines on the front page of the newspaper, “Woman Thrown off a Highway Bridge to the Gators.” To the good citizens who ignore the headlines, Florida is the most perfect retirement haven from coast-to-coast! This is the atmosphere that produced this espionage novel. Another city outlined in this book is the nation’s capital, the city of Og as it is called in this book (**refer to: OG in Glossary**). A common name for Washington D.C. is: ‘The Murder Capital of America.’ Another recent nickname is the ‘City of Secrets’. One article from their own D.C. based news station outlined that there are 10,000 spies in the city, and Washington, according to current intelligence sources is where the world sends their *best* spies.[25] So, it would be safe for this author to correlate a rise in the frequency of murders in a city like Washington, the seat of American power and CIA headquarters (Langley, VA), and one this book is based on with a secret CIA college in Florida; at least it is an observation from a journalistic point of view.

Another disturbing practice, at least of this group of intelligence workers is their open use of electronic surveillance. Early on in our morning coffee club meetings, they would make it known to me that they were checking my personal records and listening in to my conversations, on and off the phone! But one day, one of them openly bragged about looking in on someone else in their home through their computer’s flat screen. He gave me the impression through his braggart confession, that this was a regular practice of theirs, and then, not for any government intel reason, but for their own personal interests! This is just another abuse of people who have CIA security clearance and fly under the flag of national security.

And, speaking of flying, the CIA has had a long history of using airplanes for their official and unofficial business. Take 9/11 for a good start; I can’t prove direct involvement of the CIA in this false-flag operation, but, I can say without a doubt, from a journalistic point of view, that this was an operation of a secret group, the Deep State, or whatever agencies were involved. First,

the flag-star of the operation were airplanes crashing into the towers. And the smoking gun, Building-7, a 47-story office tower fell on its own initiative, the same morning, without an airplane touching it. On top of that, the CIA had a secret New York station office in this structure; an office used to spy on and recruit foreign diplomats working at the United Nations building nearby.[26] One airplane crash that does have the CIA label on it is United Airlines Flight 553 which crashed during an aborted landing at Chicago Midway Airport. Shockingly, on board this flight was a congressman and a former CIA officer, George W. Collins and E. Howard Hunt, respectively.[27] E. Howard Hunt was part of the infamous White House plumber team of Watergate fame. This plane crash shows one ironic point- E. Howard Hunt was one of their own, the Company shows no favors! Another flight, Cubana Flight 455, seems to also have a CIA fingerprint on it. On October 6, 1976, 24 teenage athletes and members of Cuba's national fencing team, along with another 49 passengers, were on their way to Cuba after a few stops on some of the other Caribbean islands. As the plane reached the skies over Barbados, two bombs planted by men working for once CIA-connected anti-Castro Cuban exiles, detonated, sending the plane into the seawater: a sad ending for the many innocent aboard. Among the passengers were also several dignitaries of the Cuban government. One of the terrorists involved in the bombing of Flight 455, a Luis Posada Carriles, the onetime CIA operative convicted in Panama of Cubana 455's bombing, but later pardoned in 2004 by then-outgoing Panamanian President Mireya Moscoso, and who also was involved in the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba under the Kennedy administration; he later became an agent for the CIA, and assisted the CIA in a series of U.S. secret government efforts to destabilize or overthrow the Castro regime through several attempts, including assassination.[28] Any time I hear of a plane going down with dignitaries on it, I automatically suspect the work of an intelligence community. Such a crash was the mysterious plane crash of Senator Paul Wellstone, Democrat Minnesota.

Paul was an outspoken critic of the CIA and its use of covert operations.

The election, that he was ahead in the polls on, was just a few days ahead, before his plane went down near Eveleth, Minnesota. In 1991, he was opposed to going to war with Iraq, speaking against going to war under President George W. Bush. He also opposed the introduction of the Patriot Act and had serious doubts about the 9/11 narrative. Following his death, the balance of power in the Senate switched to Republican control. His plane went down after witnesses said they heard loud popping noises on October 25, 2002. Although it cannot be proven that the CIA was involved in his death, this journalist concludes that at least some hired element of the Deep State was in the white van that witnesses saw speeding away at high speeds from the crash scene.[29] Then there was also the death of the son of a former President, John F. Kennedy Jr. on July 16, 1999.

- *“Evidence continues to mount that JFK Jr. and passengers were killed by an altitude triggered bomb planted in the tail section of the plane. A witness fishing on the shoreline heard the explosion in the same vicinity of the plane’s graveyard spiral as it went down.”[30]*

Then there was TWA Flight 800; taking off from JFK International Airport in New York City on July 17, 1996, with 230 persons on board. Aside from the conclusions of the NTSB, over 258 FBI witnesses saw a missile-like object rise and connect with the commercial aircraft, causing it to free-fall out of the sky to the waters below. Later, a quasi-investigation took place where elements of the White House, in an election year, squashed any of the real facts of the investigation by the FBI and the NTSB. As a journalist, I was curious about who may have been on board that might be of interest to the Deep State. I did find one police detective from Oregon, a Susan Hill, and a lady from Texas who was a crime victims advocate, Pam Lychner. Mrs. Lychner was on her way to Paris with her two daughters on a special family mission. Lychner was an articulate advocate for the rights of crime victims in Texas; and for getting tough anti-crime legislation passed in her home state. She also had a bill in Congress named after her: The Pam Lychner Sexual Offender Tracking and Identification Act of 1996, thus she was known in the halls of Congress. Her being on TWA Flight 800 was a tragic loss for future crime victims. Because of so much high-level

interference in the proper investigation of TWA Flight 800, it is left up to a few journalists to dig for the truth; a huge cover-up took place over true facts by the White House. At least I can say without a doubt; the Deep State *was* involved in the cover-up; and, for every person who died on the plane (230) there was a witness who said they saw a bright light (missile like object) ascending toward the plane. I did some of my own research on TWA Flight 800 and concluded that it was, almost without a doubt, a terrorist act (**refer to: [Appendix A - TWA Flight 800](#); also refer to: [Appendix B](#) for more on the CIA World Terrorism**).

There are other mysterious plane crashes with dignitaries on board: Alaska Senator Ted Stevens in 2010; and Ron Brown, U.S. Secretary of Commerce and former DNC chair in 1996. Circumstances before and after Ron Brown's death were revealed in a report....

- *"Had a serious disagreement with [POTUS] Clinton. Reported to have died by impact in a plane crash [USAF CT-43A (Flight IFO-21)]. A pathologist close to the investigation reported that there was a hole in the top of Brown's skull resembling a gunshot wound. At the time of his death Brown was being investigated and spoke publicly of his willingness to cut a deal with prosecutors."*[31]

Also, Charles Meissner—Assistant Secretary of Commerce died on same plane as Ron Brown, USAF CT-43A (Flight IFO-21).[32] Even more were assassinated mysteriously while not traveling in airplanes; Barbara Wise; died November 29, 1996; she was an employee of the Commerce Department....

- *"Commerce Department staffer. Worked closely with Ron Brown, cause of death unknown. Her bruised, nude body was found locked in her office at the Department of Commerce."*[33]

Then there was U.S. Congressional representative Sonny Bono's January 1998 death. Bono apparently possessed information he had passed on to an investigator regarding high-ranking U.S. military and government officials who were

bagging up millions of dollars from arms and drug deals south of the U.S. border. He died in a “skiing accident” just days after Robert F. Kennedy Jr.’s son, Michael Kennedy, had a fatal skiing accident in Colorado.[34] Next is Joan Rivers, although she was a comedian, she had a bent for being blunt with the truth; where she seriously insulted President Barack and first lady Michelle Obama. Just two months after insulting the then President’s wife, Rivers died following a minor out-patient medical procedure where she had complications after being administered anesthesia. Then there was also among the Kennedys, JFK, 1963; RFK, 1968; Mary Kennedy, 2012, the former wife of Robert F. Kennedy Jr. (**refer to: [Appendix D for more on the Kennedys](#)**); and Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia’s death on February 13, 2016, at a ranch in the vast expanse of Texas. There are several reasons to believe in a conspiratorial murder of the justice. He did not go along with the Obama agenda, and they could not control him. He tried to warn the public of tyranny controls coming to America. His cause of death came too soon under normal procedures, and, following his death, he was not examined by a coroner or medical examiner; no autopsy performed. His body was found with a pillow over his head. Also, his personal security guards were not present at the Cibolo Creek Ranch where he died, which is owned by a major donor to the Democratic Party.[35]

Finally, in my list of Deep State victims (**refer to: [Appendix H - Fears of the Deep State](#)**), would be former U.S. Special Envoy for Afghanistan and Pakistan, Richard Holbrooke. Holbrooke, appointed by President Obama, had disagreements with the Obama administration over diplomatic issues; He once was quoted as saying....

- *“That really is the way the White House thinks...they don’t have a deep understanding of the issues themselves, but increasingly, they’re deluding themselves into thinking they do.” [36]*

Holbrooke also had a disconnect with President Obama....

- *“Mr. Holbrooke “made it worse for himself,” said David Holbrooke, his son and the director of “The Diplomat.” “He was sort of tone-deaf on how to connect with the*

President.” Mr. Obama was cool and calculating, David Holbrooke said, while his father was “all heat; he was fire and energy.” [37]

In his final days as U.S. Special Envoy for Afghanistan and Pakistan, he began a drive for an end to the war in Afghanistan, butting up against the hidden heads of the military industrial complex. On the last day of his diplomatic life, Holbrooke had a meeting with Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, his boss, on December 11, 2010....

- *“Mr. Holbrooke was hospitalized on Friday afternoon after becoming ill while meeting with Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton in her Washington office. Doctors found a tear in his aorta, and he underwent a 21-hour operation. Mr. Holbrooke had additional surgery on Sunday and remained in critical condition until his death.”[38]*

Holbrooke’s last words as he lay on his bed were: “you’ve got to stop this war in Afghanistan!”[39] Following this, there are the thousands of other people caught in the sites of the secret government who are simply Americans who got too close or knew too much by the standards of the criminal cabal. They were targeted and harassed, had bugs put in their homes, or on their cars, or in their computers; had their phone calls monitored, or had threatening emails and text messages sent to them; they were poisoned, beat up, fired upon, or falsely charged with crimes (**refer to: [Appendix G - The Fallacy of DNA Testing](#)**); they had their personal property broken into, stolen, or destroyed; some had their identity stolen and their financial accounts debited, and some were murdered with their bodies disposed of in alligator infested swamps, garbage dumps or buried in remote locations. One of these fictitious locations is highlighted in this book. With all of this said, much of the above-mentioned incidents this journalist believes were products of the Deep State, where some secret government activity took place. I included a plane crash in this book to show that the CIA takes no prisoners, including the deaths of scores of innocent civilians, when the Deep State decides to put a hit on a highly valued target (**refer to: [Appendix F - Targets of the Deep State](#)**).

Finally, this book is inspired in-part by a true story. I say in-part because, in order to create an adventure in the format of an espionage novel, I added a great deal of my own imagination. So, much of the book is fictitious, but some of it *is* based on a true story: true life experiences. Much of what *is* fiction in the book, was researched from reliable sources, and tips from my own source (dream intel), applied as a model of what could possibly happen in the world of espionage. For all practical purposes though, this book, *Guardians of the Backwater*, *is* a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, events, and entities is entirely coincidental. I was careful in the manuscript to use names that were fictitious. For example, one of the main characters in the book is code named X1, and like the underworld, I designated to him an earned identity, the Scavenger. I thought the name and designation I selected offered intrigue to the story. Later in the book I reveal his last name as Franchesco (also fictitious). In the real world of CIA operatives, they assign a fictitious first and last name; only the internal CIA office files show the operative's given Christian name, and only accessed by persons with high security clearance. Code names are assigned mostly to assets who do work for the CIA; operative code names like: Eagle Eyes. But, since the underworld characters in the book are identified as rogue CIA, I felt that they should all have both a fictitious name and coded designation.

Also, you will note the mention of dreams as a source for some of the main character's (Philip McKenna) information on the CIA. This part is true; the main character is based on a real person who gained intelligence on the CIA's illegal activities from a dream source; which I might add, got him in deep trouble with the rogue CIA. If this had not been a reality, this book *never* would have been written.

Many people helped with the production of the paperback book. The first publisher contributed much to the development of the manuscript and the outstanding cover; the second publisher who got it online in record time; and later on, my e-book editor, who is a true miracle worker in her areas of expertise; brought the novel to a whole new level of distribution, the e-book.

Finally, such a book as this, would not be complete without a quote from an author of the 1970s who exposed much of the shenanigans of the CIA and had to leave the country as a result,

Mr. Philip Agee, who spent 12 years in the CIA as an operations officer. He has a quote in *his* book that I find most revealing....

- “**A**fter 12 years with the agency (CIA) I finally understood how much suffering it was causing, that millions of people all over the world had been killed or had their lives destroyed by the CIA...even after recent revelations about the CIA it is still difficult for people to understand what a huge and sinister organization the CIA is. It is the biggest and most powerful secret service that has ever existed... the agency employs or subsidizes hundreds of thousands of people and spends billions every year. Its official budget is secret, being concealed in those of other federal agencies. Nobody tells the Congress what the CIA spends. By law, the CIA is not accountable to Congress.”[40]

Finally, for clarification on my use of terms, throughout the book *Guardians of the Backwater* I use certain terms to identify CIA operatives. Two of these terms: *CIA agent* and *CIA assets*. Officially, the CIA formerly uses the term *CIA officer* to identify most employees who are part of their agency. When the CIA officially recruits someone to work for them, usually overseas, as a type of informant who gathers information from another government; they are officially called CIA agents, and can also be referred to officially as assets. The general public is probably unaware of the official title of *CIA officer* and usually thinks of any official *CIA officer* as a *CIA agent*, and the people who do work for them on the side as, *assets*. So, for clarification to the general public, in this book I am using the common terms *CIA operative* and *CIA agent* as referring to an official *CIA officer*. And, as far as the people who do informant work for them on the side as simply, *assets*.

Benjamin Franklin once wrote....

- “**T**hey who can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.”[41]

As you turn to the next pages you will witness a cover being briefly lifted off the Deep State; the Secret City; the Land of Og;

the domain of the CIA, and their underworld Mafia assets (**Refer to: [Appendix I - Mafia in America](#)**).

The End

Prologue

A colonel drove a new Humvee through a guarded gate in the early morning hours to park underneath a large Florida-style office building on flood stilts, a grayish-color modern building with large picture windows. The armed guard recognized the vehicle with the hard-to-get Jekyll Island bumper sticker-a coded vehicle Pass, as Jekyll Island has long been a partner to people vacationing from the secret government.

The guard raised the stop arm and allowed the high bird to enter with a wave. The colonel was never in a good mood, partly of fate because his home life was so sanitary and regimented by having an overly perfectionist wife, the snoot of the officer's wives club. No person can enter their home without first the removal of shoes; even coffee rings on the table can bring down the wrath of Queen Mary, which could be followed by a decapitation, amputation of the arm, or execution murder!

Just a little dust on a counter would bring her to heavy breathing. Mud on the feet could mean spending time in the torture chamber. For the colonel, this could mean her not talking to him for up to five days! The only safe place in their home was the colonel's own office, where he would sometimes entertain his guests with the door closed. The colonel once had serious thoughts of leaving her but dismissed the problems of a regimented home life, for the benefits of her running the lives of all the other women at the officer's wives club. There were always issues arising, among the more conservative women from events at the officer's club for the men. From wild parties to just blowing off steam or the occasional stag party with dancing women, the colonel's wife made sure that any whistleblowers at the wives' club were quickly silenced to avoid any news of such party reaching the top brass! It was a grim trade-off for the colonel, but he kept all the men at the officer's club happy. And then, dinner was always on time, and she took such exquisite care to make it special, an exquisite culinary experience, with a glass of his favorite wine to top it off! This day was to be another one of those "regular" days for the colonel as an instructor at the Anastasia University, which was located on Anastasia Island in a sublime, private setting with palm trees

lining the road and native shrubbery.

Anastasia University was a partnership with the State of Florida, and in that part of the year, it was booked as a place where citizens and law enforcement could go for special-permit classes, like construction certificates and law enforcement upgrade education. The rest of the time, the CIA used it as a school to teach its international operatives, their assets, and domestic CIA the *art of espionage*. It was the CIA's turn to use the building for a quarter, and the colonel's class on espionage started at 9:00 a.m. promptly! If a student was late, he would get a military style grilling. One student came in the first day only two minutes late, and the colonel made it clear to everyone by growling, "Better never than late!" No student would dare enter the class late after that pronouncement!

After the students settled into their seats on this typical day, the colonel started teaching, and the mumble of conversational sharing morphed to an episodic silence; they knew this man had the authority to stop their advancement in the kingdom of espionage, whatever their ranking!

With a brief Southern drawl, the colonel spoke authoritatively to the class, "Today's lesson in espionage is on dress protocol. After this section of teaching, you will be expected to immediately place into practice what you have learned, or you will fail this course. You all look like a nice, well-dressed group of men and women, and I appreciate that you have taken the care to manicure yourselves, shopping at the local mall for the nice, well-pressed styles of clothing. I mean, I am sure that you all wanted to make a good impression.

"And to show my appreciation, I would like to call one of you forward to give an example of someone who resembles the fashion of our times, right out of the book *Dress for Advancement*. Mr. Quash from England, will you come forward and show our class your fine English-style dress suit and pants?"

Mr. Quash, one of MI6's latest operatives, came to the front and did a 360 turn to display his blue blazer with a big smile. The colonel held his composure, pressed his lips tightly, and nodded affirmatively to play along with the predicted scene, aggrandizing the godlike worship of the students' affirmation of Mr. Quash on their faces.

Then suddenly, the colonel slammed his hand on a table at the front of the classroom. "This man is a walking billboard!"

He looked at Mr. Quash and said, “If you have ever seen the Hollywood-style movies on espionage with James Long, you will note that he was *always* dressed to attract the most beautiful whores! He would wear a blazer like yours, or a Key West shirt half-open down the front to show off his masculine chest hairs! And then, his hair would be combed, and he would be clean-shaven with khakis on! His shoes would be fancy Italian-leather wing tips!

“If he had a female companion, she would be dressed seductively to attract any stupid Russian operative who might think with his zipper. She would primp her hair, put makeup on her face, and wear silk dresses and white fur coats!” He gestured for Mr. Quash to go back to his seat with a stiff finger, which he sheepishly did.

“From now on, I want you elitists to come in here and look like a bunch of bums! If you want to know what a bum looks like, stop downtown at the plaza in front of the Governor’s House. That’s where they all hang out on the park benches; in fact, that is your assignment today. I want each one of you to take a walk around the plaza and see how you can mix in! And to prove that you were there, each one of you will have to take an iPhone facial photo of one of those bums.

“Now when you have done all that, go down to the local thrift store where they sell *used* clothing and buy three sets of worn-out rags to model after the bum that you took a photo of. Now tomorrow, I want you to wear those rags to class.” The colonel’s face was now as red as a radish, and with much emotion, because he wanted these operatives to get his point.

He growled, “I don’t *ever* want to see another well-dressed person in my class again!” He stared with stern eyes into each of their faces and added, “Another modification to dressing like a bum is to note the area that you are operating in and what some of the bums look like. For example, we live in a beach town, I will give an extra A for the day to anyone who can go down to the St. Augustine beach and model their dress after a classic beach bum.

“Remember now, when you wash your new outfits up, **DON’T PRESS THEM!** I *want* to see wrinkles and crinkles. In fact, the person who can display the most wrinkles in a shirt gets an A for the week! I’m not kidding. I want you to get this. The best way to give away your cover is to look like a James Long!

“Now there are certain modifications in our dress if we serve in other countries. For instance, if you are sent to have a meeting with an ambassador, you would make sure that you can dress to match what he might be wearing. But for around-town surveillance YOU ARE A BUM! Now, is there anyone in here who knows what I am talking about?”

The colonel looks across the room to find an experienced operative and spots one in the back and calls him forward, “Would the man in the green, washed-out army pants, come forward?”

Dick Barlotta stepped forward and stood at the front of the room; the students could see that the man whom they all thought was an alcoholic, with an extreme chip on his shoulder when he walked in, now stood as a Roman god to the colonel.

“This is a well-trained operative. He knows that he can’t risk looking like anyone who is professional. Notice the numerous wrinkles in his shirt, the coffee stains on the chest. Here, look at his faded, old army pants. Now look at his shoes-old, worn-out dime- store specials. *And*, take a look at his grooming: stubble on the face, hair overgrown on the ears, stains under the armpits-*perfect!*

“Mr. Barlotta, you get an A for this course section. You are the best example of a chameleon I can see here. When did you learn the standard dress of a spy?”

Mr. Barlotta cleared his throat and said, “I was on an operation in Columbia where we were mapping out the current locations of the biggest drug cartels, and my life depended on not looking as an American tourist. They prey on tourists and kidnap them for ransom, you know. They grabbed one guy from our group when he was shopping in the downtown farm market. They just stepped out from behind one of the fruit stands where he was looking at a tomato and dragged his donkey butt away! The last I heard, he was being held near some beach on the mainland, probably to be extradited to some private island for safekeeping. After that, I now look and smell like musty onions every day. I cut up a fresh one and rub it under my armpits. It also helps to only bathe once every three days. But if I am seriously undercover, I make a stain on my pants in the posterior, with some olive oil, to make it look like I had an accident.”

The colonel thanked Mr. Barlotta placing his hand on his shoulder, saying, “Thank you for your service to our country.”

The colonel laughed out loud and said, “Nobody in here can take a bath, comb their hair, or shave until Wednesday.” It was now Monday!

“When Wednesday morning comes, I want you to *stink*. I want to smell some stinky armpits!” He looked around the room again for any other examples, and they all started to slide underneath their seats, their personal space now clearly being invaded by order of passing the course. But then, the colonel knew that making it easy for them wouldn’t cause them to learn anything at all, unless it was put into practice.

Philip McKenna, a new resident to St. Augustine, just happened to be driving down Anastasia Island one afternoon to get to the island’s landmark lighthouse. He was planning on being a tourist, catch some sights, and check out the gift shop for some local postcards. As he toured the lighthouse interpretive trail, his eye caught an office-like structure down one of the side streets. He noticed the guardhouse and a stop arm that regulated parking traffic.

Being curious, he walked to an area of the trail that gave a better view. From this vantage point, he could see the entire front of the structure, the front sign denoting this being a university of some type, but what caught his sensitive eye was the fact that the guard at the gate carried a sidearm.

For the rest of the day, he couldn’t get this university out of his head. Philip then began to make deductions of a possible link of this school with the men he shared a table with at the café where he drank coffee, after hearing them once discuss “educational” issues. Once, some students, who were obviously from the school came in and sat down at an adjacent table and discussed class work and made it known to Philip that the men he drank coffee with, who he later found out were in fact CIA, shared some kind of acquaintance with them.

X6, a code name for the ringleader, even joked about their dress as one of them had flood pants on, and they pointed and joked about the geeky nature of it. With this accidental introduction to the “university” then, the next morning Philip came in for coffee as usual, and the men were once again discussing educational issues. They inquired if Philip had any knowledge of local colleges.

Philip, not knowing the significance of the university by the lighthouse, said, "Well, I was down at the lighthouse yesterday and noticed a sign that said, 'University one block south.'"

They then inquired a little deeper when X6 asked, "Do you know anything about the Anastasia University?"

Philip took a sip of his coffee and said, "Well, I have never seen an armed guard at a state school before. I asked the curator at the gift shop if she knew what the school was for, and she told me it was run by the state for some-kind-of permit training programs. Others in town I talked to said they just thought it was a kind of secret."

As soon as Philip used the word *secret*, the CIA men exchanged glances and began to talk about something else. Not knowing at all yet what was transpiring, Philip had just glanced on one of the CIA's biggest local secrets, *the* secret training school of the CIA's southern base in Florida-this was it!

And the men at the table now suspected that Philip, who was also a journalist, may be snooping a little too much. This would be one of the main issues about Philip, a journalist *knowing too much*, and it would filter its way all the way to Washington DC and another office across the Potomac, the McLean office building.

There, sitting inside one of the most secure buildings in the world is a well-seasoned operative, Mr. Giorgio Garlini, who just heard of Philip's snooping. "Yep, I got the perfect man to case him and keep an eye on him."

PART 1

Coffee with a Nutty Taste

1 St. Augustine, “the Secret City”

The Towne Buzz May 26, 2011
0804 Hours

Philip McKenna, a local journalist, looked down at the cup of steaming coffee that his waitress had just poured for him. He especially enjoyed coming to the Towne Buzz. It had the best coffee in St. Augustine. And to top it all off, the weekday morning waitress, Lynette, was in one of her more Teflon moods this morning. At the instant, Lynette was picking up plates and silverware at the next table over.

All of a sudden, a renegade fork slid off a precariously placed saucer that Lynette had wedged between a stack of plates, and it fell with a clang onto the floor. Lynette bent down to pick it up, not cognizant of the attention she had drawn because her light-blue panties had become visible for just a moment above her belt line.

As she straightened up, one of the guys at the businessmen’s table (five or six of them ate breakfast there together every weekday) immediately commented loudly enough so everyone could hear, “Baby blue! My favorite color!”

Lynette quickly stood up and pivoted around. Pointing her retrieved fork at him menacingly, blurting out, “Get the hell out of here!”

The whole restaurant exploded in laughter, and the offending businessman retreated sheepishly behind his hot cup of coffee, slumping down in his chair, a red blush instantly flooding his face and neck.

Lynette angrily grabbed the rubber container tub of dirty plates and silverware and rushed through the door to the kitchen in a huff. *I love this place!* Philip thought. “This place” had the type of atmosphere in which he could write his best stuff! A little noise, a little humorous distraction, and golden letters would appear on the pages of his articles!

“This place” that Philip was referring to was not only the Towne Buzz coffee shop but also the city surrounding it. After all, St. Augustine is one of the most historic and interesting cities in North America. Located on the northeastern coast of Florida,

it is termed by its chamber of commerce-the Ancient City. Some locals who have perhaps resided there too long refer to it affectionately as St. Aug-a-Dog. Even so, St. Augustine is an incredibly beautiful city complete with a small but picturesque sailboat port and a tantalizingly diverse and delicious international restaurant community.

Originally founded by Pedro Menendez de Aviles for the Spanish crown in 1565, the Ancient City boasts of two main historic protective forts built by the Spanish; the first and most impregnable in the early period was the Castillo de San Marcos, the oldest masonry fort in the Continental U.S., completed around 1675. Twenty miles to the south is Fort Matanzas, which was built in the year 1742. This fort is totally isolated on the inland side of the Matanzas Inlet, where enemies used this “back door” to attack the town.[1] The inhabitants were probably some of the loneliest soldiers that ever lived, as it would sometimes be weeks or even months before any seagoing ships passed its high cannon-projecting walls. The city of St. Augustine has managed to grow and flourish beneath many flags, governments, and governors for over 440 years. There were the Spanish, the French, the English, the Confederacy, and finally, the United States. Because of its rich history, St. Augustine has become a favorite international tourist stop; people from all parts of the world visit the city on a continuous basis to see its wonderfully preserved collection of historic buildings dating from the sixteenth century to present.

Contained inside these grand old-world buildings is a formidable collection of ancient relics that connoisseurs of history feast on. Even the local cemeteries tell a tale of fallen heroes from some of the world’s epic wars. Many of these locations are said to be haunted, which adds to their allure.

Very prominent on the tourist itinerary is the Fountain of Youth Archaeological Park. It contains what is said to be the possible landing spot of Spanish explorer Ponce de Leon in 1513, who, according to legend, came to Florida looking for a “fountain of youth.” The park does contain a freshwater spring, but it doesn’t seem to have any special powers that restores the youth of those who drink or bathe in it.

There are rumors, however, of a secret society who are the protectors of a “real” fountain of youth somewhere in the St. Augustine area. Interestingly, one of the supposed former

members, a man affectionately known as Old John Gomez, in fact lived to be 119 years old! It is said that he didn't die of old age but fell off his fishing boat, got tangled up in a net, and drowned.[2]

All this innocent old-world beauty and charm serves as the perfect camouflage to hide the ugly underbelly of a St. Augustine that most people never see. For there are shadowy and dubious enterprises that operate in the backseats of the coffee shops, whose criminal schemes are planned in the booths of the seedy bars, whose commercial aspects are run through the lonely port and mostly private airport, whose big dealers putt on the world-class golf greens, and whose bosses own some of the premier historic homes and have offices in the upper rooms of some of the popular tourist stops. It's a tremendously effective front for any clandestine operatives who travel here. Customs wouldn't question their reason for having St. Augustine on their itinerary. After all, it's one of the world's most historic cities, and they are just tourists! They can even stay in some of St. Augustine's world-class hotels, conveniently geared to serving the kings and queens of the spy/underworld. In such a city as St. Aug-a-Dog, the spy/underworld has the perfect guise for their old-world art-the art of espionage.

The Romans were the first to perfect the art of espionage. Spy messengers would often meet in the numerous health clubs around the Mediterranean, and they would carry secret messages in their shoes. If a messenger's shoelace was loose, he was carrying a message. A secret message then could be easily transferred between one spies' shoes to another with no one noticing. Things have changed much in our modern surveillance society. Such meetings between spies must be held more discreetly, and operation centers are often hidden in plain view so as not to garner suspicion by the local community. St. Augustine, with its many restaurants and historical district, becomes the perfect backdrop for espionage and the perfect control center for a worldwide network of countless operations both legal and illegal. There is even a state-of-the-art clandestine training facility that is disguised as a university for specialized state permit training programs. It is here in this "specialized" school that our secret government trains its operatives in the black arts of deep espionage and the doctrine of dirty tricks. Some of the most intelligent minds recruited from colleges

across America and some from other countries are stationed here to be trained. Thus St. Augustine has become one of the chosen communities, complete with a National Guard base to offer security as needed. Guards stand at attention on the street corner near their base with their finger on the trigger, eyeing every passing pedestrian as though they were a potential terrorist.

There is, however, a huge negative to all this secrecy and security. The intelligence community guards its domain with sometimes- ruthless measures. Curiosity on the part of natives or tourists is not tolerated, and homeless people who find themselves in the wrong place at the wrong time are dealt with in an atmosphere of zero tolerance! A stern warning the first time, and possible jail time or a trip to the edge of town if it happens again. The local police force has been beefed up with federal grants to ensure peak efficiency. Every corner of the community is secure! Unwary travelers are sometimes followed if they hang around too long in front of one of the many “secretly secure” facilities.

The intelligence community spends enormous amounts of money to guard every aspect of their local operations, and woe to anyone who learns too much about these mysterious activities! Some local citizens have even been known to drop everything- their jobs, their associations-and leave town unannounced; others have verily died suddenly of mysterious cancers or heart attacks. There was one city council member who had an altercation with another member of the council, a retired CIA operative. Just a few weeks after the argument, which had followed a city council meeting, during which a threat of some type was issued, the council member died suddenly of a fast-moving rare cancer that knocked his lights out within just a few days. A coincidence or not, foul play was never proven.

And this pattern of mysterious disappearances and convenient fatalities was not confined to St. Augustine. In the early sixties, President John F. Kennedy became aware of some of the dubious activities the CIA was likely involved in, including murder. Especially after the Cuban Bay of Pigs fiasco, Kennedy spoke of serious internal “company” problems.

“How could I have been so stupid?” he asked himself after he trusted the groups that had been advising him, the CIA and the JCs (joint chiefs).

Even more damning to the CIA was a reputed quote by JFK that he wanted to “splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds.” He said two months before his death that he was going to rebuild the CIA from the ground up! He was the first and last president to acknowledge the problem or to try to do anything about it.[3]

The Towne Buzz May 26th, 2011

0932 Hours

Philip uses the local coffee shops for his creative writing periods, and the Towne Buzz has the best coffee and atmosphere in town. You see, writers must figure out *when* they can write and *where*. The four walls of his small home office just don't produce much in writing; what Philip needs to do his best work, is a bottomless cup of good coffee and a low-key, yet interesting venue. And as far as research goes, his laptop computer and a Wi-Fi connection are all he needs.

Philip has a taste for only the freshest and finest coffee, so he usually ends up at the Towne Buzz where they serve only the *best-* brewed coffees. For Philip, part of the secret of good coffee is that it is served under experienced, trained employees. Any other coffee is comparable to “gas station” quality.

At least for Philip's sensitive taste, the Towne Buzz has the art of coffee making down to a T. As a connoisseur, “a slight nutty flavor and low acidity are perfect,” Philip would often think as he drank from the Buzz's oversized cup.

Philip, always looking for a good story, found the conversation at the Towne Buzz with other patrons to be stimulating, receiving some good leads for writing his articles by just listening to the locals broadcast their early morning rants.

One morning, a patron complained directly about a local politician's scheme of double-dipping: “They steal money from the taxpayers by announcing a retirement, take a few weeks off from work, and then return again to get a double pension!” This became one of Philip's best articles of the year! Businessmen also flock to the Towne Buzz for a relaxing atmosphere and get a charge out of Lynette, the *no-nonsense* waitress.

Because St. Augustine has a flourishing intelligence community, this also is a favorite watering hole for retired CIA *operatives and their former underworld contacts. Even a few

active CIA spooks stop in to have a cup and share postmortem stories about their secret activities. (operatives: see glossary for explanation of this term)

Quickly, Philip began to catch on that these men were not businessmen in the traditional sense, as they first appeared to be, but were actual members of the intelligence community. The retired operatives were the most interesting because they were more apt to share stories of operations past, complete with opinions about current government policies, operations, and even procedures! Philip always worked at a large table just a few feet from where all the active and former spies gathered.

After a week or two, the two tables began to share comments back and forth. The spies were amazed as they heard Philip's intelligent and well-informed answers to inquisitive comments and questions, so one morning, they invited him to join them. Being a journalist looking for deep research and good stories, Philip found their conversation to be not only interesting but also addictive. It wasn't long before he couldn't wait to get to their table in the morning. He would continue to bring his computer and work along, but he would listen intently as these current operatives and retired men spoke of their life experiences.

Philip possessed the sharp observation skills that an accomplished journalist needs, and he also had a secret weapon: a rare gift in which his dreams each night would often give him bits of true information about the people he was meeting with. Between his "gift" and his daily morning coffee conversations with the Coffee Club (as this group of Philip and several operative friends became known as), he stumbled upon more and more classified knowledge of the CIA's secret local operations.

On one occasion, X6 (because the actual names the operatives shared were fallacious, each operative had a government code number and code name) shared that he was on special assignment in a Middle Eastern country and was watching the entrance of a building for activity. He had a foreign newspaper in his hands and was trying to make it look like he was reading it. After a few minutes, he realized that the newspaper was upside down, the printed words were so foreign to him he couldn't tell right away that they were juxtaposed until

he noticed a photograph, "I really felt stupid!" He said.

(X6, see operative ID numbering system in glossary for explanation)

Usually, there were three operatives who frequented the cafe as regulars. Occasionally the table would swell to six. In the months to come, the three regulars would become the most challenging figures in Philip's life.

The most dominant figure at the table was X6 *the Kingpin*; he was the one that all the other operatives respected. He was extremely knowledgeable in the affairs of the CIA and foreign policy. His IQ was above 150 (an IQ of 100 being average), and there never was a question he couldn't answer.

One morning Philip asked X6, "Do you know which Muslim groups control Iraq?"

He got an instant answer. "The Shiites are presently in power, but the Sunnis are the larger majority. The only difference between the two groups is some strongly held beliefs on the legitimate successor to Muhammad. The Shiites believe that the caliph Ali and his descendants are the legitimate successors, whereas the Sunnis are bent on the first four caliphs as the legitimate successors. The United States is currently supporting the Shiite government in Iraq."

Philip was impressed! Later, as Philip left the table that particular-morning, X6 spoke to the other men at the table that he once had to kill a man in Iraq. "I was there in the early part of Desert Storm working for the company. We were just leaving the hotel where we had spent the evening, and gunshots began to ring out in our direction. I pulled my arm-holstered.44 Magnum and silenced the bastard with three cannon shots! We just hopped in our Hummer, and drove off. That was the closest I ever came to hell."

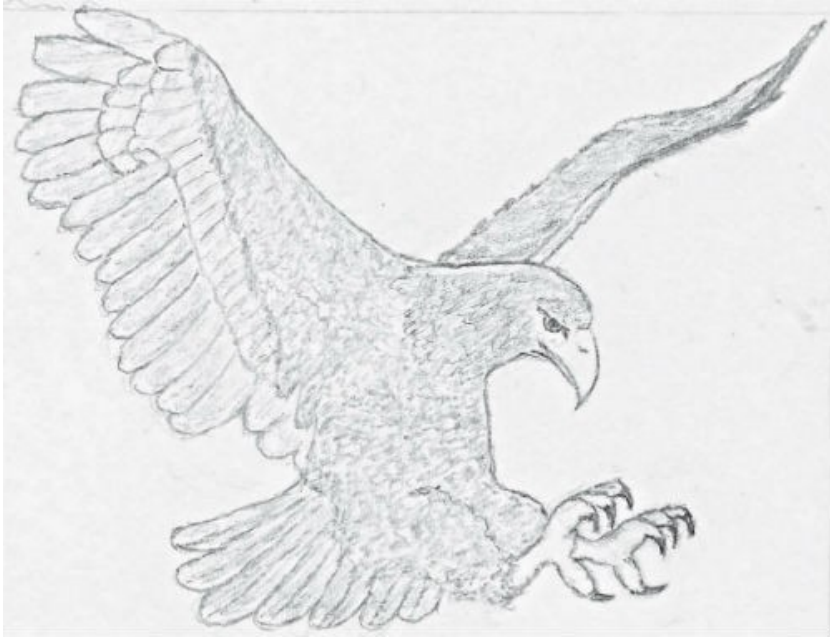
X1 and X9 just nodded in agreement. Something that X6 and his associates prided themselves in was their association with other people of high IQ. With a coffee cup raised, X1 *the Scavenger* highlighted, "I have a friend whose wife has an IQ of 180; she is the life of any dinner party, quite the conversationalist! She is widely read, and a huge supporter for her husband's clandestine activities. She is an expert at computer espionage and can assist her husband by searching and finding almost anything on the Internet; she's a home-based private detective and can create a dirt file on anyone, complete with lists

of their friends' names off their social media links! She knows how to hack into people's home computers, turning their flattop computer screens into spy monitors. She can also send messages via any electronic device that are not traceable. She's the kind of gal that you want on *your* team."

Number two man was X9 *the Flyer*, He once flew for the CIA's secret airline, Air America. He confirmed that Air America was also a secret illegal drug-running operation. X9 was always willing to share openly with Philip the secrets of the company as the other operatives gave him dirty looks. But when the others were away from the table, he enjoyed dropping, like a piece of candy, a clue or a hint at some past secret operation, not realizing that Philip was a master at later using a computer search engine.

One morning out of the blue, he admits, "The CIA always uses a third party to do its dirty work; that way nothing can be traced back to them." Philip was uncomfortably stunned at his admission as X6 commented directly to X9 for his comment, "A loose wire sometimes has to be fixed!"

Number three was X1 *the Scavenger*; he was a character all of his own. He was perfectly charming and hilariously funny. This was quite ironic because he had a completely dark, uncontrollable side, having a split personality and could easily launch into threats if he was challenged. In future conversations, Philip would find him to be even potentially dangerous as was confirmed in a visual dream Philip had one night where he saw X1 in all his clandestine glory as a scavenger bird with a huge claw (see illustration 1).



The Scavenger getting too close could be lethal!

(Note to the reader: In this book I will use code names with a number, instead of actual names of operatives as this is the way it is in the real world of espionage. Away from the table at the cafe, the real names of the operatives cannot be uttered as they will track down with impunity anyone who uses their name liberally around town, so they use code or code names; for example, X1 *the Scavenger*. (See: operative ID numbering system in the glossary for explanation.). Philip, the main character of the book, has rare interpretive gift: he sees things in dreams. These dreams will be displayed as illustration 1 above.

The Towne Buzz August 2, 2011

0700 Hours

Philip usually arrived early at the Towne Buzz. They opened at 7:00 a.m., so he was usually the first to get his cup of coffee and scan the restaurant-provided newspaper. Just after him, X6 *the Kingpin* often appeared after his morning workout at the gym. He would get his coffee and chocolate cookie up at the counter and then sit down next to Philip. *The Kingpin* seemed to be comfortable now sharing with Philip, and so he pulled out an Internet printout from his file folder that he carried in.

This was the first day of “information sharing,” and it would continue uninterrupted for months to come. This seemed to be for two reasons that Philip could figure: One, the Coffee Club seemed to like his intellectual and insightful responses. And two, they may have been trying to find out, in a clandestine way, exactly how much Philip knew about key issues that affect the intelligence community, e.g., secret government operations against U.S. citizens (one detailed how the army, in a practice drill, took over a town in Maryland), the Muslim Brotherhood, Soviet international relations, and Israeli domestic issues. Today *the Kingpin* shared a shortwave radio handout with Philip, but over the next few weeks, there was a detailed discussion of “secret government” uses of shortwave radio (e.g., data fax bursts on shuffled frequencies, international government broadcasts with secret piggyback messages, and Morse code, still in use on some frequencies by the CIA).

X6 once elaborated, “Sometimes when you are passing over a shortwave channel, you hear something like the sound of a fax transmission; this is a data burst. The CIA and other spy operations switch channels and at certain times send out transmissions to their operatives in the field. The operatives have sensitive shortwave listening devices that can capture and save the data burst and then decipher it. Shortwave is still a usable medium for transmitting secret messages, as there are hundreds of frequencies that can be used at random intervals to confuse the possibility of another spy agency capturing it. I spent years working for *the company*, going around the world to their various shortwave operations. I was trained initially as a shortwave radio engineer; I have been to Europe, and the Middle East several times. During the Cold War, shortwave was used extensively by the CIA for data transmission.” (the company, see glossary for an explanation of this term)

It was X6’s knowledge about shortwave and his sharing on shortwave subjects that initially cemented his friendship with Philip as he was also a shortwave enthusiast. Philip used shortwave as a hobby and enjoyed listening to worldwide broadcasts, even though he knew many were for propaganda purposes.

One day, X6 even brought in a high-end shortwave product catalogue where Philip found a good deal on a radio for home use. Philip was hooked! The other members of the Coffee Club,

usually two other operatives, had their own personal reasons for allowing an outsider like Philip into their private morning meetings.

The men at the Coffee Club did enjoy Philip's impressive library catalogue of cognitive information. He had a very high IQ, making his mind a computer file of current and historic information. He had studied all the major wars since the revolution of 1776 and had read extensively in politics, conspiracy, ancient history, and geology. Say just three keywords about a period of history, and Philip could give you a complete report of facts, dates, and names coupled with analysis and commentary.

For example, X6 *the Kingpin* said one morning that "one of the reasons for the Southern loss at Gettysburg was that Mosby of Mosby's Raiders was late arriving to the battlefield, and was off on his own tour of Maryland, upsetting the Northern army's supply lines."

Philip carefully corrected *the Kingpin* by saying, "It was actually Jeb Stuart who was on the intelligence tour of supply lines. Mosby was the phantom general of Northern Virginia, not officially recognized as an official officer until later in the war. A lot of his work being below the radar." X6 said, "Very impressive!"

Philip's memory for dates and names was exceptional, and all in the Coffee Club knew it. This, of course was stimulated by the over one thousand books that Philip had read, some of which had dealt directly with the intelligence and underworld community. It was this clarity of mind, an actual photographic memory, that got Philip into serious trouble later-on with this group of retired, yet unofficially active, thirty-year veteran operatives.

2 The Dreamer

*August 29, 2011
0805 Hours*

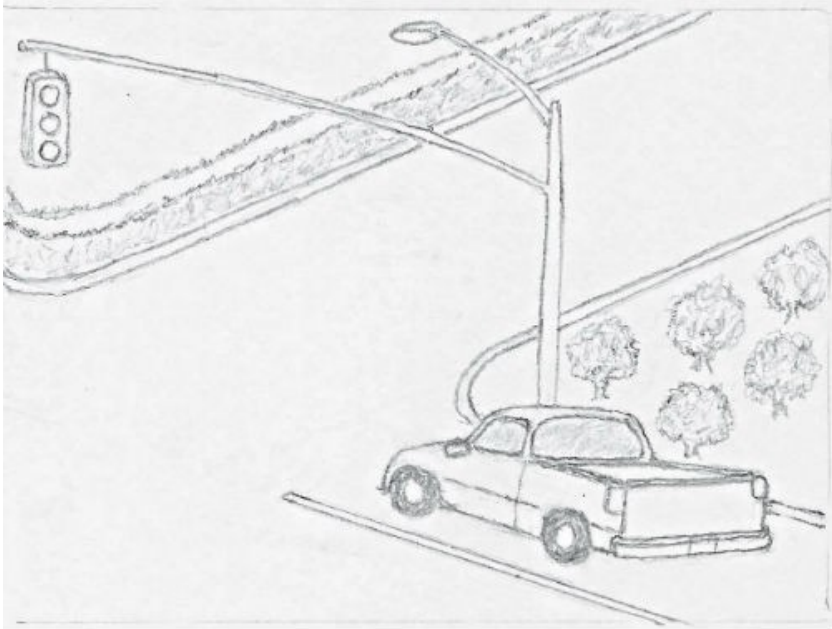
One day, Philip arrived at the Coffee Club at the usual time and asked X6 *the Kingpin* if the CIA did any work with precogs, people who can see clearly into things beyond the senses. X6 confirmed that they had done some work in the '90s with precogs but "with measurable results."

X6 was referring to a secret program called Stargate where they had recruited assets from various persuasions, especially one specific church denomination; all having some kind of precognitive gift. The results were widely varied, except one gentleman who was able to recreate secret submarine design plans of the Russians. These blueprints were highly accurate and were used in the Gulf War.

After discussing this with X6, Philip said he would like to try. He had known for years of a gift he had of highly accurate dreams. He admitted to X6 that his dreams sometimes brought him visually to places of interest.

"Sometimes my dreams show me secret activities in remote places. Recently I saw a CIA operative hiding on an island on the western South American coast. He was being sought for by a search party. I believe the country he was in was Paraguay. I also saw three CIA operatives being arrested in Saudi Arabia in the capital, Riyadh.

"In another interesting dream, I was shown a town in northeastern Iran, apparently the location of an underground facility. I also saw the location of one of these underground facilities in the Ural Mountains of Russia." He sometimes would have dreams that would come true within twenty-four hours of receiving them (see illustration 2). He sincerely wanted someone from the CIA, like X6, to check his dreams for accuracy.



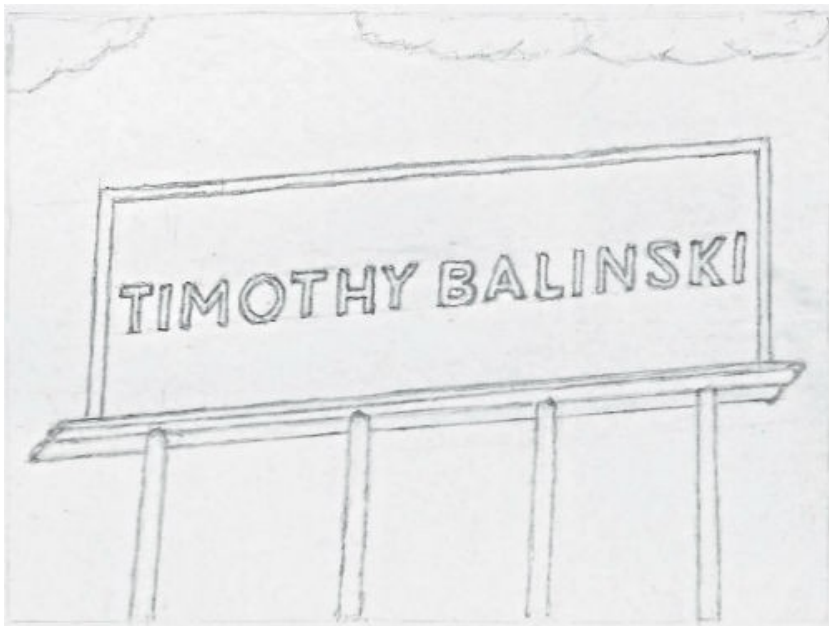
Noisy Traffic incident in the little blue truck.

In this intrinsic dream (illustration 2), Philip saw some people in traffic being very angry with him. The very next day, it happened! As it turned out, Philip hadn't done anything wrong; he was sitting, stopped at a traffic light when a white Ford sedan pulled up behind him honking their horn. When the light turned green, they blew by him doing the same. Philip recognized the angry driver as someone who had been involved in an accident with him a couple of months prior. They were angry then and now, because the police report put them at fault!

Philip looked at X6. "Here is something that came to me last night in a dream." He hands over to X6 *the Kingpin* a piece of paper on which he had written the name "Timothy Balinski." X6 accepted the challenge and agreed to check it with his sources, returning a couple of days later to the Coffee Club with praises and comments. "This goes all the way to the top! Timothy Balinski is an actor that has direct access to the vice president of the United States, and, the VP and his wife sometimes attend his performances. This Balinski is directly connected to a known communist author, agitator, and leader."

Philip was surprised and a little stunned at the accuracy of his information. He received this key name from a type of dream he called "a vision." In the dream (see illustration 3), Philip saw

a billboard, and on the fascia, are the letters of a person's name; large yellow glowing letters! The name was burned upon his memory, so when he woke up, he had plenty of time to write it down.



Incredibly accurate Billboard dream.

Philip had just exposed to a CIA operative, X6, a communist spy contact of the VP! Where could this go now? X6 confirmed that Philip was free to bring in more names and information that he received from dreams and "I will check it out." Philip was encouraged that someone from the company was checking the accuracy of his interpretive dream gift. What Philip didn't know, and he would find out later, was that X6 and the other Coffee Club members had other reasons for checking his accuracy.

For the most part, they were amused, yet curious, of *how much* someone with an interpretive dream gift could find out about their operations. X1 *the Scavenger* was never convinced at all about Philip's "gift" and would say behind Philip's back, "This dreamer is just a spy working for another agency; can't you guys see that! He's using this dream-gift bull as a front. We need to check this guy out and see if he has any connections with a foreign spy agency! I can get my friend's wife to check him out-you know, the master computer hacker."

X6 responded, "Okay, just have her do some casual checking and see if she can find out some of his habits and who

his friends are.”

At the time though, Philip was just genuinely pleased that they would even look at his stuff. Many people are skeptical about information that comes osmotically through dreams or other methods. Historically, only very gifted individuals seem to have broken through the cell wall to find accuracy. Dream interpretation is a very old science. One of the earliest-known papyrus documents has dreams as its main subject matter, dating back to the early Egyptians and the pharaohs.

The science seems to have since been carried forward by just a few gifted people in every generation. Acceptance of the practice has been, and still is, in the eyes of the beholder. Dreams come in many forms: some are visual, some just vocal transmissions, some are impressions or downloads of information files, some resemble motion picture sequences, and some are brief; maybe a couple of words, or flash sequences of photographic images.

Some dreams visually take you places, some show you things about yourself or other people, some teach you something, some reach out to you. Some warn you of impending dangers; some bring tidings of good things to come.

The accuracy of the spy's name in the vision of the billboard Philip shared began a working relationship between X6 and Philip for months to come. They developed a regular system for Philip to bring in a written report of a dream, before which he had done his own computer research on it.

This was followed by a one-to two-day analysis by X6 as he checked it with the company and a private intelligence research group. This led to a feedback session where X6 would share on the accuracy of Philip's report with him over a cup of coffee. The content of these reports varied widely: possible terrorist activity, secret plans of the Muslim Brotherhood, militia group plans and activities, KGB spy activity, CIA operations in other countries, world financial market secrets, secret underground bunker locations in foreign countries, spy safe houses, operative names and sometimes their locations. There was no limit to the scope of Philip's report information. Some dreams, however, he did not share with them, as he began to receive information on the Coffee Club members secret, local criminal activities, and needed more time to verify this information on his own. Since he was still learning about his dream gift, he didn't want to share

anything personal about them, until he was absolutely certain! In one of these visual dreams, he saw X1 and X6 in a small row boat, floating somewhere out in a swamp; they were looking down into the water. After Philip thought about the dream for a while, he concluded that they were performing a mafia operation called “fishing.” This is where they feed a body to the fish, or in the case of a Florida swamp, a quick claim for the gators! Alligators are amazing marine scavengers, their eyes always patrolling the perimeter of their chosen territory from the side bank of the swamp. Once spotted, a gator swims half submerged to a floating body, grabbing it off the surface, then, while twisting it in circles, drags it to the bottom of the swamp, storing it like a stuffed jalapeno pepper under a submerged cypress tree stump, a common feature in the Southern swamps. After a few days, Mr. Gator comes back to have a tenderized, savory lunch! They are amazing eating machines, usually devouring body parts whole, bones and all!

Philip had the ability of visual translation and could see things visually at some distant location with his mind, while his body still slept on the bed. For example, one night he had a visual dream where he was inside one of the most secure buildings in the world, the CIA’s McLean office building in McLean, Virginia. Here he overheard a senior operative talk about a top-secret nugget of a lead on a terrorist plot in another country.

Another night, he was in the White House and overheard former president George Bush say something privately to someone. The room looked like a private White House study where President Bush said, “We have a Russian regime!” This is something Mr. Bush would never want leaked to the press; this apparently was the type of government he was secretly leading Americans toward! Oh, that the press could have some gifted dream interpreters like Philip working for them!

As soon as the Coffee Club learned of Philip’s visual translation ability to get inside secure buildings, the Coffee Club meetings began to get a bit more intense, especially with their watchdog, X1.

Philip came in one morning to the Towne Buzz and had his report in hand and gave it to X6 for review. Summarizing its

content to the Coffee Club members, he said, "I had a highly visual dream where I was in the McLean office complex. I didn't even know that it existed until I checked a map of Northern Virginia following the dream, and there it was, just south of the capital off Dolly Madison Boulevard."

X6 nodded in agreement, and X1 sat with a surprised look on his face.

X6 asked, "What did your dream show you about the office building?"

"Well," Philip started, "I saw a huge atrium in the center of the building, around three stories of offices surrounding it with large walkways, connecting offices that were open on the side of the atrium, so people could enjoy the court area. I stood on the second-level walkway talking to one of the directors who resembled a movie star I had seen on one of the major detective series on television; his office was up a private connecting stairway that went up to the third level. There was a day care center not too far away from this area."

X1 spoke up, "Did he say anything to you?"

Philip excitedly reported, "Well, yes! Yes, he did. He said some Greek word that I had to translate-*agora*, which means 'town square as part of a marketplace.' And then he also said something about Athens. I figured that there was a high-level venture going on in Athens at the marketplace that he was deeply upset about.

"I did a quick Internet search and found that the Greek government was having a lot of trouble paying its bills and that protesters had been visiting the marketplace in opposition to the austerity measures, the huge budget deficits, and increases in taxes on gas, tobacco, alcohol and big real estate." [4] X6 took over the interview by saying, "We'll read your report and let you know if we find anything out." Little did Philip know that the CIA had friends in the Greek government who were actively involved in keeping the status quo on government spending, subsequently keeping the faucet of government money flowing, strengthening the huge labor unions.

X1 relaxed back into his chair, and his eagle eyes fell back into his head and commented, "Have you ever been to Athens? You should go someday. It's a beautiful place."

Philip took a sip of coffee and added, "Yes, I would like to go there someday. I wonder if my dream may have been

outlining the marketplace protesters. After all, the McLean man who was probably a CIA manager, whom I saw in the dream, had said something about the marketplace.”

X6 looked quizzical and said very slowly, “That may *possibly* be.”

Philip rose to use the restroom for a few minutes, and as he was away from the table, X1 spoke in a whisper to X6, “The Dreamer just described our friend Giorgio’s office area in the McLean CIA building to a T! I know you are interested in finding more out about his interpretive gift, but it seems he is finding out too much about our connections. Eventually, he’ll be announcing that I’m Irish and that I do my banking in Ohio and Panama! My friends in the Irish mob have *always* protected their secrecy with impunity; secrecy is at our base of power! Anyone who gets too close to our secrets, we focus our energy on. This Dreamer knows too much!

3 Trouble Brewing: The Scavenger

September 2, 2011

Now X1 was not your normal individual. He had described to Philip a lifelong experience in the underworld. How he came associate with the CIA still-remained a mystery, although Philip figured that he was probably some kind of an underworld mob asset. Associations between underworld figures and the CIA started during the Allen Dulles leadership of the CIA back in the early '60s with the Cuban Bay of Pigs fiasco where secrets of the operation may have been sold to Cuba by underworld Mafia participants who became turncoats.

Not learning their lesson, the CIA may have participated with the mob in the Kennedy assassination. Bill Bonanno, son of Mafia boss Joseph Bonanno, claimed in his 1999 memoir *Bound by Honor* that he had discussed the assassination of JFK with Johnny Roselli, implicating him as the primary hit man.

According to Bonanno, Roselli fired at Kennedy from a curb-level storm drain on Elm Street.[5] The mob's fingerprint was also on the Oswald assassination with Jack Ruby, a nightclub owner/mobster, as the hit man. Since these two incidents, the mob and the CIA sometimes participated in operations together, the former doing the dirty work as a third party. It's a lot harder to prosecute a third party in an investigation as all roads lead to dead ends with participants extremely hard to find!

X1 was one of these underworld figures. He said once to Philip that he was "bad from the start!" As Philip would find out later, he wasn't kidding! X1 was an amazing person, though, as his usual self, a most gregarious character, absolutely the life of any social experience. He was funny (his laugh sounding like a penguin's), charming (many psychopaths charm their victims), intelligent, and strangely crude with moments of split-personality flights into threats.

X1 was mostly predictable until he was challenged in any way; then you wouldn't want to stay too long. It wasn't until the last Coffee Club meeting, months later, that he breathed fire and revealed his true self to Philip. "We never let a problem go

unsolved!”

X1 was so complex that he would even bring gifts of candy and special bottled drinks to the other Coffee Club members. How could you not like a person who brought gifts!

One unknown visitor who knew X1 well, accepted his gift of candy only briefly, handing it back to him with the comment, “Knowing *you*, no, thanks!”

X1 would even apologize if he lost his control. He was a wonder of social science. Philip always suspected that X1 *the Scavenger* was in the underworld as one morning X1 slipped and revealed that “my uncle is in the Mafia. He is often quoted in public meetings as saying, ‘I plead the fifth!’.” “Everyone laughed, especially after X1 explained, “the quote I gave comes from the famous Senator Kefauver hearings of the early fifties, a most common phrase given by a mafia leader who was being grilled.”

Philip thought, that’s okay, if it’s not to himself he’s referring!

It did become clear to Philip, though, that X1 carried out some kind of internal policing of the Coffee Club’s turf. He always seemed a little critical of Philip, always asking probing questions about his motivations and involvements. Philip answered most of these questions truthfully and thought it strange that X1 never asked about his journalistic background. The truth was that because he was connected to the CIA, he probably knew a lot more about Philip than he was admitting. A common conversation at the Coffee Club when Philip wasn’t present was along the lines of X6 asking X1 of any new news on Philip.

X1’s friend’s wife, the master hacker, was secretly spying on Philip through his cell phone’s speaker phone at different intervals throughout the day. At night, she could see through his home computer’s flat-screen monitor. She would send updates to X1 on Philip’s whereabouts and who he met with.

“He interviewed some agricultural bigwig for the Agricultural magazine he writes for. No spy contacts, no girlfriends. This guy is a freaking monk! We can’t find anything yet to pin on him!” X1 told X6 of one of his recent updates.

X6 encouraged him, “Just keep tracking him. Eventually he’ll slip. He still could be connected to some other spy agency.”

It was Philip’s interpretive dream gift that had them all

interested and, at times, mesmerized. It wasn't every day that you could talk to and learn from someone who could visually translate around the world in his dreams at night. They wanted to know how much a person, with an interpretive dream gift like Philip's, could find out about world affairs. What started to make X1 very uncomfortable was how Philip started to brush on to some of his underworld affairs in his reports.

As Philip had found out through a dream, X1 was also the local CIA's enforcer. (See illustration 1.) The large claw in the dream was very dangerous and imposing. Philip knew instantly when he saw it that you didn't want to be near its deadly grasp.

X1 became icier every week that went by. As soon as X1 would sit down, he would begin the art of interview and analysis with Philip. In his mind he was thinking, *Can the CIA use a man who can sport around like a ghost? Can they trust Philip?*

It was really a stupid thing for an operative to think. Of course, you can't really trust anyone in the spy world! If some agents *are* trustworthy; they're a rare breed. Others are double agents. (X1, unbeknown to his controllers, was actively selling secrets to the Russian GRU.) Or they can be as X1 once described, that his associates in the underworld, should be full of "loyalty!"

But Philip was interested in joining the CIA as a dream analyst operative; he wanted to prove to these three men his usefulness as an accurate dream specialist. Philip, through visual translation, could get inside the most secure buildings on earth. When he earlier described to them the details of the dream where he was inside the CIA's McLean office building in Northern Virginia, he described in detail what the inside of the building looked like: its huge interior atrium, the exact location of its senior operative, and more! None of the Coffee Club members denied what he described.

But it seemed none of this was hitting home completely. It was becoming obvious to Philip that their constant interviewing was not for a job interview (which they occasionally would allude to); it was more for information gathering to gain more personal information from Philip about his life and associations, just in case they needed to use it against him.

X9 *the Flyer* would often ask, "Who do you work for?"

Philip would answer, "I'm totally independent; I work for myself." But it seemed, somehow, they were never totally

convinced. Philip began to surmise that they might really think he was working for another spy agency and was secretly spying on them!

X1 was the most pointed in his suspicions; one morning he asked Philip, "Are you a fox?"

Philip responded, "Just a harmless little brown one!" Philip was playing a clever word game with X1 to match his wit. Philip then paraphrased a popular pangram, "The brown fox sometimes jumps over the dog!"

Another game the Coffee Club members would play was to let Philip know they were, in fact, spying on him! One morning they told him what kind of books he enjoyed and even alluded to the association he had with one of his best friends.

X9 asked, "Have you been by the health food store lately?"

Philip sometimes had lunch with the proprietor of the local health food store; they shared a common interest in natural medicines. Philip thought in his mind, *I'm concerned that they know who my close friends are!*

They would tell him of private conversations he had with himself or others by weaving key sentences in with the conversation and quaint looks to go with it. X1 once commented humorously, "He says 'you-betcha' a lot!"

X1 would even go farther than that by greeting Philip in the morning with names of people he had had car accidents with. Philip had a recent car incident, where another driver backed into him in a parking lot. The other driver's name, Harry, was a name X1 used to greet Philip. "You must be Harry!"

It was clear that the Coffee Club members were monitoring him electronically and were going into state and probably the federal databases of Philip's background information and then making a joke about it. Philip took it all in good humor, understanding that these men worked directly or indirectly with the most unsupervised government agency in history; the CIA.

Later X1 would weave into his conversation mild threats like calling Philip "the shoemaker." This is an old CIA code for someone who may be in trouble with the agency. Agents use the whole category of shoes, and every part of a shoe, to deliver coded messages to a fallen agent. The Roman spy tradition of using shoes to transport messages has morphed today into the shoe symbol representing something negative; a pair of shoes hanging from a tree near a fallen agent's home is a chilly

warning that they have fallen from grace.

Tying shoelaces to other articles, like water bottles, and hanging them from branches near a person's yard has the same negative connotations. One agent saying to another agent "Can I help you tie your shoelace?" can mean that he is near termination from employment.

Basically, the agencies negative fetish with shoes is very ugly, and they use the symbol with impunity. The CIA has a good list and a bad list. Woe to the agent who gets on the bad list. Hit men are quickly dispatched!

4 X6 Lets Philip in Despite X1's Suspitions!

December 6, 2011

As the months went by, X1's mild threats became bold and sophisticated, but at least for the time, he was somewhat guarded in showing his true potential. At least for now they all seemed to be into a normal daily routine of drinking coffee and sharing.

The first to arrive every morning was X9 *the Flyer*. He was early by fifteen minutes to scope the area and send out text messages to his contacts if there was any "other agency" activity.

Philip was on time at seven every morning when the Irish restaurant opened. Irish restaurants are part of the St. Augustine spy folklore tradition and are commonly used as places for operatives to meet, a.k.a. safe houses. This was possibly because many of the Mafia contacts in the area had ties to the Irish mob, one of the most powerful, secretive mafia groups in the United States.

Philip and X9 would usually have an educated, deep discussion on some spy-related topics. One morning they shared about the supposed secret government chemtrail program. Philip had read some convincing articles about it, but X9 held the mainline belief that they were only contrails from heavy planes and not tankers spraying dangerous chemicals in the sky.

X9, however, did have a lot of interest in anything Philip shared about theology. Philip had been educated in a Christian college and could cover many related topics. X9 always had a lot of substantive questions about life-it almost seemed as though he was searching for answers about difficult things he had been involved in with former operations past.

"Do you really believe in a true heaven?" X9 asked Philip out of the blue.

"Well, in a traditional sense, yes," Philip answered. "However," he continued, "the real heaven is a kingdom, now in a spiritual sense, the 'kingdom of heaven is within you,' as Yeshua said. But, in the future, Yeshua will build his kingdom here on earth in what John of The Revelation referred to as the millennial reign. Truly, the kingdom of heaven is a very real

thing and will be here on earth someday.”

(Yeshua, see glossary for explanation of this name.)

This provided some contemplative food for thought by X9; he became very quiet. By 7:30 a.m., X1 *the Scavenger* and X6 *the Kingpin* arrived, ordered coffee, grabbed the house newspaper, and began their daily conversation, usually laced with a lot of in-house company jargon and news.

This is also when X6 would hand Philip a daily handout either informing him of something from an intelligence viewpoint or challenging him on a personal held belief. They also knew of Philip’s Christian education background, and they often seemed likely to hammer away at his Judeo-Christian belief system. Philip took it in stride as he always had an intelligent answer, occasionally surprising them by pointing out vast black holes in the arguments of the greatest philosophical minds! A favorite of the Coffee Club operatives was to quote from a group of philosophers they called “the blind teachers.” These were philosophers and poets who were in fact blind, and they taught a philosophy known as “the student becomes the teacher.” It was a remarkably complex doctrine, only grasped by the highest of IQs, after only the most careful reflection. X1 especially loved to run Philip through the mental gymnastics, “If you are a student, at what point do you become the teacher? How do you know that your knowledge quotient has become greater than the knowledge quotient of your teacher?”

X1 *the Scavenger* often would go a step farther and hand to Philip a word jumble or trivia question. This seemed to annoy Philip, as he never had much interest in mind teasers, *childish games*, he would think. X1 would find great infant-like pleasure if he could stump Philip on something like an unknown region of the world or an island that only the best mariners might know about.

X6 and X1 both began to realize that if Philip was asked a direct, non-trivia question, the answer would come from an elevated level of intelligence. The part that they had trouble grasping was how this intelligence might be linked with an interpretive dream gift! Philip had mentioned to them briefly that, “There is a definite cognitive connection between the interpretation of dreams and the area of understanding and knowledge in the human brain. By remembering dreams, a person is putting the mind through an intelligent exercise,

especially if one should do this daily.”

There were times when Philip was able to discern, or listen to his spirit, on what some of their questions might be in advance. This gave him an advantage to churn these questions over in his mind and come up with quick and concise answers that X6 would use his favorite word for, *impressive!* But still, X1, in his quest to stump Philip, would bring in more trivia questions that dealt with areas of geography that no one in the world even cared about!

One predictable day X1 asked, “Do you know of an island that is named the Claw?”

Philip was stumped until later when he was able to run a computer search and found it to be part of Iceland’s western approaches. It got its name as a very dangerous area for airplanes to fly through. X1 was elated once again, as he had found a way to trick Philip and make him appear to have a lower IQ than he really possessed.

Another subject that X1 stumped him on was China. He asked one morning, “When did the Chinese first start their government?” The answer was many millennia in the past, but of course, Philip didn’t have the exact answer. “China was *not* one of my areas of study, much less which dynasty ruled when.”

X1 just smiled in another jest of personal pleasure. All these men developed a good friendship, though, but all the while, deep down, they didn’t fully trust Philip; they thought him to be a clever spy with a shrouded cover.

Philip was on to their suspicions, like the day when X9 made another one of his thoughtless disclosures. “No one is safe from CIA surveillance. They can look at you through any flat-screen computer or TV in your home! They can connect directly through your power line to your home.”

This comment earned a dirty look from X6 *the Kingpin* who piped back a favorite CIA line that came from Ben Franklin, “Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead!”[6]

The only information Philip officially gave them of his personal activities, though, was that he was a freelance computer graphics specialist. This statement was partly true in that he often did publicity work for nonprofits, at reduced rates, to help them out. He wouldn’t think of telling them of his journalistic ambitions! It wouldn’t gain him a seat at their table too much longer; more likely, they might use him as fish food!

Two of the three operatives at the Coffee Club claimed to be retired. But the word *retired* was just another decoration to hang over a secret life, possibly just another label to ensure cover. It was obvious though that X9 *the Flyer* was retired; he had suffered a stroke that left him partially paralyzed. He had to concentrate, moving slowly, to carry his cup of java from the cash register to the meeting table!

The other two operatives, however, only claimed to be retired. There was a reason why they both lived in town and hung around this exclusive coffee house. They were part of a local secret CIA training facility that had been St. Augustine since before the Kennedy assassination. There is some conjecture that operatives living in the city at that time may have played a part in the “big deal,” as it was known by in the underworld. A local airport, an owner, and his CIA associate manager may have been connected to the big deal in a big way!

The local airport owner, Jeff Beard, also owned the Texas School Book Depository Building. His CIA associate manager sort of solidified this strange link! Strangely too was the eye-opening fact that the 9/11 terrorists were trained at the same airport years later!

These possible connections created a chilling atmosphere for Philip, the journalist, to operate in.

The bottom line was X1 and X6 were suspicious of him. And, even though Philip was not a spy, only a nosy journalist, X1 was in-a-position to take no prisoners. To X1 *the Scavenger*, anyone outside of their secret operation was a possible spy. This fear came from the glaring reality that there were an alarming number of Russians living in the area, and when that many Russians get together, they bring along their highly skilled KGB underworld. If only Philip had known *that* fact from the start, he could have saved himself months of stress and planned evasive techniques.

X1 was getting so paranoid about possible spies that one morning, he asked Philip a second time bluntly, “Are you a fox?”

Philip responded, “Just a harmless little white one!”

X1 just smiled thinking he had just got Philip to admit his biggest secret. Philip wasn’t thinking too much about the question as one of the world’s greatest generals was known as the Swamp Fox. *It’s really in the context of the language usage,*

he thought and dismissed it.

But X1 was far from dismissing his suspicions about having a possible spy from another government drinking coffee with their group in this private setting. In an effort to alleviate their fears, Philip came in the next morning with a printed statement tacked on to the end of one of his daily dream reports stating, “I am totally independent and don’t work for *any* government or agency.”

This worked to curry trust for a while, but X1 of course put his mistrust into a file for another day. He would continue his barrage of daily trivia and name-calling whenever he had opportunity. For Philip, this was all routine; he didn’t want to give up his seat at the table, so he decided to just put up with the mild abuse.

The thing that annoyed Philip the most was that X1 would continue the crafty ribbing by calling him by a name of a person that he had negative dealings with in the past. Years ago, he had been in a classic lawsuit with an opposing attorney called Jacobs. He spent a year challenging some of the details of the lawsuit over an article he wrote regarding a local mining company.

With the help of his attorney, they finally settled on a retraction of facts that Philip knew were accurate. X1 walked in one morning and, with a stylish grin, said, “Good morning, Jacobs!”

This reinforced the probability that they, the CIA, were looking- into Philip’s past quite extensively. The only people who knew these names were the lawyers or viewers of government files somewhere! But even this reality didn’t faze Philip. He just mused that if they really wanted to see his personal stuff, there was nothing he could do about it.

They also continued to comment to him about personal conversations that he had with other people. On one occasion, X9 asked him, “Are you going on vacation any time soon?” Just the day before, Philip had shared with a friend over coffee that he was going to take some vacation time to the Florida Keys. X9 craftily continued, “I always enjoyed visits to Key West!” Another favorite was their knowledge of his private appointments. X6 once handed him a copy titled “Dangers of Radiation from Tooth X-Rays.”

X6 commented, “Take a read of this, you may need the information someday!”

The very next day Philip had a dental appointment scheduled, what a coincidence! Everywhere he went for a couple of weeks, he could tell by their knowledgeable comments they were listening in. Most likely then, Philip thought, they were monitoring his cell phone conversations, and listening to other comments he made to people through his cell phone's speaker.

After this revelation, he started to remove the battery from his cell phone while it was not in use. This stopped their monitoring capabilities for now! Philip thought, *Wow, I did it! I stopped one of their main listening connections!*

5 The Fun Begins: Random Messages

May 13, 2012

One quiet Sunday afternoon, Philip was at home and decided to check his voicemail. Left indiscreetly was a message that We are looking for a Mr. Vandal Arson. Your shoes are ready.” Immediately, Philip knew right where the message came from.

It was X1 *the Scavenger*! This was a bit upsetting and set the stage for what the future held. X1 had begun his campaign of dirty tricks.

At the next Coffee Club meeting, Philip apologized to X1 if any of his reports had offended him. The week prior, Philip had handed in a list of six names that had come to him through a dream-inspired vocal transmission. He had assumed that this was a business-as-usual report and he was handing in possible KGB agents that the CIA could check up on.

Shortly after handing in the list, one of the people on the list called Philip, leaving her name on his voicemail. “This is Mrs. O’Leary. We’re having a party Friday afternoon and would like to have *you* for lunch. Please RSVP by Wednesday!”

Apparently, the list of names had upset X1, one of the names on the list was someone he knew, possibly someone in his network! Following X1’s clever hate message on his voicemail, Philip began to be concerned that this could go beyond him, possibly to members of his own family.

A few months prior, his sister revealed something by e-mail that not only shocked him but also the CIA people monitoring his electronic communications. She had been doing family-line research and found out that their family was directly related through his grandfather to the McKenna clan. The McKenna family of Irish descent was one of the most powerful political families in the United States, if not the world.

In the United States, they had boasted of the election of one president, two governors, and a congressman. Tragedy struck the family when the McKenna family-line president was, according to the McKenna family assumption, apparently assassinated. This president mysteriously died in office, when he was taken

down in an alleged “hunting accident.” This is what the official report said that came from the Palm Beach County coroner’s office: “President McKenna Dead After Apparent Hunting Accident.”

The write-up went on to say,

President McKenna and two close companions, men he was friends with through his whole political career, were boar hunting on a private ranch in Florida. They were walking through a wooded area and had been resting up against a couple of trees, their rifles placed on the ground, leaning precariously at their sides. When they decided to start walking in the direction of the barking hounds who were in pursuit of a boar, President McKenna picked up his rifle, not noticing that a twig had intertwined itself into his trigger. When he lifted his rifle off the ground, the twig put pressure on the trigger and the gun discharged, the bullet piercing his skull.

“The rest of the story is in the coroner’s report and is available to the media upon request,” a White House staffer told a noisy room full of reporters.

“But were there any witnesses, other than the two men who were hunting with him?” pressured one reporter.

“Yes,” said the staffer, “the Secret Service and a couple of reporters were present at the scene of the accident, and their sworn testimonies can be obtained through the Palm Beach Florida Sheriff’s Office.”

A lot could be left for the imagination here and conjecture. Most people in the government, though, believe the story that this was an accident. For those who do not believe the official story, they were aware that the former president’s policies were very hard on corruption in government. He had challenged directly the secret powers that be, the hidden forces of money and power, that controlled every major government contract from plumbing to bridge repairs, from war contracts to government supplies! He even was on to some shady contracts that involved the flow of illegal contrabands in and out of the country, sometimes using government vehicles of shipment to move them.

The former president had figured out most of their main networks, including some close relations with secret government programs that they used for secret oversight of illegal shipments. These power brokers made money any way they could—legal or illegal.

And as Philip was beginning to find out, the three men sitting in front of him were part of the very networks that

President McKenna was investigating just months before his “accident.” Not realizing the depths of their contacts, Philip, out of pride, told these three men of his close relationship with the McKenna family. Philip also produced a photo of the former president and held it up to his face, and a remarkable resemblance was easily made.

Unfortunately for Philip, this was the very day that the three CIA operatives began to deceitfully plan his fall. For them, they began to wonder why someone from the McKenna family would be sitting in on their meetings.

X1’s spy theory suddenly went through the roof! Now in his twisted mind, he was absolutely convinced that Philip was a spy “now connected to the McKenna family” and “it was time to deal with it!”

X1 opened his mouth to reveal a volcano full of hate and suspicion. “I hate these McKenna bastards. They have been behind more than one investigation of our operations. When Bob McKenna and his men came to town, it was time to plead the Fifth! They always go to the top. They don’t care about our lieutenants, they would scare them all to hell and come after us, slowing down our supply networks! You didn’t know if the mailman or the paperboy was FBI! I say let’s mop up the journalist and any of his contacts! It’s time for some wet work!”

His recommendation to the other two operatives would prove to be a classic overreaction against the face of reality! But then these men were all power-induced madmen, and reality sometimes took a backseat. As the next week of coffee meetings went by, the three operatives went into the old-school of modus operandi-play acting. They led Philip to think that his “family” revelation meant nothing of importance to them. In reality, one man sitting before him probably had strong ties to the Irish mob. Even though the former president was of Irish descent, he was from the McKenna clan. The clan of which X1 was dutifully connected was a rival Irish clan, McGinnis from the Boston area; his clan was pushing for power and control over the McKenna clan.

Philip, innocent, like a lamb to be slaughtered, was hoping his family revelation to them would score a couple of positive points, especially the part about him being directly related to a popular president. But in a negative way, and behind his back, it sure did!

The next thing that happened was that X1 came in first, ahead of the others, one morning and handed Philip a dinner invitation. Dinner invitations are rare in the underworld in that they are carefully planned disasters for the recipient. In the St. Valentine's Day massacre, it was the dinner invite that set the stage for one of the worst mob-related ambushes in Chicago history! The invitation that Philip received was written on a card with an official CIA logo by someone who was dead!

At first, the signature name sounded familiar, but he had to check it later with a computer search. Philip read the invitation card and handed it back to X1. The card was written with the hand of a lady who wrote,

You are invited to a dinner at our family table. Dress will be formal. No need to BYOB. We'll provide all the refreshments. RSVP not needed. We will wait for your arrival.

Signed, Jayne Kelly

Later he saw that the lady's name on the card was a former private mistress of the late president. Following the president's death, she also died a few months later in a mob hit in a well-known Washington DC park, the Rock Creek Park. The Washington DC police never found the assailant. Friends of her family said she knew too much of the president's private affairs. Her name was Jane Kelly.

Another week of Coffee Club meetings followed, and Philip was starting to get freaked out. He began to be concerned for his extended family. The dinner invite was a clear indicator that something was wrong and out of control. There was a lot going on behind the scenes that Philip didn't know about. Sinister planning and black ops were in the making. The one thing that Philip did know about was that he had an incredibly bad feeling about the dinner invitation. This was way over the top, and he knew that something was going on.

What exactly it was, happened to be, the three operatives with whom Philip drank daily coffee with, were secretly governed through their daily e-mail contacts by a regional director. This director had checked Philip's claim to be a close relation to the former president's family, the McKennas, and found it to be accurate! Family lines were incredibly important in

the underworld, especially among dominating elite and Mafia families. Much of their power base was rooted in the bloodlines of their respective families. These bloodline connections they meticulously traced all the way back to key figures of antiquity. With a network of some thirteen (and several others trying to move forward) powerful families controlling much of the world's main commodities, and a goal to become fabulously wealthy, the bloodline connection was imperative!

To this man sitting in an office just miles away and knowing of the McKenna family's focus to nix corruption in government, Philip was now the enemy of the local CIA intelligence and their underworld Mafia contacts! To this secret club of underworld operatives, Philip represented everything they were trying to avoid, even though Philip was not directly involved in the political arm of the McKenna family. He was just, as his sister recently revealed in an e-mail, "a direct family line relative to the former president and his family."

Since the time that politics and the will of the people had taken the backseat to big money, corporations, and power, Philip didn't have any desire to support any candidate; family or not! And, on top of that, the political McKenna family had long ago separated itself from Philip's family because they lacked money, and money is power.

But the CIA regional director didn't know about Philip's feelings or family standing. Just the fact that he had Irish, McKenna blood in him was enough; he sided with X1 and ordered the operation to begin.

Over the next few days, Philip avoided the Coffee Club; he just couldn't get himself to enter the parking lot, driving by, and instead deciding on another coffee shop. He just couldn't get over a sixth sense, partly from his spiritual sensitivity training that he had to stop meeting with the Coffee Club members. After a week, he drummed up enough courage to walk in and discuss with them his departure. He barely slept the night before, so he was ready. He was hoping that it wouldn't get confrontational and would remain at the hushed speaking level that a lot of their secret meetings had been conducted in. But hopes perished into reality when the three operatives-X1, X6, and X9-heard the first words out of his mouth, "Gentlemen, I won't be coming here any longer."

The first thing X6 said, in a deep guttural tone was, "you

can't quit!" Philip was a little taken aback by this, as he knew he had not signed any agreements. In all legal senses, the Coffee Club was just a few men drinking coffee and discussing secret topics together. At first, Philip wasn't sure they were aware that he was a journalist, but in the months to come, it became quite clear; *they knew!* Especially after the computer hacker lady had created and delivered to X1 a complete dossier on him, an inch thick! Contained in this file were even sub-files on his family and friends from social media sources. Following X6's reaction was X1's; this is when X1 finally let down his facade of just being a Coffee Club member. He said, "You may want to consider getting an assault rifle for protection."

As usual, X6 corrects X1 with a "pipe down" command. Then Philip shares some information that he received from a dream that he felt would help him out. In the dream (see illustration 4), he sees a man sitting at the Coffee Club table he had never seen before, and the man says, "Three strikes and you're out." (The man in the dream was in-fact the regional director, a.k.a. station chief of the CIA, kind of heavy-set, blond hair, round face, and wearing a white T-shirt.)

This is an old standard business procedure where a company employee is given three warnings, and if they don't shape up, a termination will follow. These warnings come in three forms: first, a verbal warning; second, another verbal; and third, a written warning, followed by a termination letter. Some attorneys think that all three warnings should be in writing as you must prove somehow you gave the warning.

Whatever the case, Philip had received two verbal warnings in the form of electronic messages and a written warning when X1 handed to him the dinner invitation the week prior.

To this Philip explained to the Coffee Club members, "I should be allowed to quit before I am terminated, it's a standard, corporate business procedure, and you all represent *the company*." He went on to say that he was on a job once and heard that the manager was about to terminate several employees to cut company expenses.

Philip figured out that he was one of these employees. So, he walked right into the boss's office and quit before he could be terminated! He didn't want the word *fired* on his work record.

X1 the *Scavenger* then revealed his true underworld self by saying, "Back in the early days, we would terminate someone on

the *first* warning!”

This statement really freaked Philip out, so he decided to conclude the meeting.



Dirty coffee mug; three strikes and you're out!

Philip sees a man sitting at the Coffee Club table whom he doesn't recognize. He has a dirty coffee mug and says, "Three strikes and you're out!"

Philip held his composure like a strongman standing up to the Goliath, thanked them all for the help he received in clarifying the accuracy of his dreams, and said, "Just the fact that you were all allowing me to bring in my dreams in the form of printed reports helped me to focus on them more, and, knowing you were looking at them, confirmed to me their validity. After a

short time, I developed a surefire system to see and interpret my nightly dreams most accurately!” After this he left.

It wasn’t long after this discussion an event occurred that shocked America and the world.

Third Floor, New CIA Headquarters McLean, Virginia

May 25, 2012

0857 Hours

At 741 miles to the north, Giorgio Garlini was just finishing up his daily early morning meeting with Monte in his office on the third floor of the headquarters building at McLean, Virginia. Anyone who knows Giorgio knows that he has at least three daily meetings with Monte, each carefully scheduled an hour after each meal of the day.

Giorgio won’t allow anything or anyone to interfere with his time with Monte, or as Giorgio likes to say, “My friend and I have an understanding. As Mark Twain said, ‘Eating and sleeping are the only activities that should be allowed to interrupt a man’s enjoyment of his cigar.’”

Giorgio’s friend Monte was Montecristo No. 2, the only cigar that he will smoke. He disclosed to anyone offering him a lesser stogie that “only Monte blends the rich aroma of leather with a hint of nutmeg, cinnamon, and tangy wood.” At about \$300 a box, they’re pricey Cubans.

But in his defense, Giorgio likes to quote Brad Shaw, a radio announcer, when he said, “After a truly good meal, an outstanding cigar is still the most satisfying after-dinner activity that doesn’t involve two human beings.”

Giorgio took the last puff from Monte and looked at it appreciatively with his deep-set and dark-circled eyes. He was a heavy man now in his mid-fifties, having gained about sixty pounds over the last quarter century; all spent behind a desk with *the company*. As a younger man, he had been quite attractive to the ladies. But over these last two decades plus, the stress of his daily interactions with cold-blooded murderers had written itself on his now-rounded face and double chin. The honest-truth was that while he had no trouble at all with ordering a hit, he had no stomach for carrying one out himself.

But this no one must ever know, especially lowlifes like the one who was coming to his office in just a few minutes. He had

grown to truly love his Monties, but even these were part of his carefully crafted persona of being a powerful and ruthless company don.

Speaking to no-one-but himself, he whispered with his best Groucho Marx impression, “There are *only* two things worth living for: one is a good cigar, the other is a better one.” Pausing only a moment to allow for imagined laughter, he quickly ground the lit end of Monte into his ashtray, took the ashtray, and dumped it into his desk-side garbage can. Then standing up, he reached for the swinging chain of his ceiling fan and gave three quick pulls. Instantly, it was buzzing at full speed, dissipating the once-lazy smoke, but a couple of note papers also blew right off his desk and onto the floor.

Damn windows, he thought, can’t open ‘em, and they don’t even let in that much light!

After bending down and retrieving the AWOL notes, he went back, pulled open the lower left-hand drawer, and took out a large can of air freshener. He reached up and pulled the fan’s chain one more time, and the fan slowly hummed to a stop. Holding the air freshener above his head, he aimed one spray toward the door and two toward the opposite corners of the room. Then he dropped the can back in the still-open drawer and slammed it shut with his right foot.

Taking a deep breath, his large Italian nose flaring, he said to himself, “Okay, time to get our hands dirty. Who is it today?” Reaching down with his right hand, he violently jerked yesterday’s page, ripping it from his daily planner. On the page that was now facing him, he had etched four carefully shaped letters: K-O-R-T. Looking up at the soon-to-be-opened door, Giorgio whispered derisively, “*You* do the dirty work, and I’ll take the credit!”

Third Floor, New CIA Headquarters McLean, Virginia

May 25, 2012

0905 Hours

“Shoot, I hate this place! Do you have any idea what they put me through at the front gate again? Those dimwits questioned my hologram ID card! I got a little impatient with them and thought they were going to put me through a side room proctoscope exam, ‘smile-wide and let’s see that

porthole!’ Finally, I dropped your name, and they called your secretary,” Kort complained to Giorgio as he sat in the oversized leather chair across from his desk. Giorgio leaned forward a little and looked Kort in the eye. “Uh, the general and I were talking, and it seems that there is a little trouble coming out of St. Augustine. He heard directly from the southern base station chief down there that there is a McKenna family member snooping around our operations. I told him that I would bring you in and brief you on the situation, you are the best we have, and this McKenna member is said to be a hard player. “Intel we have on him from one of our operatives, X6, is that he is a precog and has-the-ability-to see ahead, or see into our plans. X6 and his team were checking him out and have confirmed that this Dreamer, which is what they call him, can see into our operations. Something he handed into them about a dream he had showed that he knew about some very sensitive company information.

“Now we can’t have the average citizen walking around one of our most secret operational areas with firsthand knowledge of what we are doing there. It’s...well, detrimental to our cover. So anyway, here is an envelope with the man’s photos and personal information. We would like you to do the usual shakedown, you know: sit down and have coffee with him, make friends, get to know his drift-and then level the bastard!

“If you need any help cleaning up the mess, our usual fishing team will assist you in feeding the fish food to the gators. This will work well with your schedule. We know you will be teaching from May to December at the DHS counterterrorism facility near Fort Meyers. After your term there, you could swing up to St. Augustine and take care of our problem: Philip McKenna.”

“Oh yes, there is one other thing.” Giorgio slid another envelope across his desk. “This one’s for the general. He would like you to deliver this envelope, before you leave, to the California Democratic congressman Brady Ventura. It seems that he isn’t in agreement with some of the policies of the Committee on Armed Services, and there is an important funding bill coming up. That’s all you need to know, except that this envelope will persuade him to vote *our* conscience, if you know what I mean.”

Kort took the envelopes off Giorgio’s desk and slipped them into the side pocket of his brown leather coat. “I take it that I get

the usual credit card for the trip to Florida?”

Giorgio smiled. “You can ask my secretary for one when you leave.”

Kort turned toward the door and quipped, “You got it!”

As Kort left the most secure building in the world, he decided that he would deliver the envelope to the congressman at short notice, so he could leave for Florida the next day.

When Kort arrived at the Capitol building, he parked and made his way to the first security post. His top-secret holographic clearance card let him directly through all the guard posts surrounding the Capitol building.

Brady Ventura’s office was easy to find, and when he entered the office, the secretary’s telephoto eye snapshotted him coming in. “Can I help-hey! Wait a minute.”

Kort just walked past her desk with a confident look on his face and barged right into the congressman’s office. Congressman Ventura looked up, like a deer caught by Kort’s headlights, surprised! Kort dropped the envelope directly in front of him and said, “Open it!”

Ventura took a letter opener and, slicing the top of the envelope open, dropped the contents out in front of himself to view. Now displayed like flashing beacons were photographs of his family in regular family interactions, but taken from outside his house, looking in, with a very powerful photographic lens camera. Stuck to one photo of his wife primping herself in front of a mirror in her bedroom was a yellow sticky note saying, “Vote yes on bill number HR 670.”

The congressman just put his head into his hands and moaned. Kort, keeping his usual demeanor, said, “I guess you get the message.” He turned on his right heel, military style, and marched out the door past the bewildered secretary, who was still peering into the room with wide eyes.

The next day, Kort was relaxing on his flight to Florida. He usually liked his job as a hit man for the Pentagon; the sense of power and adventure never seemed to leave with every assignment. But as a twenty-year veteran of the Gulf War as a Navy SEAL, his patriotic blood was starting to bubble up to the top. It really began to irritate and nag him that he could walk into an elected official’s office and, with his top-secret clearance, act

as a bully for the Pentagon and CIA.

This is wrong, just deeply wrong. I am taking part in the shredding of the Constitution and the total dismantling of what the founding fathers risked their own lives for. I don't think I can do this anymore...the congressman was obviously a family man. No father should have to vote differently because someone is threatening his family. I can't be a part of this any longer. I wonder who this dude in Florida is. Kort opened the envelope that Giorgio handed him on Philip McKenna.

As Kort studied the information inside, he noticed a word that caught his attention: *journalist*.

Shoot, now they are having me take out a journalist! That flies right in the face of the First Amendment of the constitution, freedom of speech! Now I know this has gone too far. I think I am looking forward to meeting this Philip, not to take him out as they are requesting, but to protect freedom of speech and instead, find out who he is, and why they don't like him! Maybe this Philip and I can be friends, Kort summed up in his thoughts. It's time to move for freedom!

6 Julianne McKenna Murdered!

May 23, 2012

Call it an overreaction, call it pride, a very unusual occurrence took place across state boundaries and across family lines. A repercussion this big hadn't taken place since the assumed-by-some secret assassination of President Bob McKenna.

Prior to the last meeting at the Coffee Club, Philip was aware of a termination notice. The only error he made was that he thought the termination was really aimed at him. Philip was somewhat concerned of the possibility, but never would have guessed that they would literally target someone in his direct family line! When he heard of the occurrence on the news and cognitively made the connection to the political side of his family, he was stunned!

If this was a cause or reaction by the underworld, then it was not only in-your-face, but it was an out-of-control overreaction! This is what allegedly occurred: The company went into action. In truth, the local station chief made contact with Giorgio Garlini at the CIA headquarters in McLean, Virginia.

"Hey, Giorgio, we got a situation here in St. Augustine. X6 and a couple of our other agents were scoping some journalist who they thought was just a buff; later they come to find out that he is a member of the McKenna family. We think that he may be representing them somehow and checking out our local operations. The guys down here feel a little threatened by the presence of someone who may be connected high up."

Giorgio with his decades of experience shot back, "Yah, things will get out of hand if we keep buffs close at our tables. Give X1 a call and tell him to plan some wet work on the McKenna family to push them back and send a strong message. I have some springboard information on file on who in their family might be a good target- their weakest link."

They were so convinced that Philip with his diverse analytic dream abilities was a type of spy working for the McKenna family. When Philip, in his ignorance, shared with the Coffee Club members that he was a direct, but somewhat-

detached, relative of the powerful McKenna family, he was unaware that the covering syndicate organization these men represented (veritably a powerful banking operation in New York City with worldwide connections in investment and minerals) was also the same one that took part in the apparent assassination of President Bob McKenna. These men then, in their quest to protect their turf and syndicate operations, became so alarmed and frustrated at Philip's ability to "see into" their operations (some of the dream reports that Philip innocently handed in to X6, brushed directly onto illegal activities that these rogue agents were up to their necks in) that they decided to terminate someone in Philip's direct political family line in an attempt to permanently warn him, and them, to stay off their turf and cause him to flee the area.

With this knowledge then that Philip was a direct relative, and even though he had no immediate contact with anyone on the political side of his family, they made a decisive move. The syndicate urged their CIA connections through Giorgio to contract with the underworld, X1's circle of friends, to take out one of Philip's political relatives. They did choose the weakest link in the McKenna family chain, Julianne McKenna, the wife of the former president's brother, Hugh McKenna. She had long been known to have drug and alcohol problems and was occasionally admitted to a rehab center for overindulgence.

X6 called X1 on his cell phone with the scoop. "I just got word from a friend. It's time to order a New York-style pizza for one of Philip's relatives in Chantilly!"

X1 acknowledged the coded command with, "Should I order mushrooms or sausage?"

X6 gave the coded hit command with, "*Extra mushrooms!*"

For X1's mob enforcers, this was an easy hit. They could easily make her demise look like an overdose, suicide. They wasted no time in carrying out their evil scheme.

The operation took place just twenty-four hours after Philip's final Coffee Club meeting. They paid a lawn man to case the home in Chantilly, Virginia, a suburb in the hub of Washington, until he was sure that she was alone, and-*bang*-they moved in.

A team of three underworld, mob members were dispatched by X1's contacts to the dirty work. Traveling to the house in a delivery van, they entered the long circular driveway that invited

most travelers to the front door. This was no ordinary home; it towered above any others in the neighborhood. Brand spanking new, it was all brick, over six thousand square feet with beautiful archways over the front and side entrances. The inside of the house had every modern amenity: marble floors, huge kitchen, two-story ceiling in the living room, winding staircase, a downstairs pool room, and an enclosed outdoor pool. The upstairs had spacious bedrooms and walk-in closets with balconies over the outdoor gardens.

Halfway up to the house another drive went around to the side and back where the gardener's shed and another garage were. The main garage was also around this side and was tucked underneath the main house at the basement level. The delivery van went to the backside of the house; the three men stepped out, one with a package in hand. As he stepped up to the side delivery door, the other two men slipped in next to an open window. The man with the package rang the bell, and only Julianne McKenna answered the door. The maid left the house an hour earlier. It was 1:00 p.m.

As Julianne McKenna was talking with the delivery driver about the package, the other two men cut the screen and slipped into the window. Not knowing that the other two men were now in her house, Julianne tipped the driver for the package and stepped back into her dining room hallway.

The other two men knew exactly where she was and waited until she walked into the living area. They jumped at her and tied her hands behind her back with duct tape, placing a precut piece over her mouth. They then dragged her into the garage and strung a rope over the garage door upper frame, near the rear wall. Before they attached her neck to a premade noose, they forced her to take an overdose of antidepressant prescription pills they took from *her* medicine cabinet.

Being careful in every detail to make this look like a self-inflicted suicide, they hung her up and removed the duct tape, placing a stool nearby to make it look like she stepped up and hung herself after taking antidepressants. The enforcers of X1 left the property.

At 2:32 p.m., her husband, Hugh, arrived home from work, drove up the driveway, and took the side road to the garage. When he pressed the garage door opener, he failed to notice until the front end of the car was inside the garage that his wife was

hanging directly in front of him off the garage door frame. She hung there expressionless. Shaking uncontrollably, he called the police.

A 9-1-1 operator answered, "This is 9-1-1."

Hugh McKenna in an unsteady moment said, "I just arrived home. My wife is hanging in the garage from a rope! Please send someone!"

Within minutes the McKenna family home estate, in its abundant glory, was a swarm of police, fire trucks, detectives, and reporters. News cameras with media babes brushing their hundred-dollar haircuts were all over the front lawn. Satellite trucks beamed the news-feed signals all over the globe. "

Another death just took place in one of the most powerful political families in the world. One story headline read, "Julianne McKenna Depressed." The newspapers and TV were awash with tabloid stories: would the public ever be told the truth? Secretly the McKenna family knew the truth. Philip also had a good theory of what may have happened. Of course, like with a lot of underworld operations, they always do their work in secret, at a sublevel of the heartbeat of society. So, if any one thing ever came to the surface; they're weren't doing *their* job!

In most cases, the *whole* truth would never be known. The immediate police investigation only confirmed what the mob wanted to portray, that this was a "self-inflicted suicide"; they left no corroborating evidence otherwise. The McKennas may have had another idea, that this was a mob hit; but who was behind it? This common question is why crime syndicates, the CIA, and the underworld always hire third parties.

A snitch would never survive revealing more than one level, even if he was put in protective custody. However, like a lot of the underworld's mistakes, they underestimated the McKenna family's contacts and their ability to find out where this strike came from.

7 The Payback and the Coverup

Memorial Day Weekend 2012

Her death took place on the Wednesday proceeding Memorial Day. Quick action by the private investigators of the McKennas identified a group of mobsters in the Cleveland area as having some involvement. Underworld chatter at a local bar showed them to be in the area the week of Julianne's demise.

One local thug told McKenna investigators as he sat on a barstool folding a \$50 bill he just received, "I recognized Mick the crafty ID card maker the moment he strolled through the door. He used to hang with us here; he made false IDs for anyone who could pay his elevated fees. He's in Cleveland now." It was easy for local thugs to spot rivals, especially when the rivals once worked for them!

"Every major crime family has their own turf to protect," X1 used to frequently say as a mantra to his followers. "If they set foot in one of our business enterprises, we scramble their eggs for breakfast! If you're in Chicago, you stay out of New York; if you're in California, you don't cross the Rockies!"

The Pizza Head's men took a big chance being in Virginia and were hoping to blend into the shadows; they were not successful. People in the know of organized crime quickly recognize others in the same business. Many a time cover is compromised, many times mistakes are made, as old faces should sport thick lens, mirror sunglasses on every outing!

The McKennas had enough confirmation from their last back- corner interview, to point a finger directly to one neighborhood, Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland. Only one man in this area could have been behind such an operation; some knew him to be the Pizza Head. Well, at least this is the background of his restaurant operation there, to sell pizza out front and "get the dough to rise in the back!" That is *his* motto.

As Memorial Day weekend approached, you could sense a hidden tension in the area; Cleveland, Ohio, was about to experience a new kind of record. For the past one hundred years, most of the records had been set in cold temperatures and snowfall; now it would be in terms of cold bodies.

The newspaper had a new headline. The day following the holiday, it read “38 People Dead Over Memorial Day Weekend!” A subheading declared, “Gang Violence Takes the City by Surprise.” At a sublevel, this was a quick response, a no-holds-barred payback response, compliments of the McKenna family.

Since the bootlegging years, when the McKennas acquired a huge fortune in capital, enough to fly in the face of any regional Mafia group of the 1920s, they had also made some of their own underworld contacts; and presently, kept them on a back-channel in the event their services were ever needed. The last time was during the election years. Mafia groups control unions, and unions control votes and votes can get presidents elected. This suddenly became a classic family-to-family underworld war. “Clear the streets, get into the safe houses, stockpile the emergency rations, keep a close eye!” was what the Pizza Head would be saying to his men.

It was a pizza delivery that was returned to the proprietor. The Pizza Head was now short a few pieces of pepperoni! In addition to all the action on what should have been a relaxing holiday weekend, two members of X1’s family also died in a wave of bullets that left only a tablecloth intact and two expensive Gold Wing motorcycles shredded to resemble the Swiss cheese on the sandwiches at the annual family picnic at Lake Park. The Memorial Day picnic started for X1’s two family members as any other.

Due to their closeness with the Pizza Head, a couple of his lieutenants were also present. It was the classic outdoor menu with BBQ, hamburgers, potato salad, and light sandwiches. The four of them were quietly dining in a far corner of Lake Park on the shores of Lake Erie. A black SUV with tinted windows and black mags pulled into the park’s circular drive and paused near a clump of trees, just adjacent to the family BBQ.

Two men dressed in casual clothing carrying patio chairs walked to the trees and disappeared. Within a minute or two, muffled shots were heard. The shots were so muffled, no one else in the park noticed the four picnickers falling over at the far corner cookout table, being suddenly silenced in a wave of fast repeater bullets. The black SUV suddenly pulled away from the

clump of trees and sped off.

The SUV's license plates were noticed by one witness at the park gate, who got the first four numbers of what were later presumed from a stolen vehicle. Another pizza delivery, complements of the McKenna family, then delivered on time in less than thirty minutes, went to another picnic on the other side of town, cutting short the brotherhood of six other Pizza Head lieutenants (the rest of his chosen men). This deep-dish pizza was received, but without a tip to the driver, witnesses saying that muffled shots came from a wooded area, adjacent to the picnickers, people hit the ground like rocks.

All six were standing up in a serving line when food was being served; only the wives survived the accurate wave of bullets. One rule of the underworld according to one family don is to "always be respectful of da women." This is true in regular practice and war. The two McKenna representatives who delivered the deep-dish pizza had walked about three-fourths of a mile from the main road through wooded cover, quickly delivering pepperoni, returned to their white van, and drove away. Witnesses never would have had the time to trace their wooded trail.

This attack pattern occurred through the Memorial Day weekend; there were other executions of the associates of the Pizza Head. These associates were part of his network of operations, and none were left alive.

On the day following Memorial Day, the newspaper had the death count correct at "38 People Dead"; the Pizza Head now had no operation; he would have to rebuild and recruit new drivers, new associates, and new lieutenants. This was not just a returned pizza, a tit-for-tat, but it was also turning up of the pizza oven! Such direct responses were rare in the underworld; usually paybacks were more surgical. This was cataclysmic! For a season it would send shock waves through all mob family networks; nobody felt safe. The message was clear to the underworld: You mess with any more McKennas, you get a coupon for free pizza, *Irish style*. And instead of mushrooms, *you get lead!*

8 Mourning Meeting at the Coffee Club

Final Week of May 2012

The next morning, the Coffee Club at St. Augustine had an emergency meeting and this time in a private back room table; Philip was not invited.

“Somebody screwed up!” X1 said. “I have lost two devoted family members!”

X6, who normally played his cards with a cool-head confidence, added, “This was a bit more than a screw-up; the other side had better intel than we expected, and we also underestimated their response. We thought they would play it more surgical, negotiate a little, and leave us in power. I’m sorry to say I never saw this level of response coming.”

“Nothing like this has happened since the 1930s Valentine’s Day massacre in Chicago. We’re all licking our wounds here. I think we should finish off this Dreamer, this troublemaker-this Philip McKenna,” he concluded.

“This is so unlike the last time *the company* took out a McKenna family member; this time the McKennas used a no tolerance return policy,” X9 *the Airman* said.

X6 began to give some historical insight into what may have transpired, he contributed, “Two major crime families in America have been at war since the McKennas had a president in office a quarter century before. Although the McKennas on paper are not known to have a connection with the underworld, don’t fool yourselves. As we just found out, their contacts are *very* sophisticated. Riding from the Prohibition years to present, they used their Italian connection to help Bob McKenna become president, who became a righteous showman for the public. He not only exposed the other crime families’ corruption through his power base in Washington, humiliating them in front of *his* contacts, but then he also took too deep a focus into the CIA’s relationship with organized crime. He publicly spoke of ‘reorganizing the CIA,’ but then went ahead and replaced some of the key people he was suspicious of, with chosen McKenna people! Of course, it wasn’t long after this that he was taken out by the same people he was exposing. This was when the

McKennas found out how powerful and sophisticated our side of the fence is!”

“So, what do we plan for now? We have a pile of dead operatives, close family, and Pizza Head lieutenants; are we just going to take this sitting down?” X1 questioned.

“Right now, we don’t have any choice but to lie low for a while, pick up some pieces, and then plan an undercover response. We do have one McKenna family member right here in town we can start looking at-the Dreamer!” X6 illuminated.

Philip was stunned that *the company* had overreacted the way it did. He never foresaw that they would strike so pointedly at his family just because of his journalistic snooping. What caused him to snoop was the possibility of uncovering some of the secrets around Bob McKenna’s death.

Philip was now beginning to see why things were the way they were. There was deep corruption in the government. *And it was no wise going away, no doubt that X1 the Scavenger had overplayed his hand!* he conjectured.

The company could have taken care of Philip’s snooping by a simple threat to him, but perhaps it was pride, mixed with power, that caused their blunder by taking out Julianne McKenna. Usually, when the underworld took care of it, it was done surgically and clean by a third party so no traces in any way would bring it back to them. This time they had a mess a mile high with media, the police, possibly the FBI. Even incorrupt agents of the CIA were looking in, all working to find out the truth of *what happened!* Philip had a pretty good idea but for now wasn’t exploring it; the dinner invitation that X1 showed him still stuck in his mind like a wet boot in the muck.

Meanwhile, a massive government investigation, the McKenna family financing their own, was well under way. Also, a separate investigation by leading media groups was beginning to make steps; it would be only a matter of time until someone from either side showed up in Philip’s e-mail box with a request for information.

Local police in Julianne’s hometown were assuring many levels of investigators.

“The investigation would be very thorough; nothing would be left out!” said the police chief of Chantilly, Virginia. “We have some sizable leads but cannot disclose those at this time, or

it could stall the advancing investigation.”

To all involved, the official report listed Julianne McKenna’s death as a suicide by hanging. The big question to investigators would be, if that was the case, then why did so many people die in Cleveland in a well-known Mafia group all in the same weekend? It certainly appeared to be an unprecedented payback in the business of underworld activity.

9 Rush to Conclusions

June 2012

When there are so many unknowns, and third parties are contracted to do the dirty work, sometimes police investigations get pushed for time into general conclusions. What police investigators attempt to find is a branch of a tree that might lead to a trunk. Like artwork, the mobsters know just how to set up a scene to make it appear a certain way, with a definite slant- in this case, suicide, not foul play. They are experts on shifting the blame onto others or even the victim herself.

In this case, the McKenna family went along with the Chantilly police findings 100 percent. No police department wants an unsolved murder hanging on their hands, murder investigations involve hundreds of hours of exhaustive man-work, dozens of witnesses need to be interviewed, and volumes of paperwork have to be painstakingly reviewed and sorted, so to keep their budgets from being overloaded, they do the investigative work and write it down the way they see it. The pressure is on to close the case so the families can heal their wounds and the media can find another story. It's sad to say, but it did appear to the police that Julianne McKenna's hanging was a self-inflicted suicide. There was no other conflicting evidence at the scene to start a rabbit trail to Cleveland. They didn't find a branch of the tree leading to a trunk.

The McKenna family went along with the police findings so as not to shine any light on their private response to the gang of the Pizza Head. In their minds, justice was done, and a few mobsters had become frozen pizza. The underworld of Cleveland saw things a different way; after the Pizza Head conferred with X1 in St. Augustine, he became aware of Philip, the lone McKenna family member.

The Pizza Head said to X1, 'We were totally caught off guard up here, so let's make sure you guys down there take care of the Dreamer!'

The Coffee Club members were obligated now to place *all*-of their attention on Philip. What they couldn't ever understand

from this time forth was how effective Philip's interpretive dream gift would be in his ability to step aside from any of their traps!

10 Bad Dreams Mean Trouble

August 23, 2012

As Philip was retiring one evening, his interpretive gift began to ring out warning signals that something was up, an action on the way. Just after 1:30 a.m., he saw in a dream a large black figure drawing near to him. It was so shocking that it woke him up instantly. At that same moment, he heard muffled knocks on his living room window. Suspecting burglars, he started turning on lights, and the knocks went away, along with the feeling of danger. He left all the lights on and went back to bed.

In the early morning, Philip went outside and looked at the window and found that burglars had pried off a wooden storm shutter and were ready to break the window and enter his home to kill him. Philip's quick action of turning on the lights scared them off. But what was the tall black figure that Philip saw in the dream? Philip later surmised that if was, in fact, the spirit of death!

In most cases, this spirit wouldn't wake people up before it had an opportunity to take their soul. However, because of Philip's spiritual sensitivity, the action of death was stopped before it had an opportunity. Philip most surely would have been caught in the action, becoming the target of the burglars, and they, probably armed with small weapons of some sort, would have given the spirit of death the opportunity to grab for Philip's soul; death would speedily have occurred.



Large black figure; the Spirit of Death!

Philip had only daylight hours to come up with a mature plan of action. He decided to protect his life and property and stay alive. He had to do something radical; change his sleep hours to match the action-hours of the mob. The mob and the thugs they hire to carry out their sometimes-lethal bag of tricks worked usually under the cover of darkness and in secret. This meant that they probably wouldn't come at a time when the neighbors were still awake. They never wanted any witnesses! So, there would be no sleeping in his home between the hours of 11:00 p.m. and 5:00 a.m.

Philip's plan would be to come home from work and be ready to go to bed by 7:00 p.m. so that he could be up and ready for action by 11:00 p.m. This meant only four hours of bed sleep, and the rest of the time he would take naps in his truck for a total of about five hours every day.

Hey! Philip thought reasonably. I barely got more than four to five hours of sleep every day in college, and this is a sort of schooling, the art of espionage, the cat and mouse game.

Another thing he knew was that they were not only after him, but also his only emergency source of transportation, his truck. So, he would have to go to the twenty-four-hour cafe, the

Broken Shell, during the 11:00 to 5:00 a.m. hours and do his office work and write articles; he would just bring everything along with him. This would be a workable plan as he was just shifting his sleep hours to what used to be his former early evening office hours.

As Philip began to make plans to go to the twenty-four-hour cafe, the fact that they served coffee and food while he did his office work was great! And, as the future would show, it worked better than ever expected; a hot cup of coffee and a biscuit, served with a smile, helps the creative thought processes, working wonders! And X1 and the Coffee Club members would be miffed. They never witnessed anyone do such an intelligent shift. They had no backup plan to get a guy who wasn't at home in their hours of opportunity (chiefly 2:00 a.m. to 3:30 a.m.), and plainly, they couldn't mess with him when he was in a public place, under surveillance cameras, and even sitting possibly a table away from the county sheriff deputies who took their coffee breaks at the cafe.

Philip's preplanning was working; he would meet their every challenge! He would implement this overnight plan soon!

11 Evidence from the Heavlies

August 27, 2012

Philip knew that it was time to move into action: most people would run to the police. But what could the police do? There was attempted vandalism to his truck, but no direct damage for evidence; Philip heard the shotgun blast, but their gun barrel must have slipped, shooting too low, only peppering the bumper. There was some damage to the storm shutter when they tried to break in the house; however, in Florida, hurricanes and high winds are always doing damage to shutters. He would almost have to create evidence. Philip thought in his mind, *never quit, never let them see you flinch*. This thinking came from his deep training as an investigative journalist; keep with the story until something surfaces. The whole ugly truth was now rising to the top.

Philip would have to outsmart them at their own game. In the year that he sat with them, inevitably *something* they said would lead him down the correct rabbit trail. That very night he had a dream. In the dream he saw a silver bag with a clear window in the middle. As he looked closely, he noticed what first looked like granola mixed with nuts. At a closer glance, he realized that what he was really looking at: marijuana mixed with cashews!



Bulk cashew bag; marijuana in a false bottom

Now this was significant! That morning at the French Avenue Café, an occasional late morning post, he couldn't resist the spinach and cheese hot croissants, Philip spent most of his time researching cashew nuts-their distribution and origination. What he found confirmed some of the clues around St. Augustine that were sitting in plain sight.

First, on his side of the Atlantic were several local distributors for cashew nuts. They were home-based businesses located in the same neighborhood where one Coffee Club member lived. Second, Philip recalls that this same Coffee Club members would often pull out of his pocket a stash of cashew and munch on them. And, finally, he observed a car bumper sticker that was common in town that said, "Cashews, the choice of many." *It's a local cottage industry*, he mused.

It was clear that St. Augustine was a distribution point for the rare nut that only grew well in three regions of the world: South America, Africa, and Vietnam. It wasn't hard then to put

the rest of the pieces together. Philip recalled a conversation between X6 and X1 at the Coffee Club.

“My wife and I are taking a trip to Southeast Asia next month. We will be taking a stop in Ho Chi Minh City for a couple of days and then off to Thailand,” X6 said proudly.

“Where will you be staying?” X1 questioned.

“At the Red Pagoda Inn, of course. It’s pretty fancy and has a lot of Asian amenities: massage, sauna, hot baths, a classy restaurant, and other fringe benefits,” X6 bragged.

Philip then did some extensive research on the growth and distribution of cashews out of Southeast Asia and found that strong connections were still held for distribution of these nuts from Vietnam to Europe and to the United States. Other links were forming just from the fact that one of the Coffee Club members was a former pilot for the secret CIA airline, Air America, during the Vietnam conflict. It has been widely known to the public that the CIA ran marijuana, opium, and other drugs back to the United States via this secret airline. They had a land base with a runway in Cambodia, and drugs came in on secret ground routes and went direct. The CIA sold the drugs through underworld contacts in the U.S. and pocketed the money for CIA covert operations worldwide. X9 once justified all of this by saying with a sly grin, “Congress never gave us enough money to run our worldwide operations, so we had to raise some of our own funding.”

“Keep the war running and keep the drugs flowing!” This was the spoken word among the rogue agents involved in Air America’s distribution program. After Richard Nixon stopped the war and was impeached shortly thereafter by the involvement of the plumber control team’s covert frame-up, at least one man on the team of fame a CIA agent, A. Harry Hull.

Following the stoppage of the war, the company had to figure out a new distribution program for their drugs shipments. When things cooled off with the newly installed North Vietnamese government, and they were able to see the potential of secretly selling drugs for huge profits to their former enemies, the Mary Jane (marijuana) started flowing again under a new wrapper, foil-enclosed bags of cashew nuts with a secret insert, bottom; this is what Philip saw in his dream.

The foil bags even had a clear window where you could see the cashew nuts, but underneath was the world’s *best* crop of

marijuana that American money could buy. These bags of nuts were making their way to warehouses in Florida and distributed nationwide by the same CIA/syndicated underworld contacts.

“Cashews, the choice of many.” This could explain why when you buy some cashews, they have a stale, grassy taste to them when your palate is sensitive to the taste. Now, Philip had some ammunition to bring to the authorities if things really got hot! Just say “Cashews” with a whisper, and maybe the thugs would back up a little. Sometimes the only way to stay alive when you are targeted by the underworld is to possess something that they really might consider sensitive.

Philip’s investigative journalism had paid off. He leaked out “cashews” to one of their spy contacts one late morning at the French-style Avenue Cafe, a man whom he noticed immediately was working for them, because he was trying to make friends to get information. The man said he heard that Philip was a writer. This really got his attention. The man also said jokingly, “How do we know that *you* are not a spy?” Philip just held up the menu and said, “You know, you should try one of their lunch salads, it’s loaded with *cashews*!”

What they thought about Philip in their minds was all about definition. In a way, perhaps he was a sort of spy, but only as an investigative journalist. He knew of the standard procedure in other countries like Russia, where journalists were targeted and killed by the underworld, if their probes got too close to their operations.

Philip told the man, “I only work for myself. I don’t belong to any organization.”

That got him a quizzical smile from the man who knew that Philip was getting close. Yes, Philip was close and was soon to figure out their whole East Coast business operation and would soon be given another clue that would show their entire two-stage multi-million dollar enterprise.

12 The Screwup: From Dogs to Marijuana

August 31, 2012

One night after 3:30 a.m., a white Cadillac pulled off the road in a construction zone on the main trucking line, State Highway 16, that connects the freeway with St. Augustine. As trucks passed through all the orange cones, there was just enough room to maneuver through the narrow lanes.

The Cadillac's door opened, and a man and woman struggled out. She was screaming, and he was handling her forcefully toward the narrow gauntlet of cones. They were now standing just outside the narrow lanes that were set up; only a line of orange cones separated them from fast-passing trucks. It was pitch-black, and trucks whizzed by with little knowledge as to what was going on in the darkness, just three feet from the right of way.

As a large eighteen-wheeler approached the struggling couple, suddenly the woman was thrown from the man's muscular arms onto the roadway in the direct path of the semi. The man commented as he threw her, "You're nothing but a dog. You deserve to die!" He dehumanized her in his mind as the deed was done.

To the semi driver, cats and dogs often wandered onto the roadway and were quickly crushed by the semi's enormous weight and speed. So, what was a usual occurrence for a sleepy driver became a final solution occurrence created by the underworld, the woman was no match for tons of moving steel and rubber.

The semi driver made the usual swerve to miss the object on the road, but reaction time was greatly limited by the fact that she was thrown in front of him on purpose: a quick evasive swerve to a shadow he noticed on the road and a definite connection with a back tire and it was over. The semi driver, thinking he had hit another dog or roadkill from a previous driver, drove on.

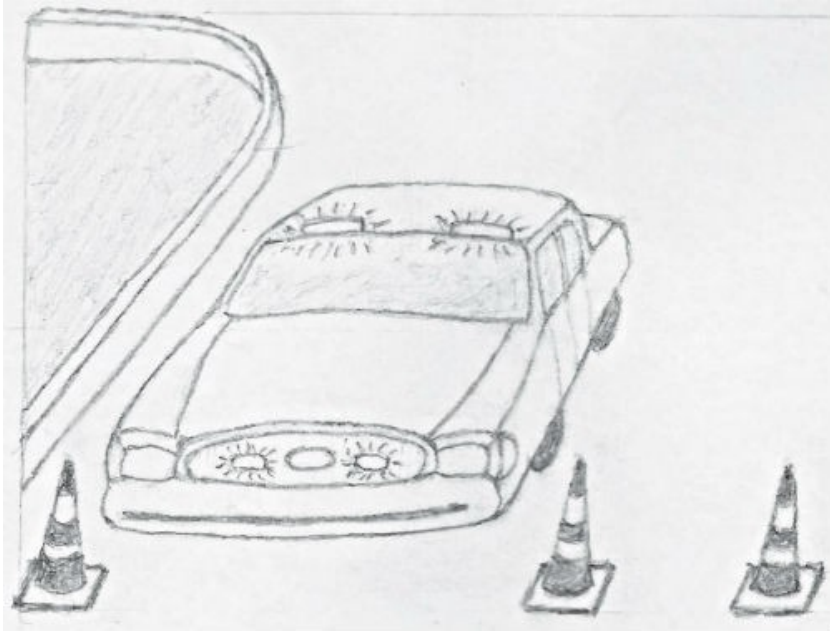
Two other semi trucks hit the body in the same mystical manner until a car following the last noticed the carnage and stopped; until police arrived, the woman's now-dismembered

body was bathed in the car's high-beam headlights. Within minutes, the lonely scene had the appearance of a major crash on a main thoroughfare. Police lights flashed, medics ran back and forth, and no traffic was allowed anywhere near the scene.

Questions immediately arose: who was this woman, and why would she be dealt with in such a malicious manner? To the underworld people who did this, they view certain segments of the population with disdain. The police investigation that quickly followed suspected the woman as a high-paid prostitute, noticing her exceptional appearance, expensive jewelry, flashy clothing, and carrying over one thousand dollars in cash. The local newspaper the next day also deduced from the police report that she may have been a prostitute, but the underworld views all prostitutes as dogs. Philip was stunned when he read the story and thought, *Why would the underworld break their rule of secrecy, handling a victim in a way that would attract major police and newspaper attention?*

The only conclusion would be that they who did this were trying to make a hard as nails statement to someone; this was like putting your crime on a billboard! To Philip, there was a lot more going on here than just a "dog" thrown to the trucks!

Philip decided then to review his dream journal (he regularly recorded his nightly dreams) to see if there was anything there that might give a clue. He went back several years. In the dream world, dreams flow on a giant wheel, turning through time endlessly. He saw this wheel in a visionary dream. There is no finite time frame either, as dreams from several years back could contain plausible information for today. He found the key dream from three months prior.



Body on the highway.

In this dream, Philip was riding in a northbound lane and noticed an accident take place opposite his side of the road going southbound. The next thing he knew he was in a visual translation mode and was looking down from above directly over the accident scene. He saw a dismembered body lying on the pavement, half the body in the traffic lane and a man standing next to it. There was a semi also parked on the side of the road a half mile ahead of it, and sitting directly behind it with its headlights illuminating the body was a white sedan!

The semi was a travel train, a cab pulling a trailer with a second trailer attached. It could compare to the auto trains in Australia, where several boxcars are carried behind them. In the dream, he saw the semi very clearly; it was unquestionably two trailers connected together. His dream then had a vocal transmission in it that spoke, "The woman on the road was a dog." Vocal transmissions are common to dream researchers. They usually happen just before you awaken, and the information given can normally be written down and reflected on.

After the dream, Philip went to the dictionary to find out exactly what a *dog* was. What he found shocked him; a dog in human terms *is* a prostitute! "So, the woman on the road was a

prostitute,” Philip figured. “Another victim of the underworld, no doubt!” The information from this dream confirmed the accident report that the police gave the paper, but who would do this and why?

Within the next couple of nights, Philip had another visual dream that showed a lady crying out from a city in northern Ohio and lamenting that she was hooked on drugs. Philip did the connection when he awoke and saw that this dream went with the previous dream about the prostitute. A vocal transmission also went with the dream, the number 2,401 was spoken.

Number 2,401, Philip thought. *Could there be 2,401 prostitutes in the ring that this lady belonged to?* He also had his suspicions that the lady “dog” on the highway was possibly somehow connected with the men from the Coffee Club.

Philip recalled a conversation one morning at the Coffee Club where one of their associates, who didn’t know who Philip was, mentioned that he had had a “stellar time with one of the girls.” X1 nodded with an appreciative smile. It seemed to Philip at the time that the associate was complimenting X1 specifically for the superior service he received. From this conversation Philip surmised, the Coffee Club clearly noticed his cognitive presence, and they didn’t want a dreamer around to see into their underground activities.

Then Philip put his journalistic mind in gear to figure out why the underworld would make such an open statement to the police and the press by throwing one of their prostitutes to the highway’s trucking traffic. Philip knew that this was huge in scope, as normal people don’t commit such murders unless they are certifiably insane. Either someone screwed up major, or this was an in-your-face-statement.

Philip was leaning on the latter since he learned already from his research that the underworld rarely screws up. And if they do, they cover it up quickly through extortion, payoffs, collusion, or exposure of a leading investigator’s dirty secrets. The old-time coercion was a rock through a window, but now, that is only for the small fry to do.

The organized underworld runs their own investigations on people who look too close and blackmail them away from the boxing ring to spar another day, often with their hands tied, the mouth taped with duct tape.

13 Dogs Are Not Always Dogs in St. Aug!

Early September 2012

What Philip didn't know was what the police just found out; the lady on the roadway wasn't really a prostitute! She was state-run task force on prostitution investigating a statewide prostitution network. Just days before this story broke about the dismembered body on the highway, the task force had already broken through the thick skin of a Tampa-based prostitution ring and had arrested the leader, Tony "the Big Tooth" Scarelli, the little Italian guy with a big tooth, in truth a missing tooth, as it was a mock nickname.

Tony had been escorted by one of his prostitutes at a local bowling alley bar when police dressed up in bowling league attire surrounded him and took him into custody. His escort was released shortly thereafter as she was the snitch the police hired to set him up. She will go immediately into protective custody, though, as there is an old saying in the underworld that goes, "Snitches get stitches." This goes along a favorite underworld custom in disciplining women: hold them down if they are cornered and put a scar on their pretty cheek.

When police searched Big Tooth Tony's exclusive condominium on the beach, they found a cell phone with no battery. The cellular phone was taken to the St. Augustine Police Department and entered as evidence in the grisly murder investigation.

So, a statement was made then, this one from the underworld to the state task force on prostitution, tied with a ribbon. They couldn't talk to the press, so they created their own news story by throwing an infiltrator onto the highway. They were so upset of the state task force busting into one of their main operations with a state agent working her way in for information, they used *her* as an example and made a messy "accident" on State Highway 16 to try to get the task force on prostitution to back off.

"The lady on the roadway was definitely a state agent undercover," the police sergeant relayed to his in-house detective over the speakerphone. "Somehow her cover was blown, the

underworld discovered her, and threw her in front of the semi.”

“Okay,” the detective replied, “we’ll let the semi driver go. We managed to see the struggle from a bank’s outside video camera up the road, and we are classifying this as a murder; do we have any suspects or people of interest?”

“Well,” the sergeant said, “all we know now is that this is a mob fingerprint. This is old-school stuff from the fifties. They only do actions like this if they are fighting each other, and they are out of options. We could place the Big Tooth down as a person of interest. Someone in his network may have intended this as a payback for our taking him into custody just prior to this event. It’s unfortunate for the state task force insider agent who exposed the prostitution ring, she got caught right in the claws of the beast.”

“Yah, we haven’t witnessed this type of activity in our town since 1965 race riots, but then it was just a bunch of stupid, careless rednecks, and they were easy to track down and prosecute,” said the detective.

“If this is a local mob murder, we are playing with a most secretive animal, and it won’t be easy to get a statement from anyone,” the sergeant cautioned.

“Well, check the local network of informants and see if anyone has heard a weasel fart of something,” the detective stumped.

The sergeant finished the call with, “I’ll let the chief know what we are doing. Also, contact the state task force and get their story on what went wrong with their agent’s unfortunate unmasking of her cover in what looks like a very dangerous ring.”

Back at the Coffee Club, X1 and the others were looking at their options.

X6 *the Kingpin* asked, “Why did the syndicate want to make such a loud statement with the girl? Can’t they see a police investigation coming at us!”

“We had to make the statement. They were closing in on the main hub of our prostitution network in Florida. They take out our operation completely in Tampa, and the rest of it will collapse into independent pimps when they see we have no control,” stated X1.

“We’ll manage the stink from the investigation through the usual channels anyway,” X9 said.

X6 went on to say, “I just don’t like to have police investigators crawling around my network. It slows down operations.”

What the Coffee Club members were unaware of was that the investigation was leading quickly to Ohio. Local police were starting to pick up a trail of a prostitution network from a gutsy informant. What they would soon trace is the fact that this network went all the way from Florida to Ohio. There would also be links to a marijuana highway from Vietnam that had been there since the war, as Philip McKenna had also witnessed in one of his dreams.

This marijuana highway started with the secret CIA secret airline, Air America. Originally created to bring supplies into the Vietnam conflict for CIA operations, plans were changed, and as time went on, legitimate supplies came in for agents, with other high-dollar supplies returning to the states on the same aircraft in the form of drug shipments, namely, marijuana, the best crop in the world at the time! During the war, it was easy for these shipments to make it to the United States under the radar of national security. But following the removal of troops from Vietnam in 1973, with the last of the troops leaving the U.S. Embassy roof by helicopter in Saigon, the company had to devise new methods for shipping marijuana unseen to the U.S. from Southeast Asia.

In 1980, Vietnam began to unlock Southeast Asia to tourism; with these new movements of people came well-dressed men from *the company* who began once again to renew old contacts for Mary Jane shipments. A new pipeline scheme was set up to start the flow of the green herb via the world cashew markets. A nut distribution network had been set up to numerous western countries and Europe. It was the perfect piggyback network to hide marijuana shipments and distribution.

Cashews were sent to warehouses in Europe, Holland, and the good ole USA. At the same time, cashews were doing quite well on their own as a cash crop, so distribution to key areas was almost guaranteed. All that was required was to make key controls in the network to ensure smooth delivery.

Since the war, it was always common knowledge that the best stuff came from Southeast Asia. But since the area,

especially South Vietnam, had been taken over by the Communists, new deals would have to be made within an unstable climate.

“Money talks and bull chips walk. And it’s not what yah know. It’s who yah know,” X1 would say when discussing his mastery of Communist networking.

X9 would love to reminisce occasionally to other fellow agents of his Southeast Asian experience. “I recall the geisha girls and the fancy hotels. Just relaxing by the pool in the tropical air, sipping exotic drinks and singing stupid songs. The communist government took us on tours of their cashew farms and facilities during the day, and we took our own tours of the city by night, usually being followed by their intelligence agents wherever we went. One little game we loved to play was trying to lose the bug (agent). We would slip into a bar and pay the bartender a tip to show us the back door. Then we would slip out the back and lose the bastard by ducking behind garbage cans in the alley. Then we would quickly slip into another bar or restaurant and relax.”

A new flow scheme was ingeniously started with one of South Vietnam’s Cashew Kings, Wong Tang. Behind this scheme was, at the time, a growing worldwide demand for the expensive nut, in truth the seed of a fruit tree. Along with this would be an elaborate security network to keep the flow of marijuana going, unhindered. Due to the expensive nature of the cashew crop and its sensitiveness to humidity and climate changes, the cashews were carefully monitored in every stage of the operation to ensure that there would be no “returns” at warehouse loading docks, which would horribly mess up any piggyback cannabis shipments.

Cashews were put into fifty-pound aluminum-color sealed container bags with a secret compartment inside, near the bottom, for the green stuff shipments. One ton of the cashews alone was worth up to \$5,000 on the market and more for the largest select nuts. This crop of nuts-grown in-close-proximity of the old capital of Vietnam, Saigon (now Ho Chi Minh City), ensured close oversight by the Communist government and no outside interference. Every government needs a “cash crop,” and the cashew with a cannabis piggyback became *the crop of the century* for the communist Vietnamese. It wasn’t hard to convince the former enemy of the Western world to come to

terms with huge amounts of cash, not only for cashews but also the hidden bags of marijuana and other drugs being transported within.

It was like selling a crop with both hands out! The deals began between *the company* and the South Vietnamese at the old capital's grand hotel, the Saigon Inn. This was an elaborately decorated hotel done in the Asian tradition, large pagoda, pointed red roofs, gardens, waterfalls, and fountains with the hospitality of kings and queens.

Presidents and statesmen along with their entourages, secretaries, families, and a few CIA and underworld contacts, sat in the hotel restaurants in private booths or side rooms and slept in the finest suites and rooms available to those who could pay the amount, equal to a monthly rent, for a one-night stay. More and more Asian-sphere deals were being hammered out in the bar lounge every week.

At one typical meeting, three representatives of the Vietnamese politburo sat with two representatives of the CIA.

X6 was one who said, "We'll guarantee American markets for your cashew crop. All you need to do is agree to grow a high-quality nut and set up a distribution warehouse here, probably in your shipping zone, Ho Chi Minh City.

"On our end, we'll have a warehouse designated with a corporation set up to handle all of the buying and selling. The cashew containers will go to our warehouse first, where they will be separated from the piggybacked marijuana inserts in the bottoms and sent on to distributors coast to coast.

"You'll then be reimbursed for both crops, the cashew and marijuana, through conventional methods and unconventional respectively. For the unconventional, you'll have a bank account in a third-world financial zone, like Panama City, where it's protected from normal bank scrutiny, and we'll simply wire the monies for the marijuana shipments there. Or, if you prefer, we'll pay you in gold or silver assets directly when our cargo ships arrive to pick up your crops."

The politburo men were taking notes and smiled from cheek to cheek, and one said, "Give us gold!"

X6 gave his CIA counterpart a silly glance and said, "You-will- have-plenty!"

Following important meetings, the hotel also secretly supplied geisha girls to favored guests who came to the room

dressed as maid service and left a few hours later with their hair all messed up, cash in their pockets, and a promise of another night if they were good at “turning the sheets!” Other amenities included massage therapists and even a traditional herbalist to prescribe natural medications to sore joints.

One visiting U.S. representative was reported to have had several geisha girls at a time, a massage, and a steady army of room service food trays delivered to his door every night. This, of course, was all paid for with U.S. tax dollars! What kept a lot of these people coming was the cashew trade, now exceeding \$500 million on export shipments to the United States, Great Britain, and Holland with Vietnam’s production share of 20 percent. This, of course, was a small pittance of value compared to the illegal industry of piggyback shipments, which only production managers were aware of.

The demand for the hidden green substance inside the bottom of the bag was now becoming equal to the demand for the cashews. The estimates of the value of what was hidden were never really known to anyone except the people who controlled shipments. But for those who had an interest in estimates, not unlike government officials, it may have exceeded the amount taken in cashew dollars per annum. This amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars to be deposited into CIA coffers back in the States for their share.

It was a lucrative business, although illegal, covered by the auspices of “national security” with profits used to finance CIA and underworld operations worldwide. The CIA prefers a “secret” flow of money from independent sources to operate so it doesn’t have to go to Congress to reveal to them what some of their more questionable ventures are in other countries. If they asked for the budget that they really needed, congressmen would get too nosy about what the money was being used for. And we are not talking about a couple of dollars—it’s huge amounts of greenbacks, overall, it’s more than the GNP of some countries, re-sent to Panamanian banks for worldwide operations.

Starting with the Air America illegal marijuana shipments back to the States during the Vietnam War, with X9 as a chief pilot, the market for Vietnamese shipments had grown, and a huge demand for the green bags of substance was now created in Europe and the United States. This was a green product that people would literally die for. And that had been exactly what a

recent occurrence was locally in Vietnam when some “company suppliers” had broken contracts with *the company* and sought out new networks to market their pot.

Still using the same distribution scheme of cashew bags piggy-backed with the green stuff, they began to sell to higher paying buyers in Europe. This started to interrupt shipments to *the company’s* regular supply network, it wasn’t long before the company boss caught wind of it.

At a meeting at the Coffee Club, X9 had just received the intelligence of the interruption. They traced it back to one man in Vietnam, the man placed in charge of shipments from the northern tier of the country, former North Vietnam.

X9 said, “We have to get representatives over there immediately, undercover. We don’t want anyone to know we are sending them. They need to get to the broken supply link and fix it!”

Within days, two men of Asian descent appeared in Saigon, now Ho Chi Minh City. They claimed they were there as businessmen inspecting possible hotel properties for investment purposes.

One night under the cover of darkness, they slipped out of the Saigon Inn, caught a bus to the old northern capital, Hanoi, and made their way to an exclusive neighborhood. They came upon a house owned by a former company station chief, Chiang Ti.

The house, surrounded by a six-foot-high masonry wall, had three Rottweiler guard dogs patrolling the inside perimeter. Before scaling the wall, they threw over steaks laced with a sleep aid, quickly eliminating the dog problem. One man being a “window expert” easily found a window not completely latched that they could climb through.

Just like clockwork, they found the room where Chiang Ti was sleeping with his geisha girl and eliminated the cog in the supply network with the muffled sound of a P11 shell carefully aimed into the control center of the once-prominent supply contact’s third eye. They left the geisha girl, who quickly departed, scantily dressed, to the safety of the treelined street, unharmed. As daylight approached the waking city, they had the rest of the morning to find a bus to return to the former South Vietnamese capital.

The company then found a new northern representative, Xeri Chong, to ply its trade in the THC green organics and cashew shipments. Taking care of supply problems is not an uncommon occurrence in the supply networks as it is a human trait to want more and get more for your products. But X1 always drilled his managers at every level in what he called “loyalty! Your first-priority is *the company*, even if it’s Christmas and your wife is pregnant!”

What was transpiring in Vietnam was just starting to be revealed to Philip back at St. Augustine, Florida. In the dream he had, it had showed a clear storage bag filled with cashews mixed with marijuana. When he awoke, he quickly wrote down every detail of the dream. With this revelation, he did a computer search on cashew nut-producing countries. He found out within minutes that only three world regions were major producers of the cashew nut: Vietnam, South America, and Africa, pointing Philip directly to an overseas operation.

The dream gave his journalistic mind the intrigue and focus. He could sense from the visual part of the dream that there was something sinister about the cashews mixed with pot. His thoughtful recollections began to find several links locally with the distribution of cashews: the car with a bumper sticker saying, “Eat more cashews!”

Then he looked in the phone book and found two local cashew distributors who were marketing the product from home offices, in expensive neighborhoods! Then he recalled X6 discussing a trip to SE Asia.

X6 said, “I went there for a vacation. On this trip I unfortunately had to kill a man. It wasn’t long after the Vietnam War, and things were still dicey in the new Communist regime. I can’t say why we were there, but we were out on the town one night and had lost one of the Vietnamese Intel agents that had been trailing us. However, when he finally showed up again, we tried to ditch him through the back door of a bar. When we got into the alleyway, he came out shooting. A couple shots went wide; I had to pull my concealed handgun and plug him.

“It was just business as usual after that. The commies never spoke a word about it. In Vietnam, life is expendable. You had better watch it even when you walk across the street; traffic doesn’t stop at intersections. There aren’t too many traffic lights, and they will run you right over if you walk out in front of them!

They drive freely right through pedestrian crosswalks, and sometimes vehicles will miss you by inches!”

The links were all coming together, and because of the dream, Philip had the intel. And now his journalistic abilities would dig to the bottom of this corruption on American soil. Philip knew of Air America operations from his occasional reading of books that had inferences of the CIA and some of its historical operations. He was beginning to suspect that the cashews and marijuana he saw in the dream were a continuation of war operations long after the United States pulled out of Southeast Asia.

Another conversation that he remembered of note while he sat at the Coffee Club one morning was when X1 walked in with an automotive magazine and began to show the specifications and photos of a car he admired.

“Take a look at this one,” X1 bragged as he showed Philip a glance of a prize car.

Philip laughed. “I would be afraid to drive that one to the convenience store! I mean, what would happen if someone gave you a door job?”

X1 slipped in saying, “You don’t drive this car except to take your lady out. And then, you have the attendant park it for you.”

Philip nodded like a child in a classroom. The car, originally produced in Turin, Italy, and made exclusively by hand, had a magazine price tag of over \$1.7 million. He also showed some other expensive cars made in China, one called the Golden Snake.

Around the same time, Philip had a dream where a vocal transmission told him that “two million dollars had been transferred to a Panamanian bank.” Philip did the usual checking after this dream and found the link; after someone has made a huge amount of money on the illegal drug, prostitution market, the money is “parked” in an expensive car that can be held in a storage garage and sold later to launder and liquefy funds. The car can also be traded for other commodities. And who knows what pseudo-companies or individuals all these millions are transferred or traded to—no doubt something offshore!

This was another puzzle piece that was beginning to show how powerful and connected his former coffee buddies were. He was also beginning to see that the men that had been sitting in

front of him every morning for a year at the Coffee Club were not completely retired as they had claimed.

For one thing, from his varied reading on the CIA, he found out that some operatives were permitted to continue working for the company after retirement, part-time under a program called SAD. These operatives were required to do research for the company mainly related to antiterrorism and still receive a paycheck. This was a good idea in a way as it allowed operatives to keep contributing their analytical skills to the company long after retiring.

But the operatives of the Coffee Club had become very uncomfortable with Philip's interpretive gift; he was seeing too much into their evil empire of illegal prostitution and drugs, used to finance what could be considered by the government and Congress in Washington, legitimate overseas CIA operations.

The other part of the illegal operations money was siphoned off by X1 and his Coffee Club members into their expensive "car- parking scheme" to be transferred subsequently into offshore investment accounts.

X1 told X6 *the Kingpin*, "I told you a long time ago that this Philip was getting too close and too knowledgeable of our business enterprises."

"Well then, it's time to get refreshments!" said X6.

"Can we find a few water bottles for distribution?" added X9. "Yes, water bottles are a refreshing way to get a crafty operative to find a new way home." X1 laughed.

14 Dogs Are in the Doghouse!

November 15, 2012

X1 and the Coffee Club members hired a local bunch of thugs to do the dirty work to expel Philip from Dodge. These bunch overpaid rednecks hung out at the local dirt bag bar in town called the Dog House. This name was derived from the local St. Augustine gutter language of the day as some people that had been there too long called the town “St. Aug-a-Dog!”

So, the Dog House bar really was a local name that these motorcycle-riding, chain-wielding ruff necks could identify. X1 met one night with the leader of the ring, the Green Snake. His real name was probably along the lines of Bob or Dick, but in the underworld, only code names were used. X1 gave the Green Snake Philip’s address and phone number (for later prank phone messages) and slid an envelope across the bar with some instructions.

As the Green Snake reached to receive the white envelope, X1 held it there with his hand for what seemed a minute and said, “No mess ups this time, we don’t want the police to alert the taxpayers.” The Green Snake, used to usual complaints, just nodded his head, placed the envelope in his open shirt, and bought X1 his favorite brew. They sat and talked at the bar for a while longer in whispers as X1 finished his imported Irish beer.

“There is the presence of a new gang in town. They all drive motorcycles. I heard they are from up north somewhere, from out of state. They pushed around one of our dealers the other night at a gas station. There aren’t too many yet, but if a few more show up, I’ll let you know. It could start a turf war,” the Green Snake confided.

X1 asked quietly, “What do you think they are after, our drugs or prostitution business?”

The Green Snake spoke one word quickly, “Drugs.”

X1 nodded and said, “Let me know if you see any more signs of them.”

As X1 walked out of the bar, the Snake lighted up his cell phone. The first thing for him and his gang of losers to do was to wait until the bar closed at 2:00 p.m. and drive to Philip’s home

and shoot out his truck windshield. Now this was usually one of the easier tasks for the Snake and his eager bunch of lieutenants to take care of, mostly recruited from the college-dorm beer-drinking crowd who hung out at the bar on Friday nights looking for broads and rumbles.

They all piled into the Snake's green cruiser. This car was so stupid looking to the average person as it had green paint that changed colors with the sun's angle. You would think that if the Snake had a brain and seeing the secrecy of his night employment, he would pick a color that wouldn't stand out so much. But, of course, in the youthful pride of a bar redneck, he chose the color that would impress his stupid friends; psychedelic green!

They peeled out of the bar at 2:15 a.m. under the complete cover of darkness. The green machine rumbled along with glasspacks that would shake the dust off other vehicles. As they approached Philip's home, around 2:32 a.m., they noticed Philip's beautiful blue truck in the driveway, parked about fifteen yards from the road.

They pulled perpendicular to his driveway, so the Snake's passenger window had a clear shot to the blue truck's front windshield. One of the Snake's lieutenants, a real brain surgeon, as the Snake was to about find out, rolled the squeaky window about halfway down and pulled out a sawed-off shotgun. He placed the short barrels onto the brim of the window glass and slowly pulled the trigger.

Having a short barrel would prove, however, to be not an advantage in this night game shoot-out. The trigger seemed a little stiff, so he applied more leverage to pull on it; as he did this adjustment, the shotgun barrels slipped off the brim of the window, and as the barrels fell to the door frame, the trigger engaged.

BANG!

From inside his home, Philip was awakened by the sound of a muffled gun report and shattering glass, followed by screeching tires and flying rocks and gravel. Philip thought immediately that someone had shot his truck. He had been warned in a dream that thugs would come to visit at 2:32 a.m., but had fallen into a deep sleep; he was very anxious that he had missed this warning.

When he went outside to check, his truck was still sitting

there unharmed, but he saw a lot of glass at the end of his driveway. He could also still witness the sound of loud mufflers in the distance down the road as the Snake flew his transmission through the gears, escaping to their usual hiding place. What took Philip a day or two to figure out in his head, as to what took place at the end of his driveway, the Snake had already chastised his comrades about,

“What the heck! How could you let the gun slip on the window! You blew the — — window right out of my door! X1 said, ‘NO SCREW UPS!’ Oh, good grief, I don’t want to tell *him* about this!”

The next day after the Snake reported to X1 of his lost window, X1 just calmly replied, “Go to item number 2 on your instructions.” And he hung up.

The next day, Philip received an invitation to go to a local publisher’s home for a social get-together. This publisher, John Joyce, was a friend to X6 *the Kingpin*. Since the Snake messed up the window shot, X6 decided to try his own more experienced hand at sending Philip home for good!

The publisher spent part of his life in the intelligence network, having been an operative for *the company*, and spending time in Europe under Operation Witchcraft, an *agency* operation to uncover a European mole. When he returned to the States, he moved to St. Augustine, Florida, and started a magazine publication that dealt with local farming and Florida-beach lifestyles.

In Florida, all communities are molded together. There is no official farming community outside the beach community; they coincide together. Even the business community is part of the whole, as all lines cross and boundaries are always meshed; the beach is the farm, and the farm is the business community.

Florida is the only state where you can live in one city and use another city’s name for your mail delivery. Provided your zip code is right, it doesn’t matter; you can claim any community is your home address provided boundaries are nearby.

Philip saw this dinner invitation as a possible boon to his high- society contacts, a real opportunity not to miss! He showed up on time at 7:00 p.m. and saw a lot of the local business leaders lounging on couches with their wives and

their three-hundred- dollar haircuts.

The party host was Mrs. Joyce, the wife of the publishing tycoon. She was handing out icy water bottles to guests at the pool bar. Along the same counter were hors d'oeuvres and finger foods.

As Philip scanned the wonderfully arranged display of crackers, meats, and fruits, Mrs. Joyce singled him out with what looked like a refreshing water bottle.

"Are you thirsty? Here is some ice-cold water and, uh, don't hesitate to fill up a plate with some finger foods!" She handed him the plastic eight-ounce water bottle.

He thanked her and went to turn the top, noticing that the cap's seal was broken. Even more strange was that the cap had been tightened down so tight, he could barely remove it. He looks back at her with his usual thoughtful look, being trained in social meetings, never to overreact publicly to anything strange. "Just remove yourself from the embarrassing situation and regroup," he always told himself.

From his youth, Philip had the common knowledge not to eat or drink *anything* with a compromised seal. This came from his years working for his father at a grocery store where he was instructed to throw away anything that came in on the supply truck with a broken seal: "Who knows, maybe a truck driver decided to steal a sip!" his father would say.

Then to enhance this training came the AIDS virus scares of the '90s. However, as the host of the party, Mrs. Joyce stood staring at him, he didn't want to make a scene; so, thinking he could *maybe* trust a motherly figure; he takes a small sip, noting in his mind not to drink anymore!

But, as he mingled with the other guests, he began to slowly feel chest pains, like a sharp throbbing in the middle of his heart. About this time, he was carrying on a conversation with the party hosts' lovely secretary, Kate, who was complementing him on his journalistic work, "I have enjoyed some of your local agricultural articles. You seem to have a good background in handling some of the more intricate issues that affect farmers." Philip suddenly excused himself from the conversation with the secretary of the party host, Mr. John Joyce, and made his way to the pool bathroom. This bathroom was off to a far wall and out of view of the rest of the party. As he rounded the wall, he passed by the bathroom door and slipped out the screen-door

exit to the side of the house.

The chest pains were still present, so he made his way to the road where his truck was parked. His mind was starting to flash the files of his natural medicine knowledge on what to take to get rid of poison. He now suspected that somebody had without doubt slipped a mickey into his broken-seal water bottle. He swung by the local health food store to see if they were open.

“Thank God,” he said as he pulled into the parking lot.

Entering, Philip asked the attendant at the counter, “Do you have any detox supplements?”

She nodded and pointed, “Over there in aisle 3.” He made his way to the section of supplements for detoxing the body. As he scanned the shelf, his eye caught the one last bottle of activated charcoal.

That’s it, he thought as he took the bottle to the cash register, paid the lady, and left.

Philip immediately took a double dose of the charcoal supplement when he got back to his truck, having kept a spare bottle of water behind the seat to wash it down.

Arriving home, he sat down for a long evening of heart monitoring. Within just twenty minutes, the activated charcoal did just what it was recommended to do, removing whatever poison had entered his stomach. Philip deduced he had dodged another Coffee Club bullet. He also knew that these operatives had a lot of high-level friends who would be willing to do their “loyalty” bidding.

As the evening was still early, Philip did an Internet search on what kind of liquid could have been added to his water bottle to stimulate a heart attack. His first search showed that there was a clear liquid sometimes used in the spy world: it was invisible and nontraceable and stimulated heart attacks in targeted people. Just a quick slip into a unit of transfer, like a water bottle, could put a targeted person on their backs within minutes.

By the time they arrived DOA to the emergency room, the liquid would dissolve into the regular bodily fluids as an untraceable compound.

The next morning, Philip awoke, dressed quickly, and instead of his usual breakfast, decided to go to the famous French bakery, the Avenue Cafe, for a delicious mushroom,

spinach croissant.

As he entered his truck, he noticed something hanging from a shoestring above his driveway from a tree branch. On the one end of the shoestring was a water bottle filled with water; on the other end of the string was a chunk of road tar bitumen to balance it on the tree branch. Philip took a step ladder off his back porch and removed the gangland token from his tree branch, throwing it all into the garbage can.

This was a first in a series of underworld calling cards that he would soon receive. The Joyce's being connected, were not trying to keep a secret; the goons who delivered the hanging water-bottle calling card overnight, were the infamous Green Snake and cohorts. This was item number 2 on the list that X1 had given him.

The Green Snake had proved his worth that he could throw a water bottle up in a tree and hit something! *Keep that man on the payroll, what a genius!* Philip spoke out-loud.

Philip surmised, there is only one reason people like that would do such a thing. They had a whole lot to hide.

Philip was beginning to understand how far-reaching their secret empire was and how badly they wanted to protect it. His breakfast with coffee at the famous French-style Avenue Cafe was wonderful as usual.

At least the small things in life are still enjoyable, he thought.

Later that day, he had an interview scheduled with a client regarding his magazine work. He was busy writing another article on local farming. On his way out of town to the farm where the interview was to take place, a fog had rolled in off the ocean and was diminishing visibility.

Suddenly, out of the mist, a dark-blue pickup truck with a large cattle guard came up behind him. Philip was now in a construction zone and was keeping a steady, slower speed with nowhere to pull off.

The larger-model blue truck closed in closer and came within an uncomfortable half a car's length behind him; the truck flashed its lights and came in even closer until its front cattle guard bumper was just inches from Philip's bumper.

After what seemed like eternity, the construction zone ended, and the road went back to two lanes. Philip slid to the open side lane, and the blue truck whizzed by, crowding his lane.

The message was clear: Philip knew that *they* were tracking his every move. There wouldn't be another "normal" workday ever again; that is, until he could figure out how to extract himself to another area far, far away.

That night, Philip was awakened around 1:15 a.m. by the sound of his metal screen door being pulled on. It made a distinctive hollow sound, especially as the quietness of the evening had taken over.

Philip did the usual home defense and turned on all the lights and sat in his easy chair for a half hour until he felt safe enough to dim the living room lights and dose off in the easy chair.

In the morning, he checked the metal screen door on the side of his house, the side where it was always darkest at night. The handle of the door had been broken off by a very strong hand. It was clear that they were messing with him.

After a quick breakfast, he went on his occasional bike ride around the neighborhood. Rounding a corner at the street side of his property, he noticed something hanging from the branch of a tree. As he came closer, he saw that it was a shirt, spray painted red, so that it appeared from just a short distance to be stained with blood.

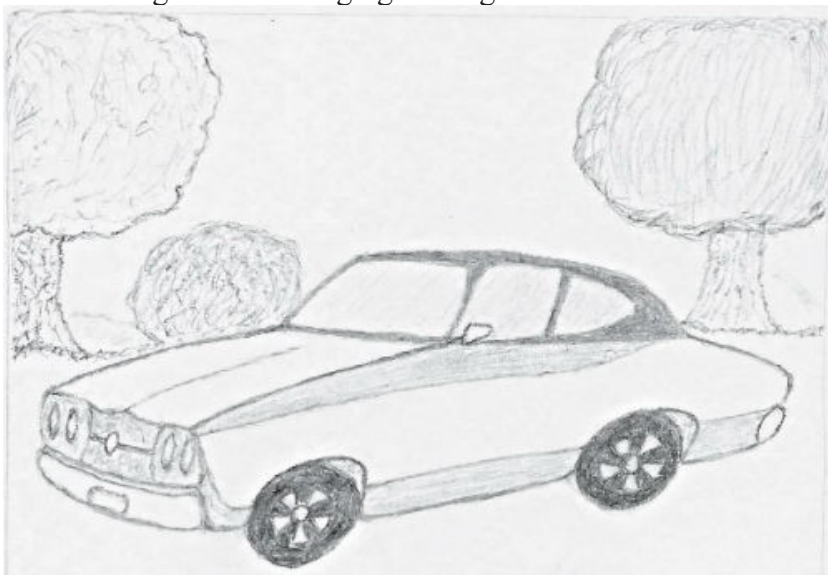
Unbeknown to Philip, this was another calling card from the Green Snake and crew, item number 4 from the X1 list, and Philip was starting to wonder exactly who the Coffee Club members hired to send these pointed messages. As an interpreter of dreams, he needed a glimpse from a dream where he could get a detail to help him figure out what they were planning next.

To Philip, dreams were his eyes and ears, and if he could just get one or two details from one, he might be able to track and identify their movements. One night as Philip slept, the glimpse came on time; he saw the front end of a classic car. The color was distinctively green; he noticed, though, that the color sort of changed slightly in the light, from green to blue and to a slight hint of red.

Philip could tell from the shape of the car that it was a classic, possibly a Chevy.

The next day he was riding his bike after work, and he spotted a car that looked similar at a gas station. From his vantage point across the street, he could see the green Chevy Malibu, and it had the fancy paint that changed color hues as the sun's light changed directions on it. More shocking was the look he got of the driver as he stepped out of the green car to enter the gas station.

The driver had a black T-shirt on with a skull-and-bones logo on the back, and as he entered the gas station, he stole an evil glance back at Philip. Philip knew instantly that he had just seen the thug that was hanging messages in his trees.



The Green Snake's Classic Chevy Malibu.

Another dream that came to Philip around the same time was of thugs that were viewing through his window; they had black cotton hats on, and he sensed darkness. He became convinced at that point, sleeping at the house was out of the question. They were not only after his truck, to destroy it, but now he had the precognition that they also wanted to break in to his house to take him out.

Back at the Coffee Club, the discussion was all about another failed attempt to ice Philip. They tried water bottles, hanging objects from trees to scare him out of town onto the road where he would be most vulnerable, the home burglary/take-out attempt, and even shooting out his truck window had backfired.

X1 spoke softly to X6, "We couldn't scare the bastard out of

town with the bloody T-shirt and water bottle hanging from the tree. We messed up on shooting his truck too. Even the home invasion was a blow when the bastard woke up! We have one more option: this last option will cost us some money, but it will not fail.”

The last option on the Green Snake’s list is the hit man, the Snake’s final option in most cases. The phone call went forth, and the Green Snake made the contact.

“We got a hard target on our hands. The guy is a kind of ESP dreamer. He can sense when we get close. You’re going to have to sneak up on this one. The direct approach with a flower box delivery at the door won’t do,” informed the Green Snake.

By flower delivery, the Snake meant using a flower box to contain a shotgun that could be used to waste a targeted person when he answered the door for his supposed gift.

Brady the Beak took the rest of the instructions, Philip’s address and truck type, and said, “I never miss. I get the job done right the first time.”

Meanwhile, Philip was now totally aware that X1 *the Scavenger* and his old friends at the Coffee Club had gone ballistic. Philip was on total alert cognitively. At this stage of alertness, he could sense things wrong any place he went. He could just wake up from sleep and sense a danger coming that day, which would cause him to look around every corner.

Being a writer, Philip would still try to keep the same schedule, getting up early and spending the first couple of hours of the day at his breakfast post, the local French bakery, drinking coffee and writing. This was the time that his brain was most active, and words came to put on paper easily. After a good writing session, he would take a long walk in a local park to stir his creative thoughts for the next morning session. He would take along a notepad and would often sit down and write notes as creative thoughts came to him.

On one of these morning walks, his interpretive gift gave him that negative feeling that a danger was near. The farther he walked in the park, the more negative it got. As he sat on a park bench and listened to the singing birds and watched an active squirrel bury some nuts, the usual idea for an upcoming article connected with his left brain; he quickly recorded the thoughts

that became the springboard for his new article on local farming.

Once this was done, he caught the view of a snake coiling around a branch on a nearby tree. This natural sighting seemed to confirm that somewhere in the park was a danger. Too much coffee this morning triggered a walk to the park restroom. Philip entered and took care of nature's call. It must have been heaven's timing; an incident was about to occur that would require perfect clockwork.

Gifted people often move with the precision of a heavenly time clock, not even knowing sometimes that an action to do something at a particular-moment could mean the difference between a positive or negative experience. In this case, a negative experience was on the way, and Philip's timing to use the restroom and his exit from it, at an exact time, made a huge difference in his future.

Philip washed his hands, used the air dryer, and as he stood in the exit door, he noticed a man, Brady the Beak, just making his way up the stairs. The Beak man had a determined look on his face, with a curved nose you could never forget, and was staring straight through the open door. He seemed to be looking beyond Philip as if to see if anyone else was in the men's room with him.

Only a set of stairs separated Philip from this muscular-looking hit man, whose hands seemed to be in a claw position. Philip's eyes caught a handicap ramp just off to the left of the door and made his way immediately toward it to exit, down a ramp, to the grass level. At the same moment, the Beak man had a few steps to walk up and had his head down briefly to look at the steps, blocking his sight of Philip's quick movements.

By the time he got to the top step, and in the brief-moment he had been looking down, Philip had slipped down the handicap exit far enough to be safe from an attack, now in public view.

Philip walked quickly to his car; the man's vehicle was parked next to his. He barely had time to get into the driver's seat before the Beak man was fearlessly standing off to the side of his door. Philip made a quick exit, backing out of the parking area with the precision of a cop; the man vanished in his rear-view mirror when he straightened out the truck and drove off. Beak man was already talking on his cell phone, "the little blue truck just drove off, I didn't even get a chance to use the restroom."

“That was a close call,” Philip exhaled as he drove off. “These people are in the business of making business!”

As Philip made his way home, the Green Snake was using his next option, number 6: he sent several photographic text messages through a social site to block their exact origination. This is an old trick of the underworld: always send messages through a third party. As the messages reached Philip’s box, the notification bell rang on his phone. Philip was too smart though to read any messages that came from a source unknown.

As he went to erase the messages, though, he decided to look at the first one to see if it may be something from someone he knew, it came up as a pair of running shoes resembling a popular brand of tennis shoes with wings on the logo, implying that he should put wings on his shoes and *run*! Philip quickly erased it, removing the other photographic messages, unread. Philip didn’t need to read *any* of the messages, he knew intuitively where they came from; indirectly from X1!

Again, it was clear in his mind now that sleeping, or even parking at his house at night, would be too dangerous. Too many things had been hanging from the trees, and now they were suggesting that he run, like a Greek runner in the summer Olympics; running was what they unquestionably wanted as then they could isolate him on the open road.

The CIA has a way of tracking vehicles and people wherever they may decide to go. The old method was to place a magnetic tracker chip directly onto a person’s vehicle; it was a round device, resembling a large black gum drop. Today, the cars themselves have computers and readable chips inside their systems. There are government road readers laid into the asphalt that read these chips. Also, a cell phone has a tracker chip built in; however, Philip was updated on this and always kept the battery out of the phone when it wasn’t in use.

In addition to these methods, if the CIA can slip into someone’s home, they can put tracker chips into clothing. If Philip ran from town, they were ready to track him and hunt him down wherever he went. Hopefully for Philip, they wouldn’t catch up to him on the open road where isolation made it easier for capture. When he finally decided to leave the area, he would figure out a way to throw them off.

Philip knew now that staying in his apartment overnight would mean destruction to his truck, or what his

interpretive gift was speaking to him; a murder/burglary. Whenever the CIA had their thugs do the dirty work, they tried to make it look like a murder/burglary. This way the police investigation wouldn't be clear on a motive. They would say that it was a burglary that went foul, and the death of the homeowner was unfortunate.

With no motive, it's a lot harder to trace a murder. From the attempted break-in that happened recently, this type of setup was clear in his mind. So, Philip was going to have to act like a soldier in a foreign war. He would do what he had planned earlier to do to stay alive. It was time to implement his plan to work all night writing at the Broken Shell Cafe on Anastasia Island, near the beach.

Changing his sleep schedule was first. As soon as he arrived home from work, he would cook dinner, clean up, and go immediately to bed, planning to be out of the apartment no later than 11:20 p.m. That's when most of the neighborhood shut out the lights and went to sleep. He figured if the thugs were to come by, it would be after that time.

15 The Twenty-Four-Hour Safe House Restaurant

November 30, 2012

The first night out of the house was kind of an orientation as he was new to this cat-and-mouse living. After going to bed at 7:00 p.m., Philip awakened at 10:30 p.m. with just enough time to take a shower and get dressed. He got his work materials together to bring with and grabbed a good book to research, not forgetting his laptop computer, and set out into the night at 11:20 p.m.

Philip drove to the local twenty-four-hour cafe, the Broken Shell, and found a good table off to a corner to start his first night as a midnight writer. As he was soon to find out, this was the best time of day to write; there were absolutely no distractions, the waitresses were not stressed or in a hurry to serve tables, and the coffee was an endless cup and usually fresh brewed.

The waitress and manager, Marta, was a big small-town gal who had made a few mistakes in life to land this shift as a job, but she was generally nice to Philip and conversational; all the time!

Some of the other customers, usually a half-dozen police and county sheriff officers who frequented the cafe at the late hours, loved to stop Marta on her way by for a chat. She was the most *gregarious* waitress customers had ever witnessed; not only would she spend up to a quarter-hour talking with one customer, but she also carried on a continual talking marathon with the cook staff across the counter. "Fill up the fry station with new oil, get the kitchen floor mopped, and take out the trash!"

Philip found Marta to be a rare find; somehow her voice just soothed all the troubles he was facing. Living the single lifestyle so long, he hadn't heard a female voice very much in his personal life. Now he could listen to Marta all night long carrying on and mingling with customers, cook staff, and himself nonstop; and with all the giggles and glittery female voice inflections, she made him feel at home, and strangely like some new member of a family, a member of the twenty-four-hour restaurant regulars.

The other regulars, the police officers sipping their coffee, gave him a sense of security. Marta just loved to share stories with the officers. "My kids have given me the gray hair. I work here until 7:00a.m., then I go home and try to get them off to school. It's like trying to move old logs from a forest to get them out of bed, they are always trying to play sick! I just try to get them to school so I can get some rest. Oh, by the way, your coffees are free tonight." Meanwhile, the thugs that sometimes circled the restaurant in their distinctive vehicles were talking to, sending updated messages back to X1 about Philip's new whereabouts.

"The strangest thing has happened, sir. The Dreamer is parking himself and his truck at the beach cafe overnight. We can't do anything but watch him. We see that he is working on his computer and talking to the waitress. But, the place is a hangout for local cops, so all we can do is drive by; a couple of my guys don't want to be spotted," the Green Snake informed X1.

X1 responded with, "This little bastard must be a spy. He is getting information on how to avoid us from high up somewhere. Just keep an eye on him then, until we can figure out another angle." "Yes, sir," the Green Snake confirmed. "Uh, do you want us to watch him all night then?" he asked.

X1, sounding a bit irritated, shot back, "Just confirm that he is there, and if it looks like he isn't going anywhere, you can go home."

Philip knew intuitively that he couldn't keep up this overnight writer schedule indefinitely. He had to begin to make some plans to move and get out of this Mafia-infested town. These plans did start to work themselves out in his head, especially when he had all his work done and could surf the net for possible new home locations. There were several things he was looking for as a writer. If he was to make the change of location, the new place would have to be more suited for the mind of a journalist. There were several criteria that he thought about: *First, a smaller mountain community, not inside the mountains but on the edge so that the roadways were flat, but it would only be a few miles to traverse into some great scenery.*

Next, it would have to be on the west coast of the United States. Philip had a dream that gave him some advance

information; he had seen Portland, Crater Lake, and a mountain range. He knew then that this was the place to go-Oregon State. He scanned the state's possibilities and found Bend.

Bend was near the mountains and was situated on a flat plain; it was originally named after a local ranch: the Fairwell Bend. The federal government later named it Bend. It had a tourist economy fed mainly off the pastime of the ski trade. Another interesting feature was its identity as a comedy town. The goal of this part of the community was to make Bend one day a comedy center. Bend also had a lot of natural beauty situated to the east side of the Cascade Range.

As a writer, Philip liked to envision himself sitting in a local coffee shop, writing a few articles while viewing breathtaking scenery out a bay window. Now that he knew of possibility number 1, he began to think about all the things normal people who were moving to a city would do: *where were the apartments, the condominiums? How much, how far from the city center? Storage facilities and their costs? And where to pick up mail?*

When he had outlined all of this on paper over several nights, he went to the next step: arranging his financial accounts, closing local savings, and combining all cash into one checking account that had a debit card attached. After liquidation of his money market savings account, he had almost \$10,000 ready to go in his checking/debit card account; just enough to make the move.

Another thing Philip did after all this money had been transferred was to pay off all his credit cards. He knew that it might be two to three months before he might have another permanent address. He had several credit accounts and used up about \$3,500 to become debt free.

Also, hidden away in the side of a kitchen cabinet that had a false backing, Philip had a stash of around \$3,000 in silver and gold coins. Many of the silver coins were in Kennedy halves denominations, and this would prove quite useful when he was on the road. They could be traded for cash at any small-town coin store for gas, making it possible to avoid making electronic purchases. Any big cash withdrawals any time before he left would alert the CIA underworld men of his desire to flee the area. He would remove all this silver from its hiding place on the night he would leave and hide it in a toolbox that he stored in

his truck.

The next time he did his midnight journalist retreat overnight at the Broken Shell Cafe, the manager, Marta, didn't bother to take his order. She simply delivered a large coffee to his table with a comment, "Since you have been coming in, our whole staff has felt a lot safer. Providing someone is in the lobby, we don't have to keep looking over our shoulders; the coffee is free!"

This was the bump that Philip needed as the change in his sleep schedule was wearing on him. Marta's comment was almost like her saying, "Welcome home, we like you here!" Now that he was totally at ease, he drank the coffee and went to work on some stories he had collected information on the day before.

After a couple of hours, around 2:00 a.m., Philip noticed a familiar vehicle that he had seen parked out in front of his house during the time that weird things were hanging from neighborhood trees (water bottles and bloody shirts). It rounded the bay windows where he had his perch and advanced to the drive-through window. Seeing a rare opportunity, Philip slipped out the side door of the restaurant and walked around the building to the rear of where the car sat at the drive-through. Standing around twenty feet behind the vehicle, he peeked around the menu sign and memorized the license number. This was the Green Snake's right arm. The vehicle was a blue Mercedes with a distinguishing dent in the side door. Philip had noted the dent when the car was in his neighborhood; it was like a fingerprint. *Only one Mercedes could have a dent like that in this town!* Now Philip had the license number in case he saw this car near his house again.

A few nights later, the Green Snake slid through, and Philip repeated the process capturing the license plate numbers of both underworld thug vehicles. The Green Snake noticed Philip peeking around behind the sign and burned out with a tire slick as he drove onto the main road. Philip now had a great advantage, and the underworld was now aware of it too. It had never crossed Philip's mind that he could use a cafe's drive-through to capture vital information about his enemies. Even if Philip never did anything with the information, just the possession of it was a card to play if he needed it.

X1 heard from the Green Snake of the license plate capture at his next stop at the neighborhood drinking station where the Green Snake kept his roost.

"I never thought the Dreamer would actually walk out of the cafe and catch my license number as I sat at the drive through!" the Green Snake pleaded.

X1 told the Green Snake that Philip was most likely a spy, as "average Americans wouldn't ever think of such a sneaky trick, he must have *high* level training." The truth was that Philip had an unusually *high* IQ and could think outside the box. Philip would make such decisions by seizing the moment and catch the opportunity and amazing advantages like this would happen. He had clearly outsmarted them, and they would have to come up with another angle to fool a genius.

X1 confided to the Green Snake, "You'll be given another option sheet, but also, another CIA-trained operative will be brought on board by X6 to help in the pursuit of Philip. Tell your associates to use the convenience store, instead, to catch snacks when they are out and about, or this Philip will probably get their size, weight, and hair color too!"

After spending one whole night at the Broken Shell, the change of sleep hours was catching up with Philip; he decided that it would be safe to go home around 5:00 a.m. and catch a few Z's in his easy chair before work that morning.

Philip pulled up to his apartment, and everything appeared sound and peaceful. As he entered his home and plopped into the easy chair for a quick nap, it wasn't long before sound sleep overtook him. Just as he was about to enter the dream world, he noticed flashes of light across his living room ceiling. His cognitive gift told him that a danger was in the area (often he would get a stressed feeling if danger loomed).

Bright flashes moved across the room in a prism of light, when suddenly Philip had a memory file jump to his conscious mind. He had read on a science website that there was a Tesla technology used by the spy world, in that high bursts of energy could be sent into someone's home via high-intensity radio waves and could induce all kinds of health problems in the recipient.

Sure enough, he thought, they are trying to fry me like an

egg in a microwave oven! What Philip didn't know was that X1 had given to the Green Snake such a Teslar weapon when he gave him his new options. In fact, the Green Snake was outside his home that morning, aiming his Teslar weapon at Philip's living room window with the precision of a sniper; option number 7!

"Ha, gotcha ya, little red fox. This one is for escaping the Beak's net. You can't wiggle out of this one for very long," the Green Snake whispered to himself as he gave Philip another radio wave jolt. A good thing for the Green Snake's limited IQ was that little training was needed with this weapon, just point and push the button.

Philip got his things together for the day of a writer and left home early for his first appointment. He knew now that sleeping at his house, even at 5:00 a.m., was clearly out of the question. One problem was that the Teslar attack did affect his health. He noticed some chest pains and shortness of breath for a couple of days. He knew now that he would have to make serious plans to move. He couldn't keep this overnight schedule up at the cafe forever.

Now X6 was up to bat. He had found his man, this time a CIA foreign operative to try to trick Philip. (The CIA in 2012 began to use foreign operatives inside the United States to track U.S. citizens. The rationale behind this decision was that foreign operatives had no affinity to natural-born U.S. citizens and unfortunately could be absolutely-ruthless, easily breaking the code of ethics).

X6's man showed up at the Broken Shell Cafe just a couple nights later. He came in around 4:00 a.m. on a weeknight. At first, the man just talked with the other regulars who came in around that time. Then he started to show an interest in Philip. He was very gregarious and friendly, without hesitation introducing himself with a big smile. He told Philip, "I am a driver for a local delivery company." He drove a van resembling a produce delivery service; vegetables were on the logo. He shared, "my day always starts early, so I have to get this large cup of coffee." He looked Middle Eastern to Philip and had an accent that chopped off the end of his syllables.

Philip figured that like a lot of other delivery drivers, he

could be from any number of countries. He didn't say his name but asked with a big smile if he could join Philip at his table. Philip nodded affirmatively, and he started conversation with questions: where are you from, what do you do for a living, are you married or single? He tried to ask some more personal questions, but Philip being a journalist knew not to answer anything direct to a stranger. To a couple of these more personal questions, like "Where is your family?" Philip told a white lie and said they lived one thousand miles from their actual location, "in St. Louis."

Philip thought, it's none of his business anyway. Even though he is just trying to be friendly, he could be an operative.

He also asked, "When do you sleep? After all, I am talking to you in the middle of the night."

Philip quickly responded, "I take a lot of naps. I mean, it's not unusual for creative people to nap a lot. I come to the café in the middle of the night to write. There are few distractions at this time of day, and I can get a lot done."

Fortunately for Philip, he didn't let this secret out, as they would have known exactly when to come by his house and fry him with their Teslar weapons. What Philip didn't know was that the Middle Eastern man sitting, drinking coffee with him *was* in fact a foreign recruited CIA operative hired by X6 to do dirty tricks. He was there to make friends with Philip and try to lure him away by invitation to a location where they could capture him and take him into their custody. "Let's go for a ride to my favorite beach sometime, I can pick you up here, and I will even buy you lunch," the Middle Eastern delivery driver suggested. Philip just smiled, not knowing how to respond.

The next evening, Philip had a cognitive dream where he saw this man shaking hands with X6, and a voice in the dream said, "There is an Egyptian in town."

Philip woke with a shock as he knew instantly that this man was there as part of another sting. Being a little wiser now, when the man sat with him again at the next overnight vigil, Philip's answers were even more guarded. The Egyptian became insensitive and lost his cover by saying what his real name was.

They were discussing the TSA, and Philip told how he no longer liked to fly because he had been pulled over into one of those "random searches." The whole thing made him uncomfortable that he just quit flying altogether. The Egyptian

then became emotionally candid, admitting to having the same thing done to him because of his Middle Eastern name.

“They pulled me aside, went through my luggage, checked all the no-fly lists, and finally let me go. It was all because my name is Omar Ben Zwahari.” (A note to the reader: This Intelligence agent is also known as X100. The three-digit code delineates a third-level operative.)

Philip knew immediately that this was the man his dream warned him about; this was the man they and hired to case him. Now it would be mind over matter. The X’s and their friends would have only a percentage chance to outsmart a dreamer who knew how to read his precognitive dreams.

Philip was beginning to realize that he had two groups pursuing him: under X1, the underworld, syndicate people, while under X6, the CIA. Both were trying hard to trap him, almost now in a crossfire.

Philip reasoned one day out loud while at work, “Being comfortable and looking beyond their circumstances is what most people would convince their minds to do. It would be comfortable to want to believe it could all go away. And who wanted to move three thousand miles across the country? But then, most of these people didn’t have a precognitive gift that would warn them of what was coming and exactly how serious it could be, even though nobody could prove any of it.

Other normal people would probably think that they could call the police if things got bad, not knowing that the CIA had a contact inside the sheriff’s department, someone who volunteered and had access. At the city level, corruption was more than the rule in the local police offices. Philip had no choice but to overreact and move; he knew how corrupt the local town was—from top to bottom, from the mayor to the dog catcher.

The next overnight at the Broken Shell Cafe was encouraging. Marta came over and put a large cup of coffee on the table in front of him. She commented, “You have your own table over here now in front of the bay windows. If you need any more coffee, just raise your cup, and I’ll run over and fill it.” He didn’t have to ask this time; he knew the coffee was free. He got a lot of writing done in the first hour and then discovered another miracle of the Internet; using the cafe’s free Wi-Fi, YouTube helped to dissolve any hint of boredom through the overnight!

Free movies were available to watch on this site. Now his overnights would have all the amenities of his living room at home; he could watch a movie every night to while-away the time until his secret planned move came near.

X100 came by about 4:00 a.m. and stayed about fifteen minutes. The Egyptian was always very friendly and had a smile on his face as he walked toward the table and said, "I still would like to take you for a ride in the country someday. I am interested in learning more about *you!*"

Philip said, "That would be nice." But was thinking in his mind simultaneously, that it would be a cold day in hell before his foot would ever grace the passenger floor of his van!

The conversation then went to previous employment where the two of them found a common ground as once being managers. X100 said that he had worked for a major corporation, Band, as a data manager. As soon as he said the name of the company, Philip knew he was CIA. The Band Corporation was long known as a CIA front operation. In some ways, it was a think tank where the best minds were harvested from colleges and universities and given the chance to become analysts.

X100 had just slipped again. He didn't realize how well-read Philip was on CIA history. After X100 left, Philip knew he had to come up with an exact date to leave St. Augustine. He thought deeply, *since they are following me around, I can't stay long. Their potentially dangerous agents are sitting down and having coffee with me. This is crazy!*

That night he figured he had ten days at the most to wrap things up, notify the landlord, and move. It was now the middle of winter, and some preparations would have to be made for winter driving and camping.

16 Government Hit Man

December 8, 2012

Bringing his office work to the Broken Shell Cafe on Anastasia Island was proving to be quite productive for Philip as a writer; not only were his articles on target and well researched, but he had also decided to write a book on his new experiences with the underworld. It would be quite the spy novel, and his material was coming from his firsthand knowledge of what was being revealed to him-not only true-life experiences, but also his dream revelations. It would become, as time would prove, a quintessential document of the true spy underworld-an adventure novel to rival the best!

Some of Philip's intentions with this book had already leaked out to his old friends at the Coffee Club, which even made him more irritating to them and more of a posted target for their hit men.

One of those hit men, Kort, had arrived months earlier and was training at the DHS counterterrorism training facility on the other side of the state of Florida. Here, just north of Ft. Meyers, the DHS had installed a \$200 million facility to train their best in counterterrorism techniques.

Kort was one of the key instructors, and now that the school was on a break, he took some time out to visit Philip in St. Augustine. Kort still carried his orders and was actively on assignment from Giorgio and the general to take Philip out. Kort now had other ideas; he had just collected his last check from his work at the DHS terrorism training facility and was preparing to resign from any further work with the CIA or the Pentagon. His true bold and daring intentions presently were, to flip sides, and make friends with Philip! And, if his suspicions were true, that Philip was really a decent person, and an innocent journalist, he would do everything in his power to help protect him, capitalizing on his twenty-years of experience as a government hit man and spy.

Kort stepped into the Broken Shell Cafe just after 1 a.m. He saw Philip working in a booth in the corner. Kort walked over to his table and, with a kind smile, introduced himself, "Good

morning, can I buy you a slice of pecan pie and join you for a minute?"

Philip didn't want to be rude, so he motioned with his hand for Kort to take the seat opposite him. When the waitress came, Kort ordered "two large cups of coffee and two slices of pecan pie."

The waitress returned immediately with the coffees and went back to get the pie.

"Well, you sure seem to be a night owl. Are you working late for a reason?" Kort implied.

"Yah, I am a writer and can't get anything done at home, just too many distractions lately. So, I switched my sleep schedule a little to accommodate working the overnight hours to get my work done by morning," Philip offered.

Kort had to be careful not to reveal too much about himself, or he would scare Philip away from confidence, so he gave him a tidbit. "I work for the government. I have been here since May teaching as an instructor at a DHS counterterrorism training facility. We're on a break, so I decided to swing up here to check out the ancient city. What sort of writing do you do?"

"Here is your pie," the waitress gracefully interrupts and places the pie in front of their placemats.

Philip takes a fork and nibbles with the pie and confides, "I have several publications I write for, sometimes feature articles on local farming or agriculture. Sometimes I deal with tourism or just simple news events. You would be surprised how much news there is to write about in a small community like this. I also just started an adventure novel."

As soon as he mentioned the word *novel*, Kort knew immediately why the general and Giorgio wanted him removed; *it wasn't just* the Russians who removed key journalists. Just the fact that the general and Giorgio had a hit order out on Philip proved without a doubt that he was one of the best investigative journalists that the company ever encountered, he reasoned. Kort knew that he would be busy now tracking and protecting Philip. Now that Kort was aware of the MO of his controllers who commissioned him, he kept the subject matter general.

"The Tampa Bay Buccaneers seem to be drifting off to sea I see again this year. Last week they were even defeated by the Minnesota Vikings! I don't know why Florida with all of its money and influence can't get a decent football season!"

Philip nodded and enjoyed another sip of coffee. “How is the pie?” the waitress enquired.

17 The Investigation Begins

December 21, 2012

The State task force on prostitution wanted an immediate investigation into the death of the “prostitute” (the supposed agent) on the St. Augustine main highway number 16. The state task force originally started as a grassroots community/government organization and grew to a multi-agency task force. The problem of prostitution in Florida was growing as the state is the travel destination of millions of tourists and business people attending countless conventions, not to mention the numerous theme parks.

The prostitutes’ domains were the hotel bars where the johns with pockets full of travel monies were in abundance. An average small prostitution ring could yield a pimp over a million dollars a year, with high wages for all. This was like throwing candy to criminals. The small prostitution rings were taken over by force, if they showed growth, by the larger human trafficking networks. The state knew of the problem, so the governor and big-city law enforcement agencies merged some of the local task force organizations into a statewide task force also under the advisement of the FBI.

The state agent who was thrown onto the road was employed as an FBI undercover agent, working along with the state task force. When the local St. Augustine police chief heard of this, his jaw dropped to the floor.

“Holy cow!” the chief said to Detective Richard O’Malley, who had just joined him in his office as he reviewed an e-mail from Sergeant Sam Gedescar. “We’re going to have to bring this case over to O’Malley and his assistant, Terry. The lady on the roadway hit by a semi was FBI! Are they ready for some extra hours?”

They not only were to lead an investigation into an unusual murder, but they would also have an FBI agent working for awhile in their office assist in the investigation. A table was set up for him in one of the only available closet-like spaces left in the detective wing of the police department. Police agencies ran on city tax budgets, which were usually overwhelmed by

pensions and union higher wage demands; thus, the city would have to find a hidden budget to cover this high-profile investigation, especially if these facts of FBI involvement leaked to the press!

The chief of police held a wet towel to his head as he called the sergeant presently in charge of the investigation. "Hi, Sam." There was a long pause and a cough. "I guess I am going to have to transfer the prostitute investigation from your desk to Detective Richard O'Malley's. The FBI will soon be on the doorstep with an in-house agent, Hunter Bannister, and we need to have our top gun helping out."

Totally relieved by this news, Sam replied with some enthusiasm, "Yeah, yeah, that's fine, I was already fielding some of the calls from Washington. They don't understand anything about local city budgets; I could tell they wanted more hours on this than my desk could squeeze in, so no problem at all. I'll pass the files on to Detective O'Malley with bells on my feet."

The files were then put into a bag with a key lock and sent by the police department record's clerk immediately to Detective O'Malley's desk. What was in those files were handwritten reports by the witnesses to the late-night accident, a file disk of the accident scene, bank video, and officer reports of the incident of the prostitute thrown into traffic on Highway 16.

After a long day of writing and interviews, Philip makes his way after four hours of sleep to his overnight roost at the Broken Shell Cafe. What he was unaware of was that two men from the McKenna family, private investigators, were about to meet with him. They found out from the local coffee shop the Towne Buzz, where X1 and his friends still drink coffee, that Philip was one of the former Coffee Club members. The waitress gave the men a perfect description of Philip and his custom-painted light-blue truck. Philip noticed one of these men that afternoon looking at him while he was shopping at the food market. To his surprise, they entered the cafe and sat at the table next to him. They introduced themselves as friends of the McKenna family. One man said, "My name is Mr. Miller." He was the first to ask questions, "Tell us a little about yourself, your occupation, and anything you know about the other Coffee Club members you sat with at the Towne Buzz." Philip, being totally cognizant of

the reason for their visit, didn't fail to disclose.

"Well," he said, "I am a journalist working as a freelance writer for a local *AG* magazine and several other small publications and a nonprofit." He added in a hushed tone, "I am a relative of the *political McKenna* family, in case that's the family you represent?"

Their eyes widened a little when he confirmed his family status. The other man said, "Any information you can give us about these men and especially an agent known as X1 would be greatly appreciated."

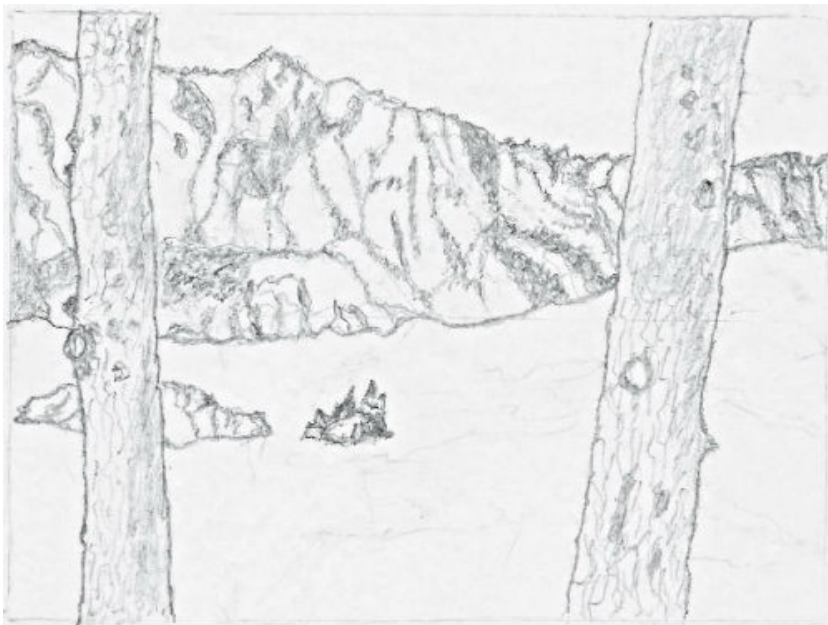
Philip agreed, "I would be glad to help you with any information that would be useful. Does this have anything to do with the death of Julianne McKenna?"

The two men nodded in agreement, and the other one said, "Is your life in danger?"

Philip acknowledged, "Yes, a couple attempts had been made to kill me, and I am in the process of packing my bags to move."

The two men almost speaking in unison suggested, "Pack your bags quickly, set a date to leave town, and get as far away from St. Augustine as possible!"

Philip agreed, "I have felt a strong leading to go to the northwest, to Oregon." He didn't tell them he was gifted cognitively and that he had received this information from a dream; they would find out about his cognitive gift later as he had more opportunity to tell them his whole story.



Crater Lake Oregon.

“Okay,” Philip said, “should I contact you when I get to Oregon?”

One of the two well-dressed men, Mr. Miller, said, “Let us know by e-mail when you arrive. We’ll set up a safe place for us all to meet and discuss all of this.”

Before the men left, they exchanged contact information, and they told Philip that “until you get on the road, one of our people will shadow you for your safety; you’ll know he is sent from us. He’ll have a white fuzzy beard and tries to look like a hippy with a guitar case. We address him as Moose.”

A meeting was called at the St. Augustine police station by the FBI agent, Mr. Bannister. Present was the police chief, Detective Richard O’Malley, and his unbelievably cute, fuzzy blonde assistant, Terry Rainer.

“We will have to get that man from Tampa in for an interview.

What’s his name?”

“Tony the Big Tooth Scarelli,” said Detective O’Malley back to Hunter Bannister.

“Yes, Big Tooth,” said Bannister, “we need to find out if he has any other connections other than in Tampa.”

“Yes, we’ll get right on it and have him transferred over to our offices,” said O’Malley. “There is a trail here, and it may lead to the land of big cheese, if we can get to it before *they* cover it up. In my experience, all trails lead to somewhere or someone, and the closer we can get to that target, the more we will pick up momentum on a motive,” said Bannister.

“Yes, this was a loud slap-in-the-face statement from someone to our prostitution task force efforts. They wouldn’t react so strongly if our undercover agent, Liza, hadn’t been closing in on something big,” said Terry Rainer, her beautiful blond curly hair falling off to one side of her face.

“Seize all the phone records on this Big Tooth and run a search of his apartment for any computers or electronic devices that may still be there. Also, check the evidence locker at the Tampa police station for any electronic seizures,” said Bannister.

“We’re on it as you speak,” O’Malley said as he looked with an eye of agreement toward his assistant. She nodded and walked across the hall to her expensively decorated office, complete with a classic Persian rug, which also had an equally expensive view of the St. Augustine’s downtown mall, where tourists crowded, like little herds of sheep, looking for knickknacks to take home to destinations abroad.

The mall was where Terry Rainer often spent lunch breaks, dining in the many taste-tempting restaurants that offered cuisine from all continents of the globe. St. Augustine being a tourist destination of people worldwide, and long known as one of the America’s oldest cities, is why Terry Rainer chose this as her city of choice to work. She was a sort of backyard historian and loved to explore off-the-beaten-track, to find nuggets of the past and new curios and figurines to line her office shelves. This can be done any day in St. Augustine on her off days. But not today, the investigation of a lifetime was just sent to her inbox, and she had lunch delivered!

Her wastebasket would soon look like a Conglomeration of fast food and Chinese home-delivery containers.

This investigation was huge, with a dead FBI undercover agent, and she wasn’t going to leave her office until she had a bead on the target and some hard evidence on the table.

18 Countdown: A Time to Escape Mafia World

December 31, 2012

Philip decided that the thirty-first was the day to leave Dodge. It would be the perfect time for many reasons: he wouldn't have to pay rent again, he could start the new tax season in another state, and the company wouldn't expect him to move in the middle of winter-ha ha!

Ten days before the thirty-first, Philip notified his accountant of the changes, transferred \$5,000 into his checking account, cleared all his credit cards, and began to pack under the cover of darkness. Every night as he drew closer to the thirty-first deadline, he selectively packed his bags to move. Brilliantly, he had learned the best way to pack was to purchase nine eighteen-gallon plastic storage containers.

Philip did the measuring by placing the first three of them and figured he could easily stack nine of these in the back of his truck. He then made arrangements with his landlord to leave anything that he couldn't pack with him; the landlord would have a yard sale after he moved out, using the money for the apartment's upkeep.

"Yah, that's fine, you don't need to bother cleaning your place; after the yard sale, I'll use the proceeds to rent a carpet cleaner. And, any of the items I can't sell, I'll donate to the local mission," the landlord offered.

The landlord knew he wasn't getting a bad deal. Philip was leaving behind some unique antiques and other useful furniture that would take a good price. To get all his moving done on time, Philip divided his apartment into sections, and every night for around an hour, he filled up one plastic container from each area. He had one container for the kitchen, one for the household items, one for clothing, one for camping gear, one for food, one for books, one for his computer, another for his shoes and boots, and one miscellaneous. He stored his collection of silver and gold coins in the bottom of his toolbox and put his laptop computer behind the truck seat.

For cold-weather napping later-on down the road, Philip put a blanket and extra pillow in the cab. Then, for the long drive, he

stocked the truck with a case of energy bars and soda water.

By the night of the thirtieth, Philip was ready to go; all the storage bins were sitting on his back porch. He estimated that when he felt the hour was safe, he would prepare to drive away after just thirty minutes of loading time. Philip knew that the element of surprise could save his life from these company madmen. He wanted to make sure that he had plenty of lead time *to leave them in the dust!* He remembered what Mr. Miller had said; “pack and leave ASAP!” Philip had also seen Moose walk by his apartment earlier when he arrived home and knew that if Moose was there shadowing him, it could be so because the company people were getting close, and he needed to be there. So, even though he had one last allowable night to stay in his apartment, he took a nap and then went ahead and loaded the nine storage bins on his truck a day early, threw his apartment key into his landlord’s mailbox, and began his drive away from Florida forever!

As the police van slipped into the secure garage and a reinforced metal door closed behind it, out stepped the man who may have some answers for the St. Augustine Police Department; trailing him was Hunter Bannister. Tony Scarelli AKA the Big Tooth was led inside into a room all set up for interrogations. It had one round table with chairs preset so-as-to get a targeted view of the suspect’s facial expressions on a hidden camera, recording live on a monitor screen in an adjacent closet-like side room.

Scarelli took the chair next to the wall, and Terry Rainer accepted the only chair left where her clip board was placed strategically to hold the chair and keep her back to the camera. “Well, can I get you any kind of refreshment after your long trip in from Tampa?” Terry said.

“Yeah, I’ll take a cola and some of da cookies or somethin’,” Scarelli responded.

Terry glanced at Hunter Bannister standing in the doorway, who went for the goodies.

“Seems like your luck ran out in Tampa recently. Is there a rat in your life?” Terry prodded.

“Yeah, something like dat,” said the Big Tooth. With his one big tooth missing in the front of his bite, he had trouble pronouncing certain words. There were some words that he couldn’t say at all without overemphasizing the diction. A lot of

words were slurred; others cut off completely. But Terry was a master at getting confessions, and a few misspoken words didn't really matter provided that the substance of the confession was there.

Hunter returned with the cola and cookies, and Scarelli began to fall into their hands; cookies and cola was an old trick to build friendship and rapport with the suspect to get a disclosure. A dozen or so cookies and a couple of more colas were not uncommon when they had a man like Scarelli in their midst. He was an old liner in the regional crime world whose name was often mentioned by other people they had brought in for interviews on other crimes in the community.

Scarelli was known as a crime boss, and he had a lot of lieutenants and a few bones in his closet that came by trying to control his district. A lot of crime bosses try to hide their bones, but like in the case of the "prostitute thrown to the traffic" on St. Augustine's Highway 16, this one got away from him.

In the past, when Scarelli's boys had to take care of a "problem," they would just throw the body in any one of scores of south Florida rivers or streams, where the gators would consume the evidence within hours. One park had an area with dozens of gators so big, they resembled cows floating in the water, "Burp!"

But Scarelli wanted to make a statement to the state task force and threw the body to the traffic instead. Now they had him face- to-face, a man directly linked to the crime, and now they had to get his tongue to slip on who ordered it.

This was where Terry Rainer's years of experience in getting at least partial confessions with dozens of other criminals could maybe start the ice breaking.

"Tell me, Mr. Scarelli, did you hear of one of your prostitutes ending up on Highway 16 here in St. Augustine?"

Mr. Scarelli knew that he had to say something, as silence could just as well make the police suspicious of his involvement. "Noooooh," Scarelli said very carefully. "I mean, I hert about it in da papers, but I was unaware of it at da time ihht happen."

Terry asked, "Did Liza Dean work for you?"

"Noh, no! Well, noh ta my knowledge," Scarelli piped.

Terry went on, "Ms. Dean was an FBI agent working on the

state task force, which makes this crime very serious, and the penalties could be wide-ranging; and that goes not only for you but also any of your lieutenants that we can pin down.” She leaned forward and whispered, “The word *sweep* is not far from our legal range.”

Terry spoke directly now in his ear, “Liza Dean had been passing information to the FBI on *your* operation. Would you like me to get specific about what she said?”

“Ok, we make a deal,” Scarelli said carefully.

Terry then motioned for Hunter Bannister to enter the room who would now take over. “Uh, Mr. Scarelli, this is the FBI’s representative on this case, Mr. Bannister. He can fill you in on any ‘deals’ we can make for your full disclosure.”

“Hello, Mr. Scarelli. Can we get you any more soda or cookies?” Scarelli nodded, and Terry went to get a fresh tray of refreshments.

As soon as she returned, the wheelin’ and dealin’ was put down on the table, and Scarelli was seen nodding yes from the monitor in the viewing closet.

Terry couldn’t wait to get the lot of this new material together; it looked like Scarelli was going to sing like an opera singer, and the scope of the investigation would move one level higher in the coming weeks.

19 The Road Trip to Oregon

December 31, 2012

As Philip turned his truck west on I-10, he felt better every mile he put the sunshine state behind him, still struggling with the haunting thoughts of the Coffee Club members at the back of his mind. In a strange way, he felt intuitively that they were lurking somewhere in the shadows, a couple of hours back down the road.

As Philip traversed forward to the daylight of the next day, he pulled off at the southernmost city of Alabama, Gulf Shores. Here was a modern shopping center where he got breakfast and food supplies for the long road trip—plenty of trail mix nuts and orange juice! A tray of muffins ensured he wouldn't have to stop for lunch that day. He took a two-hour nap in the parking lot and trudged on west toward Mississippi. In the back of his mind, he was calculating where he might be able to sleep in the coming night; western Louisiana was in his sights, possibly Lake Charles.

As the days driving wore on, his figuring was correct: Lake Charles was about as far as he could go by night. And, with the probability that he *was* being followed from a distance, as his cognitive radar was indication, that they were three hours behind; he could get the usual two to three hours of sleep and start driving in the middle of the night. Night driving is far superior to daytime travel; you can make a lot of time on the road with fewer cars! *Just slide in behind a semi and listen to country music!* Philip mused.

Philip made it to Lake Charles by 7:00 p.m. and grabbed a traveler's book from a gas station that indicated a campground just south of town. He couldn't stay at a hotel as the running of a credit card would pinpoint his location to the company thugs who were following him. As he parked at the campground, located along a roadway of suburban business sprawl, he noticed the campground office off the side door of what was once a single-home dwelling.

Philip walked into the office and was greeted by the manager. The man resembled someone he once was acquainted

with from a church in the town he grew up. Too tired to inquire if he was from the Presbyterian church of Bayfield, Wisconsin, Philip simply asked, "Do you have a tent site available for one night?"

At first the man said, "No, we're all sold out." But then it almost appeared as though he too recognized Philip and changed his stance quickly. "Well, I do have one site probably available right next to the snack bar. You can pull up on the left side of the building and pitch your tent on the grass next to the picnic table. The showers are on the backside of the building. It's twenty dollars plus tax."

Philip paid the man without further comment. Thankful that he got the last available tent space, he took a shower, made a quick dinner, and slept. In his dream he saw a clock with the time: 11:09 p.m. When he awoke he looked at his watch, it was 11:09 p.m.! He sensed that this dream was a warning, and he crawled out of his tent and scanned the campground, noticing a truck that was slowly entering the circular campground road.

Philip knew instantly that this could be them! He proceeded to get the tent and his belongings back into the truck as fast as he could fold and pack! As the truck drew closer to his campsite, he notices a cage, big enough to hold a large animal, like a bear, in the back of the pickup. The truck stopped just a few feet short of his parked light-blue truck, keeping a large bush between them, in a secretive attempt to block Philip's view of their presence.

Philip had just slipped into his cab, and they hadn't seen him yet.

They probably assumed that he was sleeping in his truck.

The Green Snake said to his associate, "If I see him move, I'll block him in; get out and get ready to smash his driver's-side window."

The Green Snake went to the back of his truck and dropped the tailgate and opened the cage. Option number 8 was about to take place: *the cage!*

Philip knew instinctively that he had just moments to leave the campsite. He put the truck in gear, depressed the clutch slowly to the floor, and, in one motion, started the truck and popped the clutch. The truck sped forward, and with lights on, he aimed for the two-wagon wheel like imprints that made up the primitive driveway. As Philip made for the front gate, he heard the tailgate of the offending pickup truck slam shut and saw

the lights of the Green Snake's truck lurch forward. Philip turned onto an old secondary highway and sped for the first route to the main highway. He recalled that there was a city bypass roadway up ahead a couple of miles. One thing he regretted was not being able to use the bathroom before he left; he had to get to one within minutes, or he would be needing diapers! There was a side road coming up and no lights yet behind him, so he pulled off into the side road and did the military squat, taking care of nature as fast as his plumbing would allow; fortunately, he always kept a spare roll of toilet paper behind the seat using it liberally.

Philip jumped back into the truck and pulled back onto the secondary roadway only to see the lights of the Green Snake closing in on him. The entrance to the bypass to freedom was just half a mile away; the bypass road exit was taken, and the Green Snake's option 8 faded into the midnight darkness.

"We got real close agin, dis guy mus sleep on a bed of naals! Da boss won't be happy havin' us all the way over here in Loosianna and not give results. It costs da organization big dollas to chise some bean-head half across da country, I mean, with all da hotel and food and things we sneak in for entertainment. Oh well, we tried, but da boss will be mat," the Snake's associate mumbled.

Philip had evaded another very close call and option. As Philip continued his early morning drive across Texas, he began to think in his mind that the truck with the cage in the back looked familiar. He had seen it circle the Broken Shell Cafe where he did his overnight vigils. The driver there was a big bald muscular-looking man. Philip didn't get a look at the driver this time at the campground, but some dream information had come to him recently of their intentions.

In the dream, he saw a man who was apparently tied up and placed into a clear, full-sized clear, heavy plastic bag. The man was suffering to get his breath, hyperventilating, and two men were kneeling by him, expressionless. Then also, in the same dream, he saw the St. Augustine archway welcome sign over Highway 16's entrance to the city limits.

It said, "Welcome to St. Augustine, Home of the Mafia."

The plan for option 8 then would have been to "smash the Dreamer's window, pull him clear of his truck, throw him in the cage, and when we get to the safe house, package him in the

plastic bag. Then we deliver him to the garbage dump!” This, the Green Snake had shared earlier in the evening to his associate.



St. Augustine, Home of the Mafia

There was no doubt now in Philip’s reflections as to their grizzly intentions; the cage was being carted around for him, and they intended to get him into it!

“If they had come just a few minutes earlier to the campground, they could have dragged me out of my truck and would have carried me off in that animal cage to a remote place, where I would be now a statistic on the state missing-persons list,” he conjectured.

Disposal of the body was now an art for these sick, underworld operators. The victim is placed in a large clear plastic bag and suffocated to death. After rigor mortis sets, the body is then disassembled with small electric hand saws and placed into a large double-wrapped black garbage bag, then loaded onto the back of a construction debris truck, and dumped in a county *construction landfill*, where the large diesel cats plow them underground with all the other construction debris. Too much attention would be paid to it if they were sent to the regular landfills, not to mention the distinguishable stench of a decomposing body!

But it is easy for the underworld to place a body in the

middle of a gigantic dumpster in a black plastic bag and have it dumped with tons of other construction debris at a county-designated construction landfill. Many communities have them, and St. Augustine has one conveniently available for an extra gate fee, under the table of course!

With that close call behind him, the main task of the day was to keep his truck moving west across Texas. The only stops of the day were for gas and bathroom use and a run through a drive-through for food. The truck was running pretty-well, although it was developing a cough and would soon need a fuel-line cleaning.

Philip drove through the day nonstop, and by late afternoon the cough of the engine was getting serious. At the next gas station, he bought a liquid fuel-line cleaner; this seemed to do the trick for the following eight hundred miles.

20 Kort Resigns from Washington

January 2, 2013

After talking to Philip at the Broken Shell Cafe, Kort, the government hit man, went back to Washington to resign *now* one of his bosses, the general at the Pentagon. With his top security clearance, he made it into the general's office without an appointment.

"Well, how did your meeting with Philip McKenna go?" the general requested, not realizing that Kort never touched Philip.

Kort stood motionless for a moment and then gave the general the business. "I am resigning my assignment here at the Pentagon and from the CIA. I have had all I can take of your bull--! You really can't expect someone with a conscience to operate forever on a *need-to-know* basis. After a while, someone with a brain can see that what you bastards do is pure murder! I'm done. Don't bother sending anyone after me either. It wouldn't be a good idea for them." The general didn't say a word; he knew that what Kort said was true. The only way they could contain an operative like him would be to send a whole platoon of Navy SEALs, and that would be too messy stateside.

"Okay," the general finally said, "I'll let Giorgio know you are now officially civilian class."

"Thank you!" Kort said.

Following this meeting, Kort went over to an introduction on Tai Chi class at the university. He was interested in hearing more about an unusual form of Chinese self-defense techniques. One thing about classes at the university though was that he had to leave his handgun in his car. The two hit men the general had just dispatched to take him out, and who had just started following him, knew that also.

"Here's our opportunity, he can't carry a gun in there! Let's follow him in," the lead man said to backup.

Once they realized Kort was in the tai chi class, they went back outside and found a place to come up behind him before he could reenter his car. Kort enjoyed the one-hour presentation and told the tai chi master that he would come back for a course when his schedule allowed.

Exiting the building, Kort was now mentally conscious that the general or Giorgio may send someone to axe him. As he was digging for his key at the car, two agents slipped suddenly in behind him bearing a barrel in his back and said, "Give us the keys."

They loaded Kort in the backseat with the other agent, and the lead agent took the keys and started up Kort's car and began to drive. Silence was in the car all the way to the wooded lake area on the edge of the capital city.

"Just up ahead to the left is the road," the backup agent said to lead.

"Okay, I see it."

They pulled off onto a secondary dirt road that went down closer to the lake they were circling. Kort had no gun, but he did have a boot. The oldest spy trick in the book would prove to be a lifesaver. Kort slid his hand down and with his thumb fingernail opened a sliding door over a hidden compartment in the heel of his boot. Contained inside this compartment was a needle attached to a squeeze pouch. The pouch was loaded with a powerful sedative. All that Kort needed to do now was to poke his tormentor in a vein, and the man would pass out cold.

Kort positioned the needle between a couple of fingers and held the pouch with his thumb. Quickly, he poked the backup agent in the thigh and squeezed the pouch of half the fluid. The man shot his gun suddenly through the roof of the car. Kort held him over against the door with his free arm, and the guy passed out momentarily.

Next, Kort took the needle and poked the lead agent in the neck, squeezing the pouch. He also discharged his weapon through the windshield and passed out. The car crashed into some brush on the roadside. Kort easily pulled the sleeping agents out of his car and left them lying on the roadside. He backed his car out onto the road and drove off.

As soon as Kort got to a Wi-Fi hotspot, he used his soon to be expired, government clearance to see where Philip might be. He noticed Philip's cell phone was beaming from Texas. Kort got his things together and began to drive across country, tracking Philip as he went.

Night fell in middle Texas, and Philip took a half-night at

another campground. He knew that the cage bearer, the Green Snake, was just one to two hours behind; his cognitive gift indicated. Hence, he pitched his tent and jumped into his knapsack for a brief sleep, dozing off quickly and falling into REM patterns, a deep sleep.

After just three hours, his sleep was slowly interrupted by the yelps of coyotes.

“Yelp, yelp-YELP!”

“Wow, that last coyote was really close,” Philip mumbled as he woke and unraveled his sleeping bag. *Better get moving before they jump in bed with me*, he thought.

Walking to use the restroom, he noticed that he had overslept by a half hour and that could mean that the cage bearer could be hot on his tail, any minute! He quickly packed the tent and got back on the road, filling up at a local gas station.

It was again the middle of the night. The road was clear except for an occasional semi. As morning broke, the cough started up again in the engine, so he bought more fuel-line cleaner at the next fuel stop. This helped again for 250 miles, and then, suddenly the engine started to sputter and lose power.

Fortunately, Philip noticed an exit up ahead where he could pull off and call for help. He was now in extreme western Texas near the Davis Mountains and was unaware until he took the exit that a town was even there. Prior to the exit, there was absolutely nothing, except an occasional side road, for the last 150 miles. In many cases, highway signs would indicate by saying, “Next Gas Station 50 Miles!”

Philip was relieved that a town existed way out here; the name of the town was Saragosa. As he drove down the main street, slowly, trying to keep the engine running by revving it up; a lone sign appeared in an old warehouse building: Service/Repairs! He pulled into their parking lot, and the engine died.

Salvation has come to the weary! he thought as he walked into the front office.

An old man sat in a rocker smoking a pipe and greeted him with a wink, saying, “Looks like you just made my door. What can I help you with?”

Philip explained the fuel-line problem to him, and the old codger said, “You see that cafe across the street? They have the best chili in West Texas. Why don’t you wander over there; I’ll

fix the truck.”

Well, it was time for a long lunch anyway after being chased clear across Texas by a baldheaded man with a cage!

“Chili sounds fantastic,” Philip gulped, and off he went for the first real meal he had had since leaving mafia world.

The fuel-line problem turned out to be a computer-like chip in the engine’s electronic fuel regulation system. Now with that fixed, the engine not only ran better, but it also became a remarkable fuel miser; he could drive all day long on one tank of gas! So off he went after paying the old master technician, which was what he turned out to be; a tremendous godsend.

On his way out the parking lot, the old codger yelled a directive from his perch on the porch, “They’re stopping traffic up ahead on the main highway to check people’s citizenship. Don’t hesitate at all when they ask if you are a U.S. citizen.”

Philip nodded in agreement as he drove out onto the roadway. Philip, in his little light-blue truck, started off down Interstate 10 again toward the border of New Mexico. The next stop would be El Paso, Texas, on the western border.

It was getting late in the afternoon when Philip came to the western side of El Paso. Here he decided to take a fuel and food stop taking an exit into a business district where he could do both. He had a chance to relax for a while at the fast food restaurant with some hot coffee and a tall order of fries.

While Philip relaxed, sipping coffee, something else was going on in Florida. Special police investigator, Terry Rainer entered the room after Hunter Bannister outlined the parameters of the deal with Scarelli. He would get special protective custody arrangements (a new identity and address in another state), police protection if needed, and special treatment if ever incarcerated, which would include a private cell and special meals.

Terry sat at an adjacent chair and asked, “Okay, now can you tell us *who* ordered the murder of Liza Dean?”

Scarelli looked at her with frightened eyes and said one word, “Cleveland!”

Terry then prodded, “Who in Cleveland?”

Scarelli looked like he was struggling to form the next words. “Pizza Head!”

Terry was almost stunned with disbelief and asked, “*The Pizza Head?*” She was cognizant of this figure in the crime world who not only owned a pizza restaurant empire, but was also a powerful head in the underworld.

Scarelli nodded in the affirmative. Terry then went a little further with the motive. “Do you know why he ordered the death of Liza Dean?”

Scarelli quipped, “Someone high in the underworld put him up to it to make him return an old favor.”

Terry then dug one shovel deeper, “Who in the underworld wanted her dead?”

Scarelli moved around in his chair and looked like he was thinking very hard. “You’ll have to ask him. If I leak it, they will find me wherever you hide me.”

Hunter Bannister jumped in with, “Well, that will be all for today. We thank you, Mr. Scarelli, for your information.”

Terry looked at Hunter and smiled back at Mr. Scarelli. “Can we get you some lunch? Uh, we know of a great pizza parlor down the street. Oh, uh, maybe pizza wouldn’t do today. We’ll order something from the sub shop!”

Philip finished his lunch in El Paso but needed a refill on his coffee, so he walked up to the counter. The employee behind the counter filled up his cup, and he turned to walk out the door. As he passed by a row of chairs, suddenly a young man jumped up out of one of the chairs and startled him, causing him to spill some of his coffee on the floor. The man stared at him briefly, uttered a death code, “nice shoes!” and turned and exited out the door. Philip was chilled, noting his familiar face, *possibly somebody who had been stalking me near my old neighborhood in St. Augustine*, he thought.

He noticed the American-make vehicle that the man drove-off with, and Texas plates! *It could be a rental car*, he deduced as he exited the restaurant door and entered his light-blue truck. Philip’s truck had recently been repainted. At the time it was repainted, he was trying to make a statement, selecting a rare color that made the truck look new, making it highly noticeable around town.

The underworld noticed it too; most trucks are dark blue, not many are light blue, and his was a custom-paint mixture,

sea-mist blue, making it stand out even more! It was like driving a truck with a neon sign on; *blink blink!* There was something also unusual about the color that Philip had no knowledge of, a color choice of some of the mafia men that X1 hung out with. They chose light blue as the color for their family sedans; a sort of color code to mark their presence wherever they went around town to mafia functions that they were members of the “family”! It was just a nice color in Philip’s eyes, but X1 and the men thought he might be having fun with it, a kind of in-your-face jest. Philip then pointed his truck west again along Interstate 10 toward New Mexico.

On the west side of El Paso, Texas, Philip’s truck entered New Mexico, and he breathed a sigh of relief expecting that the underworld would have fewer operatives with every mile of desert. The next stop was a state wayside, one hundred miles down the road. There he soundly slept for three hours and continued his drive on to Arizona.

As the sun rose on the early horizon, his truck entered southern Arizona, and Tucson was just ahead. He was now driving on a pocketful of twenty-dollar bills minus a couple of bucks for a coffee and a bag of nuts each time he filled. Earlier in the trip, he had taken several hundred dollars in cash out of an ATM, it was dealt out in twenties and used for gas. This way, by not using credit cards, the company wouldn’t know of his gas stops and be able to locate him beyond Orange, Texas.

As his truck neared one of America’s most southern cities, Tucson, Philip decided to take an early exit on the southern side of the metropolis and avoid all the traffic. He pulled into a gas station, filled up, and waited three deep in line to use the restroom. He had a lot of business to unload in there from his long trip, taking some extra time, and as he exited, the other people waiting were looking purple. Before Philip left the store, he stocked up on energy bars and nuts and OJ.

It was back on the road again, and now Philip’s truck was heading north, finally to Oregon! As every mile clipped by, he felt safer and safer for some reason, but he wasn’t really-certain why? He wouldn’t see another CIA operative for a thousand miles. He just became one of the first *average* citizens in many years to avoid their dangerous nets. One of the keys to avoid them on the road was to keep moving, using only cash for purchases. The more he did this, the less likely they were to

catch up in time to do any damage to him or his truck.

As evening fell, Philip was in Flagstaff. He could notice that the air was getting cooler; he hadn't felt cool, crisp mountain air since he was in college, almost ten years ago. It was time to think of getting some sleep, so he headed west on I-40, hoping to see a campground sign.

After around seventy miles and the sky turning to dusk, he happened upon an exit where camping was nearby-Seligman, Arizona-a town that boasted a closeness to old Route 66.

After a brief inquiry at a gas station to the location of the campground, Philip followed some simple directions to the high location, overlooking the freeway. The man at the campground desk was blue with gossip of the town as he signed Philip in for the night. "We have an annual celebration in town every year over the history of Route 66. There is always a classic car show to commemorate all the different vehicles that have driven on the old highway," he said. Philip was thinking in his own tired mind, *Yah, I am sure I will rush down here from wherever, to witness a bratwurst stand and some antique cars!*

The man had a ponytail and was dressed up like a biker with tattoos; he went off on a tangent of his involvement in some biker club. "Yah, there used to be a lot of us in the Rattle Snakes, but too many bar fights and some of us being arrested kind of dropped our numbers. It just wasn't fun anymore."

This was exactly what Philip didn't want to hear about after escaping Florida from another group of lawless thugs. He thanked the man after paying for the campsite and drove into the basic camp area; it was just an open field converted into a campground with no shade or cover. Here he set up the tent and cleaned up at the camp showers and got some laundry done. As darkness fell on the land, he was fast asleep for the night, he hoped.

Temperatures dropped quickly and, after three hours, Philip was awakened by a freezing, cold wind. Realizing that sleeping the rest of the night was impossible, he packed up and hit the road again. This turned out to be quite a blessing as he passed through Las Vegas in the middle of the night, missing all the big-city traffic.

The city was most beautiful at night with all the casino lights glittering. The freeways were empty, and he took a rest stop on the western side. The gas station had a full deli too,

which was rare, so he grabbed a breakfast croissant, a coffee, and more energy bars.

Philip now headed northwest along state Highway 95 across the Nevada flats. Now he could make good time, as there was almost- zero traffic on the state highways. The only challenge was that it was over one hundred miles between towns. If you had to use the restroom, the whole side of the road was a toilet.

There were some interesting surprises along the lonely desert road; houses of prostitution were ranches with their own airports. In Nevada, prostitution was legal. Their road signs had suggestive names like Sweet Relaxation and Honey Bun Ranch.

As Philip drove on, the countryside became more and more desolate. He decided to take lunch and fill up at Tonopa, an old mining town in the southwest Nevada sector. As he drove down the main street, he thought that this town could be made into an old Western movie. The citizens had preserved that old-time look in the building of new buildings and diligently preserved the old; it was a remarkable dance back into time.

Not expecting too much, he sat down for lunch at the downtown cafe. The waitress was a beautiful young woman dressed in period nineteenth-century dress and bonnet. Philip thought in his mind that she would probably be perfect in an old Western movie if Hollywood ever sent a film crew here to use the old city as a backdrop.

Philip had to ask her about the parking situation outside the restaurant. "I just parked in the empty lot between your building and the pawnshop. There wasn't any parking available on the main street."

She responded politely, "That's fine, a lot of people use that empty lot. Nobody pays any attention to it. It used to be the very spot of the old theater that burned down in the eighties. That was a huge loss for the whole town, especially the Hollywood crowd that used to use it for some Western films."

He ordered up a bowl of the house, homemade chili. He was a chili master and had ordered chili at almost every restaurant he dined at. Not only was it a cheaper meal and saved money, but he always got free crackers with it! For \$3.99 or less, you had a cheap meal.

The chili they served was excellent, absolutely in the top ten of all chili bowls, and deserving a bigger tip, which he left conspicuously. Following lunch, Philip filled up at the only local

gas station and headed north through the center of the state with six hours to drive until he reached Winnemucca, the town he decided to stop at for the night. Things started to spiral out of control though when he reached the Toiyabe Range pass. It wasn't marked on the road map as a pass, so he was surprised when the road started to wind uphill at a seven-degree incline.

Putting the truck into low gear helped, but he could hear the engine labor to push his full load of household goods packed in the box part of the truck; he estimated that he had an additional five hundred pounds. As he reached the top, he was able to shift into second gear, the engine still laboring. But now at the summit, the road started downhill again.

Keeping the truck in second gear, now the engine was racing to hold the heavy load back, while Philip gently touched the breaks occasionally to assist. There were zero guardrails on this road, semi-tractor trailers were zooming up the hill with remarkable speeds. Fortunately, no one was behind him; it wasn't until he reached the bottom of the mountain that he noticed the transmission was reacting differently. Something was wrong.

Philip couldn't put a finger on what it was, but the clutch and transmission weren't the same. A slight vibration had started in the rear end, and the clutch was sloppy. He assumed right away that he had blown a U-joint and would need to get the truck into a repair shop with haste and have it looked at.

Nervously, he looked at the map and found himself still 150 miles from Winnemucca. He figured he could drive casually and make it if he didn't put any more mountain pass stress on the rear joint.

After filling up at the small mountain town of Austin, Philip resumed his long drive north, fortunately a relaxing drive that ran between to alternating mountain ranges, with the road following the lower valley.

By the time he pulled into Winnemucca, the rear end was vibrating so badly, he couldn't get the truck over forty-five miles an hour. At a gas station where he filled up, he enquired about a good mechanic to the gas station attendant, who shared, "Oh, ya gotta take it up to the Road Factory! Larry up there will get'er fixed up." Philip thanked the attendant and drove directly to the Factory.

Larry was still open until 7:00 p.m., but as Philip walked in

with ten minutes to go, it was too late for Larry to service his truck.

Larry quietly apologized, being the honest, humble man that gave him a regional reputation of being the best, suggesting that Philip “stay overnight at a motel, and bring the truck in for service first-thing in the morning.”

The truck breakdown turned out to be a temporary blessing in disguise, for as Philip checked into the motel, he began to realize that he was finally alone. At least for one night, there were no alarms going off inside with his cognitive gift, there were no pop-up faces of the underworld appearing as he went out for dinner. And, for the first time since he left Florida, he got a full-night’s sleep!

In the early morning, Philip walked over to the fast food restaurant a block from the motel, ate a sizable breakfast, and checked out the Internet with the Wi-Fi on his laptop computer. E-mails were now few as he was no longer in business; he had notified his usual magazine employers that he would not be available for a while, and that was a sort of relief too. For the first time in sixteen years, Philip didn’t have to coordinate daily interviews over the phone or in person with the usual *AG*-related clients.

Until he could connect in Bend, Oregon, with a place to live, Philip was basically on vacation. He would probably have to make new contacts as far as freelance writing for regional magazines was concerned when he got to his new home. For now, less felt better.

Strangely, he felt free again, even though he knew of possible dangers that still lurked about in the unknown shadows of streets and public buildings. Finding himself the first customer at Larry’s garage that morning was not a surprise for either of them.

Larry sat Philip down in his comfortable lounge and said, “I got a few more customers in front of you, but we’ll get to it by afternoon.”

Philip had a cup of coffee and listened to other clients come in with their car-problem stories. “My son changed the oil in my car a couple of days ago and forgot to refill it with new oil. I drove it around until the engine seized. I am going to need a new

engine,” said one man at Larry’s counter. It really started to get depressing, so Philip told Larry, “I’m going to take a walk around town,” which he did.

Winnemucca is a desert town with a gambling industry. As Philip walked through the downtown area under a light snow, as it was January, he noticed a casino on almost every block on main street. One was a huge complex, a casino, restaurant, bar, and hotel.

Philip had to use a restroom, so he walked into one and saw the dregs of society, burning up their money in a false hope that they might get lucky. Philip knew instinctively though that there was nothing true about luck. *With luck, you can go broke, but with faith, wealth is measured by personal growth. Luck is a random act, and faith is forever*, he reasoned.

Philip walked by faith, which is why he was able to leave Florida and not be like the world. Someone who trusted in his own reasoning, or luck, might stay and find himself fall directly into the hands of the rogue CIA and their underworld henchmen. The only way out of their trap was to follow the heavenly-guided hand of faith, and that hand had directly guiding him by his dream information toward Bend, Oregon. There was something in Bend, strangely; he felt like he was going home, even though he had never been there before.

Philip went to the pawnshop next and sold some of his stored silver. He had taken with him that morning a pocket full of Kennedy half dollars to trade in; this gave him some spending money for lunch and other necessities.

Halfway through lunch at a local “natural” cafe, Philip got the call from Larry who said, “Well, we looked your truck over and found that the drive shaft got bent somehow. The U-joints are also damaged, and your engine needs a tune-up. The only problem with the drive shaft is that it would take too long to order a new drive shaft, possibly five business days, so we’re going to have a local machine shop build you a custom one.”

Philip apprehensively asked, “How much will this cost?” Larry was ready for that one. “It’s \$1,050,” he said.

“Yea, go ahead,” said Philip. He knew in his mind that there was only one act in this one-horse town, and that was Larry. Larry could have said “two thousand dollars,” and he would have had to pay it!

Larry then interjected that he would have to stay the

weekend as building a new drive shaft was a highly technical matter.

“Okay,” said Philip, “I’ll see you on Monday morning.”

21 Winnemucca Should Be for Relaxation!

January 4, 2013

Back at the motel, Philip booked his room through Tuesday morning and made a fatal error, sure to change his weekend. Most of the trip, he had been using cash. This way the CIA couldn't track him through his purchases. When he went to pay for his extended stay, he momentarily forgot to use cash and grabbed his credit-card.

Before he could say anything to stop the lady; she ran the card, and he got this weird feeling all over again. He knew that back at some office in Washington DC, some yuppie analyst was confirming his exact location and calling it to X6 down in Florida. "There it is, I just got a swipe on his credit card. He's in Winnemucca, Nevada at a motel. I'll text this information down to the Florida base immediately," the analyst reported who had been monitoring all of Philip's financial accounts. Within a short time, he would be getting a visit from another operative.

Well, Philip thought, there's nothing I can do about it now, so it's time to watch a movie and get some sleep.

It did happen the next morning, he soon discovered; walking across the parking lot to an adjoining fast food restaurant, he spotted a Washington DC license plate in the motel parking lot, straight in from the western plains' analyst center.

"Wow! They got here that quick!" he said out loud.

Then, at the restaurant, he sat down for some coffee and a morning cream cheese and bagel and had only finished half of it when a man walked in eyeing him. The way the man looked at him was clearly showing that he found his target. Philip became quite uncomfortable but was almost used to the constant surveillance, so he started up his laptop computer and went on the Wi-Fi Internet and tried to ignore the obvious.

As Philip occasionally glimpsed his way, he noticed a camera hanging on a strap around the man's neck. The operative finished his breakfast and began his departure from the restaurant and paused momentarily to take photos of the surrounding scenery, including possibly a quick snap in Philip's direction.

Philip reasoned in his mind that he would have to take extra caution this weekend, as he knew that they were now in town. The night before he had a dream where he saw them trying to frame him. What he saw was a man trying to spray him with a spray bottle. He knew intuitively that his DNA was in the bottle. His dream may have been inspired by a news report of a man walking through crowds and spraying attractive women with sperm mixed with water from a spray bottle.

In this case, the perverted man got a charge off knowing that his DNA was sprayed on the victim. In a similar manner, he thought, the CIA could smear his DNA on a victim's body in a suggestive area, or clothing and get him charged with a crime!



DNA transfer bottle.

Now that he had an update from the dream world, obviously warning that they had a sample of his DNA, he began to speculate how they might try to frame him with it. He also tried to think in his mind how they may have obtained a sample of his identity in this way. He guessed that it may have been the night that they stole his garbage.

Yes! That had to be it! he thought. They must have found some facial tissue from the night he was sick and extracted it from the can; he was coughing up phlegm, and his nose was running all night. There must have been a box of facial tissues thrown away! Now that they had his DNA, they could place it at a crime scene and frame him.

A new dream he had, though, gave him some parameters; he saw something else that gave him enough information to be able to avoid their net. He saw a woman come to his motel room door during the *daytime!* That was most unusual that they would try to stage the crime during the day! His room was on the backside of the motel, so this could be possible. Philip knew enough about his dreams that they didn't lie, and every detail gave important information.

Anyway, this was *their* plan, so all Philip had to do was to avoid being in the motel room during the *daylight* hours. The remainder of the time, including most of the night, he would be safe. That day, he spent hours drifting from one restaurant to another; as soon as dusk fell, he went back to his room and relaxed and thanked God for his cognitive gift. He knew that *the company* with their paid off prostitute couldn't violate the parameters of his dream.

Philip slept well that night, and on Sunday, he rolled out before sunrise and spent part of the morning at the fast food restaurant, buying coffee and surfing the net. He blew off the rest of the weekend in this manner and was at the repair shop first thing Monday.

"The truck will be done in a couple of hours," Larry said.

At that Philip made his way down the street to the pawnshop and sold another ten Kennedy half dollars and got about fifty bucks, shopped for some groceries, went back, and picked up his truck. As he paid the four-digit service bill, he asked Larry about the best route to take to Bend, Oregon.

Larry said, "Ninety-five north to Burns Junction, there is

only one way to go, left or right there, so take a left on 78. You'll be in Bend in about four hours after that."

Philip had to stay one more night, though, since he already paid for it, so he dropped his truck off at the motel and went for a long walk. The temperature was extreme that day, in the twenty-below-zero range. Philip had not felt such temperatures for almost twenty years. He spent part of the afternoon sitting in the fast food restaurant and waited for the freedom of darkness where he could go back to his room and spend another somewhat-relaxing night.

About four in the afternoon, he thought about returning to his room to get his charger for his computer; he had been running on batteries, and they were now minimized. Suddenly, he decided to take a chance and just run in the room and grab the charger.

Back at the room, Philip couldn't recall which bag he put it in. As he spent a few minutes searching, he heard a vehicle pull up outside his door. Peering out the window, he sees that it's the car he noticed a couple of days before with the Washington DC license plates. Philip knew that it was them-the frame was on!

"Forget the charger," he spoke as he grabbed his keys and darted out the door and past the car that sat outside his door, noticing a well-dressed woman just exiting the passenger side with what looked like her teenage daughter who was dressed in a pink pullover vest and tight skirt.

"Get up near his door, hey! Is that him? They didn't tell us this would happen!"

Philip immediately went off the motel property and back into the fast food restaurant and sat down for a few minutes observing. The car pulled through the parking lot, stopped momentarily by the driveway, vanishing in the traffic. Philip knew that imperatively for their frame to work, they had to catch him in his room; just a couple of minutes later, the city police pulled through the lot!

It was now clear in Philip's mind that while he was in the room, the woman and her teenage daughter were to be dropped off by his door, the car would then drive off, and the police had already been dispatched. The police would find the "woman in distress," claiming her daughter to have been raped and having Philip's DNA smeared all over her slip (the company had this

slip prepared in a lab and had overnight mailed it to Winnemucca). Philip would be conveniently in his motel room; voila! Philip would be a rape suspect.

Later, the teenage daughter would be brought to a hospital, samples would be taken, and her story of rape would be confirmed by samples of Philip's DNA smeared on her slip. And to make it appear that a struggle took place, the slip was thoughtfully torn! Frame completed.

Philip evaded their net by a fraction of a few seconds this time; the frame-up was impossible unless he was in the room and on the motel property. When the woman and her daughter saw him leave the motel property, they fled to a nearby alley; the company had to have a direct frame-up, and with Philip away from the motel, their story would have holes in it.

As X1 instructed to the contact in charge in Winnemucca, "make sure he is in the room, we need him in the coffin and nail it shut with the police at the door and the damsel in distress!" The woman had been offered by X1 and his associated syndicate enough money to purchase a modest home in a nice neighborhood.

Now that the operation went sour, she would be given a packet of hundred-dollar bills as hush money; and that's if she is still cooperating. If she is not, she could end up as refuse in a construction debris garbage dump all wrapped up neatly in an oversized black garbage bag. That much would be enough to silence her teenage daughter from ever saying anything!

In the future, Philip wouldn't stray from the information that he obtained from dreams. For every detail he could capture, he would stay free and free indeed! He needed another night's rest before starting his trip, and he knew that they wouldn't be back; it made sense to him that they could only do *one* frame-up at a time. The next morning, after check-out, he would be ready to go to Bend.

The trip to Bend, Oregon, from Winnemucca was amazingly uneventful, although Philip was fully aware that he may see his persecutors again sometime after he arrived. The miles between Oregon's towns are over a hundred, and signs warned that the next gas station was well over a quarter tank away. The scenery was breathtaking, though; what an impressive country!

You could fit a billion people out here! he thought after driving for a full-hour and seeing only a rest stop. He pulled into

the town of Riley for lunch and to stock up on munchies and refreshment drinks and also fueled the truck; by the end of the day, he figured he could make Bend.

Driving and listening to the radio was the right therapy for him. Since he was a child, he loved long driving trips; *it's too bad that this one couldn't have been under better circumstances*, Philip lamented. *I would have stopped a lot more, taking in the history of each area I drove through.*

As the sun set, the city limit sign of Bend zipped by. Philip had made it by no less than a great miracle! Somehow, he knew that this would be a safer place. It was to be expected, that occasionally, he would see the faces of *the company* people casing him, but intuitively he knew that he had reached a refuge environment. There was a lot on his mind: getting a place to stay for the night, a place to live for a longer term, a job, and a good church to meet people at.

From his prior experience as a journalist, he knew that you tackle these things on a priority basis. A place to live that was safe from the company's desire to try to frame him was priority 1!

"This new residence will have to be out in the country, preferably on a high hill, and with a big farm dog that will make plenty of noise," he said his thoughts out loud. His first night was spent in the Bear Creek Motel where they took cash instead of credit for payment.

The manager commented, "No damage deposit necessary. We're glad to see ya!"

It was a comfortable room and had free Internet service. The next day he would wander the downtown area and see where all the different service outlets were, as well as the government buildings. He would also need a new driver's license and plates for the truck and mailbox service.

While Philip traveled all day to Bend, a special meeting was held between X1, X6, X9, and a shadow figure. He was a tall man with black hair whose facial features resembled a former head of the KGB. His involvement with the CIA at St. Augustine was the official head of the secret training school. It was well known in local CIA circles that he carried a lot of influence with the CIA offices in Washington. The possibly of some brand of

KGB family connection was never discussed. No one knew exactly where he came from, except that he held high clearance in the company.

The man never said very many words; he had a unique way of talking with his facial expressions. If he put a stiff finger on the table with a frown after someone shared, the discussion was over.

X1 expressed his frustrations about framing Philip by saying to the shadow figure, "This Dreamer is a hard player. We tried over a half-dozen well-planned sting operations, and he mysteriously slips through our nets. He just slipped by our last bimbo frame-up by seconds!"

The shadow figure just sat with an expressionless look for a few seconds and then gave a thoughtful look and glanced over at X6 for comment.

X6, with a trembling voice, made an open confession, "I'll admit that it was my idea to lead this Dreamer on. We became mostly interested in his cognizant gift where he could see into things. But when he started looking-into our local operations with amazing clarity, which we could verify in the reports he handed in, we quit encouraging him on, and X1 got a little nervous and went after him." X9 just sat silent for a moment knowing it was his turn and then mumbled, "I apologize for giving the kid too much *company* information. I was just throwing him some carrots to keep his attention up. Uh, we wanted him to hang around, so we could figure out if he was a spy. I mean, if he had any other associations. We did figure out his McKenna family lineage-connection though."

The shadow figure raised his eyebrows and spoke in short sentences, "Things will get messed up if you try to make friends with buffs. This buff turned out to be a journalist. I will relay your concerns up the food chain to Washington. Maybe they can tack our Dreamer down. He knows way too much about our local operations here. There may be sensitive things he heard you discussing. Journalists have a trained ear. As far as his McKenna family connection, I'll have an analyst take a deeper gaze into it."

The shadow figure's main contact in Washington was the main manager at the McLean office complex, Giorgio himself!

"Hey, Giorgio, we got a hard player that squeezed out of our operation area in Florida. Can you get one of your best on the

man they code named the Dreamer?" the shadow requested.

"Sure, you bet, we're on it. Yah, I heard of this McKenna family member through our channels. We've got somebody in mind; let me call the general and find out who he has lined up. We had one man already on the case, X100. Ah, let me see how quickly the general can get things moving again, and I'll get back to you," Giorgio assured him.

22 Bend-ing the Investigation

January 10, 2013

For the several hours that Philip was on the road to Bend, Oregon, way back in St. Augustine, Florida, Terry Rainer worked tirelessly eliminating some of the other local investigative files on her desk, while occasionally staring at a cell phone sitting motionless on her desk.

The cell phone was emptied from an evidence file that came with the visit of the Big Tooth. The reason it sat there for several days was partly due to the overload of the recent work of multiple investigations she was involved in, together with patiently waiting for a new battery to use with the phone; the battery had been removed.

Finally, a delivery service brought the ordered package to her office, and she unpacked the box and powered up the Big Tooth's phone. The first page she looked at was the stored phone bank of numbers. Most were identified with only initials and were also from the Tampa area code prefix.

However, there was one number that came from the state capital's prefix code. This number she then put into the police reverse phone number checking program and was stunned to see the source. This was the personal cell phone number of one of the state's legislators: Erin Springer, who represented the Tampa area's northern district. "Holy UFO!" she exclaimed as she picked up the line to Hunter Bannister. "Hunter," she said as she got his attention, "you are going to have to see what I just found out. The Big Tooth has a UFO!"

Hunter asked for a clarification on the *UFO* term. Terry then went on, "A UFO is an *unbelievable friendly operator*. It also means that I found a phone number stored in the Big Tooth's phone contacts that belongs to none other than a Florida state representative, uh Mr. Erin Springer from North Tampa."

"Good grief, this looks like a possible ring. I'll be right over after I clean up a little mess. When you gave me the UFO's name, I spilled my coffee."

A few minutes later, Hunter entered Terry's office and sat in the comfortable lounge chair off the side of her desk.

“Look at this, I loaded his stored cell phone call list in my computer and made a printout for you,” Terry said.

Hunter took a long study of the whole list of over fifty numbers. “There may be some other numbers that match up in the state’s power structure. What we need to be conscious of is any numbers to the four main venues: politics, government, underworld, and monetary. Also, we will still need to get a search warrant to get his phone call history from the phone company. We need to study every number this guy has called or received in the last six months!

“When we have thoroughly gone over all of this, we will have to make a trip to the capital to talk to Mr. Springer. You might give him a *cold call* too, to see if you can catch him off guard and get him to admit any part of his involvement with the Big Tooth’s prostitution ring. Then, also call the state house majority leader and see if she has heard of any ethics violations against representative Springer,” he ordered.”

“Okay, I’ll get right on it,” said Terry.

Hunter then walked down the hall to the office of the chief of police to inform him of the UFO, but also, to update him on the possibility of a much wider-ring investigation. He stunned the chief of police by the “all the way to the top” news, who offered to cooperate as much as he could with the new demand for Terry Rainer’s increased workload, and hours needed to crack this developing high-level case.

Hunter still didn’t know exactly how wide and far the tentacles of this case would stretch, except for the Big Tooth’s testimony that this would at least cross state boundaries to go to Ohio.

Hunter said, “The FBI is ready at any time to pay the Pizza Head a visit. Uh, we just need to crunch the Big Tooth’s phone records and make sure that this is the only UFO in them.”

The chief nodded and went back to the work he had displayed on his computer screen. Terry Rainer went to work and requisitioned the Big Tooth’s phone records and saw that he had contacted state representative Mr. Springer on several occasions.

She then did a cold call to Mr. Springer, and he admitted calling the Big Tooth for an escort once, but categorically denied any further involvement, asking to call his attorney before any further questions were addressed.

In a written statement to the state house majority leader he

said, “The pressure from my job clouded my best judgment, and any harm I may have done to the Republican cause, I regret.”

There weren’t many options for him either after he spoke privately to the party bosses; the heat was on, especially when a main Florida newspaper picked up on his admission and wrecked his political career in an article headlined “State Legislator Admits Calling for Prostitute.” The exposure of this state politician was the shock of the capital, and at the next legislative session meeting, reporters were falling over the chairs in the chamber to get statements from the other legislators.

“Can we get a couple words to tell your constituents about the legislator who fell?”

Trying to do their best to keep the rest of Rome from collapsing into the sewer, the statements were brief and courteous.

“Was he part of a larger ring of prostitutes that were just revealed by the bust of the Big Tooth?” asked another reporter to a Republican representative.

“Uh, we don’t think so. It was just a terrible misjudgment.”

Terrible misjudgment was the only mantra that media people heard coming out of the mouths of the Republican side of the state capital at the session that day.

Ah, it’s great to be alive! Philip thought as he walked across the street from the Bear Creek Motel to one of the many coffee stands in Oregon.

Since Seattle, Washington, began to market coffee across America, almost every business district in the Northwest has a coffee stand; these always have a walk-up window on one side and a drive-through window on the other. Philip took his hot treasure of fresh-roasted coffee back to his hotel room and broke open the Gideon Bible provided by the management.

Since a youth, he always placed great value in memorizing a passage every morning for guidance, and this was a time in his life when such direction was needed almost on an hourly basis. There were many things that he needed to get done, but from his Bible reading that day, he decided that if he didn’t worry and just put all of his trust in God, somehow all these things would fall into place. The priority highest that day was getting an apartment, so he left for downtown looking for

answers, taking his laptop computer with him to do some Internet searches on available living arrangements. His first stop was the Internet hot spot in the middle of town, known as the Blue Mountain Cafe. The staff there was very friendly and accommodating.

“For good reception on the Wi-Fi,” the waitress chirped, “the tables in the back are the best!”

It was sort of dim there, as Philip made his way past the other talking heads to the back table; the accommodating staff had turned down the lights to shield light interference from the clientele’s computer screens. He then began his morning ritual of booting up the laptop. This area of the cafe looked much like a library of studying patrons. In a way, it was quite comical now, that so many people had grown so accustomed to spending part of their day surfing-the-net, a truly amazing side-bar of technology, overlapping atop social behavior.

Philip looked over lease agreements on some of the apartment possibilities he had gleaned over. They almost all wanted guarantees that you had lived and worked in the area for at least six months! These requirements were obvious in intention. The management companies were weeding out all the applicants that came there for seasonal work! He suddenly knew that the only source for an apartment was a private party.

“The private landlord had to be it,” he mumbled out loud. He then flagged down a passing waitress, “Can I get the daily paper?”

She smiled and walked over to the single-bar and brought back a well-read house paper. The want ads he looked at were almost all advertisements of the same Internet sites that he had just reviewed. Suddenly he felt almost helpless, a dead end!

Well, getting some of these other things done today won’t be a bad thing, he thoughtfully concluded.

So, he pulled out his priority list, got up to leave, and, as he was walking through the tables to exit the cafe, he noticed an older woman almost staring him down. He just dismissed it as curiosity of the *new guy* in town and went to his next priority; getting a mailbox rented to receive his forwarded mail from Florida. From his previous research of the area, there was only one service in town for mail, an independent downtown mail center. He filled out the form and paid for the mailbox, knowing that was the first step in obtaining an Oregon driver’s license.

And that, was the next stop, the driver's license office.

Aside from the scary moment of doing the eye test of reading large letters from side to side, he got his new plastic ID, later retiring to the motel and booting up his computer to view old war movies on YouTube. It didn't take too long for him to figure out that YouTube had a better selection of movies than the motel cable channel selections.

Three men met at the Coffee Club, or the Towne Buzz, for what would probably be their last meeting together. Faces were drawn, and conversation was slow and deliberate as they discussed other options. Two of the three men, *the Kingpin* and *the Flyer*, knew that they were not in any present danger, as they were life members of the CIA. They had *the company* and its usual Teflon political pressure point of "national security" as a failsafe option.

However, X1 was not immune to investigation. He was a member of a mob that served a banking syndicate based in Cleveland, Ohio. In fact, it was X1 who was the boss of Tony "Big Tooth" Scarelli of Tampa and the Pizza Head of Cleveland.

X1 was not only aware of the investigation taking place about the prostitute in St. Augustine, but also knew that if it went to Cleveland and the Pizza Head sang, he would be the next man on the list for the FBI. He ran the prostitution ring stateside and the drug shipment organization from Vietnam, both for the CIA.

The profits from these operations were shared by the two organizations, the CIA and a powerful banking syndicate. Now that the local police and the FBI were investigating the death of the FBI agent who was embedded into the Big Tooth's prostitution operation, X1 was conscious of the possibility that more links in his whole international illegal network could be illuminated.

X1 said to the others present at the last meeting, "We're in deep muck, up to our heads with the involvement of the FBI. I have always tried to avoid something like this. The Big Tooth must have been completely charmed by this embedded FBI agent, uh, Liza."

X6 then added some of his usual wisdom, "Well, it happened, and now we have to deal with it. You may as well know that if the investigation reaches you, we can't step in to interfere with the FBI. It's got too many encrypted separate

channels. We can't track them all!"

X9 chimed in, "Yeah, when it reaches their level, the gloves are off. It can get pretty-hairy. They sometimes have these new people who are entry-level investigators and are looking for a career walk up the ladder. If we touch one of them, their best could come after us! We'll do what we can to advise you, but our gloves have to stay off."

X1 made a long exhale like a man breathing his last breath, took a swig of his coffee, dropped a ten-dollar bill on the table, and walked out; his face had turned fire engine red. He was obviously too upset to say another word.

Back in Bend, Oregon, the next day, Philip arose to the crispness of winter air, something he was learning to appreciate over the thick humid, moldy air of subtropical Florida. He got dressed and grabbed his computer and made it to the Blue Mountain Cafe.

As he entered, the waitress greeted him in French, "Bonsoir!"

Philip was pleasantly surprised by her greeting and returned with "bon appetit" as he found his seat in the back. After booting up and checking e-mails, he noticed a familiar woman walk back from the front and take her place next to him. He noticed her the other day when he exited out the door. She appeared to be in her mid-fifties drinking spicy tea, not coffee.

After a couple of minutes, she attempts to start conversation with him. "A crisp, chilly morning out there, isn't it?"

Philip agrees with a nod. He was at first a little confused about why an unknown woman may possibly have an interest in him.

She went on with a second question to make him comfortable, "You must be new in town? Yes?"

Philip gave her some grace by telling her, "Yes, I'm looking for an apartment on the Internet."

"Oh," she said, "maybe I can help you out with that. There is a free newspaper bin up in the front over there. They have a lot of local ads from private parties."

Philip immediately thought it was a strange coincidence that she knew of his conclusion the day before that a free paper, if he could find one, would probably have private party rentals.

“My name is Barbara,” she added as she sipped slowly from her spicy tea selection. “You have an interest in writing, don’t you?” she questioned again.

“Well, yes,” Philip said cautiously, wondering at the same time how she knew something so personal about him.

She is too pleasant to be a spy, he thought. So, he kept his guard down and allowed her to probe.

“I used to be a writer. I wrote some poetry that was published. I just took one look at you and thought, you look like a deep thinker,” she admitted.

“I am a freelance writer for magazines and newspapers, most of them local or regional; wherever I can get a contract. I just moved here to get closer to the mountain scenery in hopes of finding a writer’s dream location: a cabin on a lake,” Philip dreamed out loud. “I am sure that if you check out the want ads in the free paper today, *you will* find what you are looking for,” she suggested as she took a last drink and walked to the front where the free newspaper rack was.

Picking up a copy, she walked it back to his table, opened the pages, and pointed to an ad. Then she does a theatrical throwing of the scarf around her neck, and a pivot on her foot at about the same time, and passed through the front and out the door like she was doing a move for the local ballet.

Philip looked down at the ad she pointed to, and it popped off the page at him. Printed on the page was exactly what he was looking for: *Small park model trailer on a local forty-acre ranch overlooking the Deschutes River. Minimum rental time: six months, call for appointment.*

Philip picked up his cell phone and made an immediate call. A friendly voice answered and gave him directions to a scenic area fifteen miles south of the city. Philip was stunned by the surrounding beauty of this setting. The ranch was located on top of a high foothill at one thousand feet, had a five-mile view of the river valley, and a backdrop of high mountains off to the west.

There was plenty of parking, a laundry in one of the sheds, a sundeck built off to one side of the trailer, lots of privacy, and a huge farm dog named Diggy, who was humorously curious of his presence. The trailer itself was updated with all the modern amenities with side lights in every corner and a large living room made possible from the crank-out side, and all the usual

appliances.

The bedroom was in the sailing-ship fashion, having a bed built in to the wall, with a large bathroom with a shower. The rancher also had a shop, where he worked on vehicles and farm equipment. "This is a working ranch," the farmer said. "We are building it as we go along. We're looking for someone who can stay awhile to help out with our bottom line."

Philip asked about the monthly arrangements, the lease, and any rules. The farmer was only concerned about two things. "Four hundred a month and a six-month stay, there will be no lease."

Philip agreed, saying, "I'll run back to town and get some cash from the ATM."

The farmer agreed but asked for at least twenty bucks to hold it. Philip gave him fifty, making a dusty trail back to town to get the rest. He now had the *best* possible setting for many reasons: a quiet place to write, free security by Diggy, the huge farm dog, and a setting outside the evil influences of the city, in the unrivaled beauty of Central Oregon.

"This is unbelievable!" he declared out loud. "How did Barbara know about this? Who could this lady be? How did she know personal things about me? Could she be an angel?" From his early experiences in Sunday school when he was a child, he heard that angels sometimes appeared as average people. "Maybe she is an angel," he concluded.

X1 *the Scavenger* didn't waste any time to skip borders. Relying on an old friendship, a bond of mob loyalty with the Pizza Head of Cleveland, he quickly made his way via freighter to Singapore and then on by hook and crook to the tiny island in the South Pacific named Bora Bora. This hideaway was so remote from the modern world that you had to have deep connections to get there, and stay there!

It was so quiet on the island that a third world war could take place on the other side of the world and nobody would even be moved by it. Bora Bora, the mainland, was surrounded by several smaller islands only accessible by boat.

On one of these remote sandbars is a small gated community for lost mobsters and billionaires. X1 would be using the Pizza Head's winter getaway. It was a modest condominium, built up

high, overlooking the beach, but with plenty of security and privacy. Now if guests wanted some action, they could take the boat from the lagoon across the channel to the mainland and play like children in the casino and refreshment centers.

It took X1 over fourteen days to get there, but now that he had arrived, he could relax and wait out the oncoming investigation that was now plowing into Cleveland, Ohio.

“This is the life! If I had it all to do again, I would cash in some of my parked vehicles and move out here permanently. I can’t believe the circumstances that led me here. One day, everything is going great, and I’m ruling the East Coast. The next day, the FBI has my photo on the wall at the stinkin’ post office!

“Well, I’ve been in some tuff stuff before. Maybe I can hide out here long enough for the smoke of the battlefield to clear, or at least long enough to confirm they are not hunting me down. If the Pizza Head don’t sing, I’m clear in six months,” *the Scavenger* shared loudly to himself as he poured a double shot of rum, a drink that flows like water in the tropics.

It didn’t take too long for the FBI road crew to make their way to Cleveland. Now that they knew of the possible ring with the state representative’s involvement, they knew that they only had a matter of hours to isolate the Pizza Head and question him as a person of interest.

With the Big Tooth’s testimony, they had all they needed to order a “pizza to go” at the Pizza Head’s main downtown Cleveland restaurant, the Happy Florence. It was good food out the front and underworld activity out the back. It was also a money dump for laundering dirty cash. The Pizza head kept his overhead high, overpaying his workers, and kept prices on the low side for the customers; all in an endeavor to lose a moderate amount of money. This way he could “dump money down the toilet” that he needed to launder “legitimately”! As he would tell his associates.

A carefully selected team of FBI agents accompanied Hunter Bannister from the Jacksonville airport in a private jet. Once in Cleveland, they rented a couple of SUVs at that airport and drove with express to the downtown restaurant owned by the Pizza Head.

The scene was a small shopping center in the front with doughnut shop on one side and an Italian-style pizza restaurant on the other. There were already three police cruisers parked at the doughnut shop, but this was a normal occurrence and wouldn't draw any suspicion as the police were used to using the doughnut shop on their breaks. The police presence in the shopping center worked to give the Happy Florence a higher profile image.

Hunter Bannister's SUV pulled up to the rear of the shopping center, while the other SUV parked in the front. Three well-dressed FBI men walked directly into the front door and sat down at a table near the service door and ordered a drink. The waitress asked if they would like a menu, and one piped up, "I don't think we'll be too long, just want a drink."

"Okey doke," she said as she went to get their refreshments. One of the three men excused himself to go to the restroom, finding in the hallway three doors: two to the restrooms and one at the end of the hall where the Pizza Head's office was. The FBI man waited just inside the men's room door for his cell phone, now on silent mode, to light up with Hunter's number; that was the cue to bust through the door to the Pizza Head's office.

Hunter and his men were standing ready at the back door with a pry bar to bust the lock and rush into the Pizza Head's back hallway door. Here they would also have to kick in the Pizza Head's back office door once they entered the back hallway. Hunter made the call to the agent's phone in the men's room, and the action began. With one flying karate kick, the front office door burst open.

In rushed with guns drawn the first agent with the other two from the table following. Hunter and his two men at the back popped the rear door open and, with another flying kick, leveled the back- office door.

The Pizza Head was present, and his two lieutenants had drawn their guns while a beautiful blonde sat off to the side in an easy chair hyperventilating. Tension in the room was a level 10, but the Pizza Head could see clearly that the gun count was six to two and ordered his men to "chill."

Hunter walked directly up to Pizza Head and said, "We need to take you to the FBI office for questioning. We interviewed a witness who said you are responsible for the death of an FBI undercover agent in Florida. You are our person of interest."

The Pizza Head stared for a few seconds at the floor and got

up, allowing himself to be frisked. Off they all lurched, the group of FBI agents and their big catch, to the regional FBI office in Cleveland to spend some time with probably the only man who knew why an agent named Liza was murdered on that dark highway in St. Augustine, Florida.

Hunter placed an immediate call to Terry Rainer to give her an up-to-the-minute account of their activity. “Hi, Terry, we got the Pizza Head and no shots fired, we’re taking him to the jail to be signed in and will probably be back to the airport before 2:00 a.m. tonight. We’ll see you in the morning. How are you doing with getting a meeting set up to interview the state representative down there?”

“Well, he stonewalled a little, but I think we can get over to the capital in a few days,” said Terry.

“Great, I’ll see you when we get back.”

It was a quiet ride in the SUV to the city jail incarceration wing. In his mind, the Pizza Head would never allow himself to disclose any information about who really ordered the murder of the undercover agent Liza; the general rule in the underworld is an old saying “Snitches get stitches; rats get bats.”

However, like a lot of criminals, if they think they can protect their bottom line and keep operations flowing, they sometimes will take a chance and sacrifice a contact. To the Pizza Head, though, he thought, *I know I didn’t do it, but if they want me to rat on my boss, they can try putting me in boiling oil, and I won’t squeak. That would be like cutting the head off the snake. If his organization goes down, so does mine.*

23 Angels, Operatives, and Surprises

January 22, 2013

Philip rose one morning to snow on the ground. He remembered seeing it on the Christmas cards that friends sent him; it tends stop at the north Florida border. After his usual morning routine of coffee and memorizing a positive proverb, he drove down to the Blue Mountain Cafe where he hoped to spot the lady who helped him find his new trailer to live in. He wanted to thank her for helping.

The cafe was packed with patrons staring at computer screens, and Barbara wasn't there yet. So, he ordered up a coffee and blueberry muffin and sat in an available chair next to a heater. After checking e-mails, he looked up to notice another man pointing his cell phone camera his way.

Philip was sensitive to such devises and their capabilities. By holding your cell phone up in a certain way, you are probably taking a picture. Philip was a little surprised that a company man may have followed him all the way to Bend. He was hoping that the 3000- mile distance would discourage them.

Being a little edgy about being so close to a possible operative, he decided to leave and take a walk through the downtown area and check out what business services the town offered. On his way out of the cafe, he made sure to get a good glance at this man. He was Middle Eastern looking in complexion, somewhat brown skinned, a straight nose that almost pointed down, a medium build, and dark eyes. The man wearing the yellow ski jacket sort of stared back at him as he exited.

As Philip made his way down the street, he noticed a woman walking directly toward him as if to possibly greet him. Her eyes were fixed on his face, and she had a direct smile; it was Barbara!

"Oh, hi, Barbara, nice to see you again. I wanted to thank you for helping me find such a wonderful trailer apartment," Philip said. "Thank you," she said in return. "I was hoping to bump into you also!" She looked at him in a concerned, motherly way and said, "You should know that someone is

always here to help you. By the way, there is a nicer coffee house to work at just up around the corner. Check it out today, if you happen to be walking that way. It's my favorite place in town. I hope to see you there sometime. Bye." Barbara started to back off down the street facing Philip. She still had a motherly look on her face. Philip waved and walked off in the other direction.

He decided, "I might as well check this place out right now." So, he followed her directions to this "favorite place" of hers.

From a distance, he could see the cafe's lighted sign, Sky-High Coffee Shop. As he entered the front door, he noticed a familiar face looking directly at him. It was Mr. Miller from the McKenna family. Philip quickly ordered a coffee and sat down quietly.

Mr. Miller said, "We figured it wouldn't be too long before we could track you down. We didn't expect you to just walk in on our first day here. That's great, though, it will save us having to e-mail and make appointments."

Philip was very relieved to find Mr. Miller as well. A thought flashed through his mind. That Barbara, she directed me here. Did she possess knowledge that Mr. Miller was here? And how could she know of Mr. Miller?

Mr. Miller refreshed Philip's suddenly clouded mind why he was in Bend Oregon by saying, "We need to talk privately. Finish your coffee and we'll go for a ride in our SUV."

"Yea, okay, uh, maybe we can take a ride out to my new apartment. It's a trailer on a ranch, and, uh, we could talk there and along the way."

Mr. Miller made a quick cell phone call, and within a few minutes, a large black SUV pulled up out in front of the cafe. Philip and Mr. Miller exited and joined the two other men. One of whom in the SUV was Moose as they drove off south to Philip's ranch apartment.

After Philip filled them in a little about his great place to live, Mr. Miller asked, "How did you find out about this place?"

Philip told him a little about Barbara, the lady he met at the cafe, who told him to check out an ad in the free newspaper. When they arrived, Mr. Miller was impressed by the surroundings and said, "Yea, this is good, just what you need right now. Plenty of open land around you and a big farm dog to bark if anyone gets too close."

Philip showed them into his trailer, and they sat down at the

kitchen table to talk. Mr. Miller said, “There are a lot of things to try to figure out right now. We need to hear your story about what happened back in Florida, but at the same time, we need to make sure you stay safe. Is *the company* still on your tail?”

Philip acknowledged that just that day, he noticed someone in the other cafe taking his photo and added, “Back in Winnemucca, Nevada, they tried to frame me. They got pretty close.”

“Yea, that sounds like them all right. They love to frame people they don’t like. Can you give us right now a little thumbnail sketch of what happened in Florida that may have connected you to the McKenna political family?” Mr. Miller asked.

“Yes, I was so shocked when I heard about what happened to Julianne McKenna. I could place together in my mind, at that time, the possibility that the underworld may have connected me with the political McKenna family. Following Julianne’s death, it still took me a few months to decide to get everything together, pack up my gear, and move out of St. Augustine, and then to also make plans of where I would be moving to.

“The best thumbnail sketch I can give is that I met these men at the local coffee house in St. Augustine called the Towne Buzz. We hit it off right away, thinking at first that they were businessmen. But after a few months, I began to observe, they were not *just* business people. One admitted connections to the CIA, another admitted to having family involved in the Mafia, while the third admitted being once an Air America pilot for the CIA in Vietnam during the conflict.

“It is common knowledge that those *secret* flights involved the transportation of drugs back to the states. He even admitted to me once, “drug shipments adorned the Air America flights during the Vietnam conflict.” Somewhere in all those conversations, I admitted to them of being a direct relation to the political McKenna family.

“After so many conversations, they also figured out that I was a journalist and of course the real reason for me being there with them was the possibility of getting a good hook on a story! Some of the best stories are built on the foundations of deep research. The minute that these men admitted ties to the CIA and connections to the mafiosos of the world, I was hooked!

“I knew that they were the source of the story of a lifetime,

and I figured as long as they were friendly, for the bulk of the time, I would just stay and listen, until I could to get as much information as possible; they probably just saw me as a buff anyway!

“One of them, though, a man known by his code number X1, soon began to get defensive and began asking me pointed questions to test if I was a spy. Like, ‘Are you a fox?’ Of which I replied, ‘Just a little harmless fuzzy one.’”

Philip went on, “It wasn’t long though after that when the threatening messages started to be sent to my cell phone, and objects were hung from trees at my home like a water bottle or articles of bloody-looking clothing hanging from a branch in my yard. Then I had visits to my home by goons in the middle of the night, and thank God that I woke up when I heard the knocking on my window! It was at that point that I knew I couldn’t sleep any longer in my home, so I switched my sleep schedule to earlier in the evening 7:00-10:30 p.m. and began to spend the overnights writing and surfing the net at the Broken Shell Cafe.

“Amazingly, the same goons that tried to break into my home circled like bees around the restaurant. It was freaky! I knew it was time to move as fast as I could get things together. What happened to Julianne McKenna could possibly be them sending a strong message to the McKenna clan. By doing what they did, they could scare me into shutting up and not write anything about what I found out about their illegal operations.

“What they may be responsible for could be an incredible overreaction, not realizing that I am not actively connected, except by bloodline, to the modern-day McKennas. My relation goes back to the early twentieth century when our two sides of the family were still emerging in the industrial revolution. My side of the family lost most of their millions in the late 1970s recession. For decades neither one of our sides of the family had very much contact.”

Mr. Miller thanked Philip for his honesty and said that they would talk again. Meanwhile, the McKennas would review what Philip just told him and would determine if they should get any more involved in helping Philip out. All they knew at this time was that the same people who killed Julianne were from Cleveland and were most definitely connected to someone in St. Augustine.

Kort pulled into town off the main thoroughway and parks, his eyes always working like radar.

Anyone loitering at an entrance or at a street corner is a possible operative, he reminded himself. If you see them once, no problem. If they show up again anywhere in your proximity, it's them!

Kort was in a unique situation. He was one who was being hunted by the general's hit men, and, at the same time, he was the one who was hunting the hunters. Kort was no person to deal with unless you were serving him ice cream at a cafe; he was one of the *best* secret agent hit men the government had ever trained! Most of the operatives that were pursuing either himself, or the man he came to Bend to protect, had no idea to the extent of Kort's experience. A Navy SEAL in the Gulf War and with extensive operational training via the Florida counterterrorism training school at St. Augustine, complete with desert-survival time and sheer guts, Kort was a brass man of excellence. Once in a desert-training exercise, he was given a pint of water and had to walk, run, and sleep across a hundred miles of open desert. He made it by burying his main torso in the sand by day and running all night. Then there were his years of on-the-job experience working for the general as a successful government hit man, this combined overall makeup would be like a Rottweiler chasing Chihuahuas!

The first thing he had to do was to get close to the man he came to protect, Philip McKenna. This would be easy. He knew he would find the general's operatives in his vicinity. Using his iPad and a special app, he entered the network for cell phones.

Bingo, that was too easy. He was overjoyed when locating the signal coming off Philip's cell phone. Just a couple of blocks to the east of the Amtrak station!

Mr. Miller had dropped Philip off at the Sky-High cafe after their meeting, and Philip was there planning some new article possibilities for local magazines.

Kort got close to the cafe where he pinpointed his cell phone signal and began to scan the scene as he was trained. Off to the other corner, he spotted a Middle Eastern-looking man.

Clearly out of place in this town, he surmised.

Kort took out his small digital telescope and framed the

man's face and took a picture of him. He noticed the long and narrow nose, the brown skin, and dark eyes that made the definite match. He recognized this man from his haunts as a dangerous operative who worked for one of two organizations: the CIA or a syndicate. He had on a yellow ski jacket.

Kort went into action. Now the pursuer would be pursued! All he needed to see was this operative follow Philip somewhere.

After Philip left the cafe, he walked a couple of blocks to a grocery store; Kort noticed from a distance with his monocular the Middle Eastern operative casing him all the way, to and from the store, and back to his light blue pickup truck.

When Philip drove back to the ranch, the Middle Eastern operative retired to his local cheap motel room. Kort now had him in his sights. He would wait until dark and hope that the man exited out for dinner, he could nab him there and bag him permanently as he was trained to do.

Kort began his surveillance from his perch in the motel's stairwell. Darkness was falling on Bend, and the dinner bell was ringing for patrons all over the downtown area. It wasn't long before the door of the operative's room slowly opened. Kort was on him like a police dog to a bag of pot!

The man stupidly walked directly toward Kort to use the stairwell as an exit; it had a hallway that led in between the two buildings to the back. The spider now had his prey for sure, and as soon as the Middle Eastern man rounded the corner, the web was closed tight. Kort came out from his position inside the stairwell, grabbed him from behind, secured him in a headlock, and had his tranquilizer needle ready to poke in his neck. *Bang.* The guy was a puppet.

Kort, then being the quick thinker, carried the limp man across an alley to a train track running behind the business district. He pulled out of his pocket some twine and tied the man up alive across the railroad tracks: the neck over one track and the ankles over the other.

"Hopefully," Kort whispered into the man's now-semiconscious ear, "the train engineer might spot your yellow jacket and stop the train before you become a statistic."

Stuffing some tissue into the man's mouth, Kort laughed a little as he walked away knowing a common truth in his mind that a heavily loaded, mile-long train needs at least the same distance to slow down.

Philip, who was now at the ranch, fell into a nap after dinner. As soon as he fell into his usual REM sleep patterns, he had a visual dream where he saw a man in a yellow jacket decapitated and thrown to the side of a roadway. He woke up instantly and was shocked by what he had seen; he knew that his visual dreams were usually accurate!

The next morning as he made his way to the Sky-High cafe, he noticed a headline peep off the page at him: Man Found on Railroad Tracks. He looked at the first paragraph to read that a man had been decapitated by a train that passed in the night. The local police report stated that “the man had been tied to the train tracks.” Local police were waiting for the coroner’s report to determine if the man died from the impact of the train or if he had been dead prior to the train passing.

Wow, Philip reflected, *what a way to go!* From his dream, he knew that someone who had been a danger to him was now contained. As the morning wore on, and he completed his usual article planning and research, he took notice and sensed that *no one* was watching him. It was a nice, peaceful feeling to know that danger was *not* near.

Kort lay sleeping soundly in his upper-class hotel room. He was up late watching movies, trying to forget momentarily what he just had to do. In his line of work, the strange feeling of taking out an operative hung on usually for around twenty-four hours. It was like a strange hand was hanging on to your head, and resting was one of the best ways to let it slowly wear off.

At lunch, though, Kort was back on the street checking for any other company men who may be hanging around Philip. They would track Philip first, as he was an easy target.

Back at headquarters, however, in the general’s office at the Pentagon, the story was a little different. The general was fielding calls from his buddy Giorgio at the CIA and trying to explain what had just happened to one of their best men.

“All we know right now is that your top man X100 lost his head; no. No! We don’t know for sure who did it! Someone

out there knows how to eliminate someone fast and effective. I do suspect though, it's one of my hit men who just resigned. Yes, Kort.

"He was the one we had originally assigned to take out the Dreamer. He may have flipped sides. So, it could be him, but we're not certain at this time. It's going to be hard now to get any volunteers from my office to go out there after him. He knows all our tactics and is highly trained.

"The last two guys I sent out after him were found sleeping in a ditch. No, not dead. Ah, just drugged. You may have to give it a try again with one of *your* men." The general hung up and took a little white pill sitting on his desk. He would feel a little better after his eyelids went to half-mast.

"Terry Rainer just told me she had been on the phone with Hunter Bannister. Bannister said that they were going to get her up to Ohio for an interview with the Pizza Head," the St. Augustine police chief informed him. "We're going to give her a couple of days off from her responsibilities, Rich. I hope you don't mind."

"Yea, I understand, Chief. She has to get to the bottom of all of this," said Richard O'Malley, her boss. He went on, "Oh yes, we are going to get another interview from her during her travels. Her plane will make a pit stop at the Florida State capital too; she needs to talk to the state representative Mr. Springer."

"Did she find any other UFOs on the Pizza Head's phone records?" asked the chief.

"Uh, hmm, yeah, we got an assistant of the Tampa Bay congressman Ben Parington. The assistant's name is Mr. Bart Hollingsworth," said O'Malley.

"We got a ring, absolutely no doubt! It's just who will sing loudest in an interview, these politicians have more lines of defense than the German's on D-Day," said the chief.

"Terry did get a hold of the state majority leader to find out about ethics violations and found out that Mr. Springer had a juvenile charge of intoxication in public, but that's all we have on him," said Detective O'Malley.

"Well, get her on the plane, and let's see what the state representative has to say about his phone calls," the chief concluded.

“Yes, sir, right away,” said O’Malley.

Richard O’Malley then walked down the hall to Terry Rainer’s office to give her the good news. Her door was almost closed, so he knocked first before he entered.

“Hi, Terry, uh, get your bags packed ASAP. You are on your way to the capital and on to Ohio! We’ll get a plane ready for you at the airport. Uh, what time do you want to leave?” said O’Malley.

Terry Rainer looked up from her desk slowly through the piles of files all around her and said, “Can you cover a couple of things while I am gone? I was just getting close on this local gunshot investigation. I think we have our man and just needed to get an arrest warrant issued.”

“Yea, no problem, we’ll get him in jail while you’re gone,” O’Malley reassured her.

“Good, I’ll leave at nine tonight, catch a hotel, and meet with the state representative tomorrow morning. I went ahead and scheduled the appointment this afternoon with his staff before you met with the chief. I figured I would get the green light.”

“Hunter Bannister will meet you at the airport when you get to Cleveland,” said O’Malley. “Great, this is exciting, my first big interviews,” said Terry.

“Yea, mine too,” O’Malley said as he walked back to his office to reserve a plane for her.

City money was tight, but with the chief’s approval, O’Malley reserved a first-class business jet and pilot to fly Terry to her destinations: Tallahassee and Cleveland. And, with the FBI involved, federal money was at the tip of their fingertips, they could afford a few extras.

24 The Castle and the Swede

January 23, 2013

Back in Bend, Philip was back at home on the ranch, resting and sitting in his easy chair with a cup of hot chocolate. He began to reflect in his mind of how the man in the yellow jacket had been taken out. He had no doubt recognized him as an operative who was screening him, and then-*bang*; he is neutralized!

He couldn't help thinking about Barbara who seemed to know so much about him.

Could Barbara be an angel, and did she somehow commission a fellow destroying angel to take out the Middle Eastern looking man? Philip found it so strange that Barbara seemed to show up whenever he seemed to be in danger or needed something.

Years ago, when he was in Sunday school, he heard the stories about angels working on "behalf of believers. There were other times in his life when he had strange, unusual encounters with someone who may have been an angel.

In one instance, he was driving his truck down an icy highway, and another car went out of control coming from the other direction. The out-of-control passenger car was sliding down the road sideways and coming right at him, and there was no way that he could stay on the roadway and drive around this oncoming disaster.

At the last moment, the steering wheel jerked hard to the right, and Philip's truck went off the road, down through a wide ditch, and back up on the roadway; the whole time a set of unseen hands drove the vehicle! In short, Philip's truck went completely around the out-of-control vehicle by going down through the ditch and back up on the roadway, where he continued driving along as if nothing had happened.

A passenger riding shotgun turned to him and commented, "Man, that was some awesome driving!" Except a blown tire that had to be changed, there was no damage to his truck.

"Yes," he summed up, "angels are very real and can intervene when we need help, so, Barbara may very well be an angel; hey, why not!"

Philip now hoped that he would see her again and, if he did, would ask her some deeper questions about her life-or her assignments! It wouldn't be too long before Philip would see this angel again. Angels know intuitively when we are on to them, so they will avoid getting too close; they avoid being cornered.

The next day, Philip was walking through Bend's downtown area and saw Barbara standing on the opposite side of main street. He wanted to cross and talk to her, but the traffic was heavy, so he went to the pedestrian walkway and had to wait for the light.

In the few moments that he took his eyes off her to get to the light, she was gone. He did see her look at him though; she had given him this long, almost-eerie stare. It was like she longed to tell him something, it was right on her lips, but instead, she vanished into the buildings of the downtown matrix.

Deeply disappointed and feeling very alone, Philip made his way back to the ranch and slipped slowly into his easy chair. Within minutes, he was off into a dream world. This time, he had a rare and highly visionary dream. This type of dream was like a motion picture movie in high detail; it was like he was standing right in the middle of a scene with all the characters around him in three- dimensional format.

In this dream he sees a large circular medieval castle with high greyish walls. Entering over a moat the main archway, with twenty- foot-high doors, he looks around the main rotunda, a large circular room. Directly in front of him is the sleeping quarters of the castle maître d'. In the center of the main room is a large group of women dressed in halter tops with skinny pants and drinking water from a fountain.

The maître d' approaches Philip in the dream and says to him, "admission is free." Philip notices as he walks through the entrance that the walls of the castle are unusually thick, almost fifteen feet, and asks the maître d' the reason for the thickness.

The maître d' replies, "We are very proud of the fact that the walls of this castle are made up of the bodies of the people we have had to conquer along the way to build our kingdom. Some of them simply got in our way, and we are proud of the power we hold to remove them. Our grand castle is really a grand mausoleum. It's one of the most expensive tombs ever built on the backs of our enemies. We paid millions of dollars for their

removal and pride ourselves in their continual entombed presence here with us in our worship center.” The women dressed in halter tops and skintight leggings now start dancing around the fountain with their hands lifted up, and chanting in some unrecognizable syllables.

Philip then notices a dog, a large German shepherd. It was licking blood up off the floor.

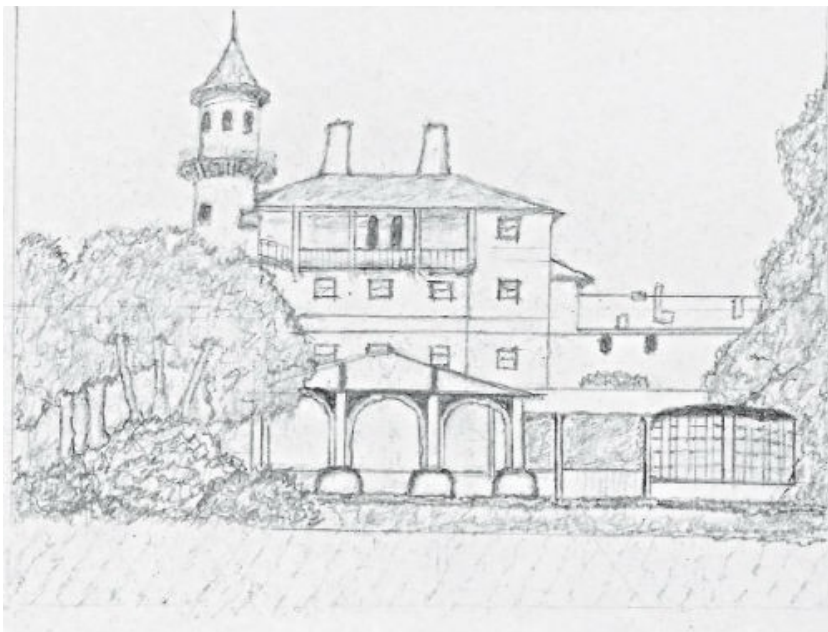
The maître d noticed that the dog was being observed and points out, “The dog now has someone’s scent, and we go out and follow the trail of blood with him.”

Philip awoke in shock. He now realized, what this group of CIA, and their underworld confederates, were attempting to do to him! Their German shepherd was on *his* blood trail, and they wanted to use him as another entombed body in the wall of their evil castle.

The large castle, he concluded in thought, represents their syndicate organization of evil, using “national security” and underworld contacts to run the highly illegal operations of prostitution and drug operations inside the United States. This is truly the brotherhood of darkness at the highest levels. They pride themselves in their castle with all-of its entombed human souvenirs. They must think that they are impregnable!

What Philip had was more than a dream. It was a deep revelation into the base of a very powerful organization that now had its eyes and best operatives following his trail. He couldn’t wait to tell Mr. Miller from the McKenna family. He was still waiting for his invitational text message on where they might meet again.

Later that day, to Philip’s relief, his phone notified him of an incoming text, and it was Mr. Miller: “Meet us at the Sky-High cafe tomorrow, 7:15 a.m.”



The castle; home of the syndicate of evil.

“We’re sorry to pull you out of bed so early, Philip. Uh, we had a baptism in your situation that clarified to us you are telling us the truth,” Mr. Miller offered over his brimful of Sky-High coffee.

“My bodyguard, Moose, reported to me this morning that he didn’t get any sleep here last night. There was an agent from the other side with huge biceps hanging around the motel all night. Someone could form a building support pillar with his trunk attachments. Uh, we will be heading directly for the airport after this meeting on our way to the winter house. We will text you when we arrive.

“We’re going to Broome, Australia, known as the Loneliest Place on Earth. Once we arrive, we will get things up and running at the McKenna cottage by the sea and will arrange to fly you out there where we can safely continue our interview.”

Philip was curious about this colossus of a man and asked, “Tell me a little more of what to expect on this biceps-wielding agent?”

“Well,” Mr. Miller’s assistant said, “we have dealt with such men from the other side before, and that is why we have Moose with us, as sometimes you have to meet size with a matching

force. We advise you to use extreme caution for the next week or two, until we can extract you out of Bend to get you to Broome, Australia.”

Mr. Miller added, “You need to keep a gun loaded at home and don’t walk out of public places; what the agent would want is find you isolated so that he can quickly subdue you. We will text you the airline ticket information as soon as we have everything set up on the other side of the world. The one good thing about this new development is that it has confirmed to us that your story is true.

“We know that agents of this magnitude are only present if the other side feels desperate to protect their turf and finds that you either know too much, or are some kind of immediate concern to their secrecy; secrecy is the foundation of their power base. For us it is confirmed; you *are* one of us!

“Once you get to our compound in Broome, you will be very safe. There in the outback we are surrounded by miles of open country, and frankly if they shoot at us, *we shoot back!* It’s the laws of the open range out there, and we can just say that we mistook them for a wild dog. Uh, remember now to be vigilant. We won’t forget you. It could take possibly up to a week or two for us to text you and get you out of here.”

Philip was well-aware now why Barbara the angel gave him such a worried look the day before the syndicate had sent its muscle head to subdue him!

“Thank You, Mr. Miller, I’ll keep an eye out, and uh, I’m looking forward to Broome. I would like to be lonely for a while. It would probably do me some good,” Philip said as he took a larger-than- usual gulp of his Sky-High Coffee.

Mr. Miller and his entourage assembled their computers and cell phones and departed for the Bend airport. Philip spent the next couple of hours using the Wi-Fi connection at the Sky-High cafe researching the town of what may be his new home for a while- this Broome, Australia.

My gracious! he thought as he looked at the photos offered by the Broome Chamber of Commerce on the Internet. *That’s the perfect post for writers! The Loneliest Place on Earth, as it is called by the aborigines.* There was so much for him to explore there too: the regional and national parks, the miles of open beach, the charming village, the picturesque scenery. Then there would be the local social customs, the Aussie accent and the

thrill of being in another country for a while.

This is so cool! he mused. Talk about making something horrible into a hugely favorable opportunity. This could create new openings for my journalistic contacts; I just need to stay alive to get there precipitously.

As Philip finished his Sky-High coffee and made his way out on the street, he got a glimpse of the “problem” that had plagued Mr. Miller and his team the night before. Standing up against a traffic sign on the other side of the street was a muscular man with a jogging outfit on. Through the Mylar thin runner’s suit on his upper torso, the clear lines of oversized muscles ruffled themselves through straining material. He got a good look at one of the underworld’s most violent hit men known as the Swede.

Standing off to the side of the blond-haired tree trunk of a man was a sniveling puppet-like accomplice who just stood there laughing in his direction. Philip just walked on like he didn’t care that this oak tree with a man’s face was looking at him. One thing that he had learned in all this cat-and-mouse activity, was not to fear. *Fear attracts everything negative, faith revives.* He reflected.

Philip made his way home and tried to relax, making sure, and when he had a chance, to unpack his .50 caliber black powder bear rifle.

Terry Rainer slipped back into her first-class leather business jet seat. The ride was incredibly smooth over the northern tier of Florida. It was a night flight, so the view was all lit up with the dots of city lights. The Florida shore was visible off to the left where the city lights stopped, and the gulf waters started. It resembled a gold band around an incredible panorama of glittering activity.

The freeways were also visible with the trail of car lights moving one direction or the other. Tallahassee was just a little over an hour by air in the distance from her hometown of St. Augustine. In the morning, she would be interviewing with one of the state representatives, Mr. Erin Springer, at the state capital.

Terry expected that he would have a whispering attorney present who always resembled a mayfly buzzing around their

client's ears, whispering advice with each question and occasionally butting in when the questioning got too pointed. She was used to dealing with such interruptions though by having a lot of different questions ready to shoot from unplanned angles. It even got more interesting as trials approached; you could count on them to file at least one extension with the court.

Terry had reserved a room for the interview at the Tallahassee police station. She was looking forward to meeting this state representative who got his number on the Big Tooth's personal phone contact list.

Terry considered thoughtfully, It's one thing for Tony the Big Tooth to have called someone, perhaps a wrong number; but to have the number stored, now that was of huge interest. Terry's arrival at the Tallahassee airport was around 10:30 p.m., and she took a room at the downtown hotel next to the police station. She turned in after watching the late show, setting the alarm for 6:00 a.m.

The hotel had breakfast all ready to go in the morning, toasted bagels and cream cheese with butter and delicious gourmet coffee. The interview with Mr. Springer was scheduled for 9:00 a.m. in the investigative wing of the Tallahassee police station. The interview had to be scheduled there as it needed to be recorded with standard police equipment, both video and audio. These tapes then would be filed away in the appropriate evidence file.

Terry Rainer would get access to them through the standard police channels to get copies. She was on time, and so was the rest of the entourage. The state representative entered the room with a somber attitude with an attorney off his side shoulder. The attorney as usual reminded the police that his client had not been charged with anything.

Then Terry asked the first question, "Please state your name and spell it completely." She then went into some local news to try to break the ice with her interviewee. "Had some weather blow in this morning off the gulf. It looks like a little rain this morning and sunshine later today."

Mr. Springer just gulped and nodded.

"Well," Terry went on, aware that small talk would just waste time, "I will just go ahead then and explain to you, Mr. Springer, why we have you here for this interview. I would like to introduce myself. I am Terry Rainer, assistant investigator at

the St. Augustine Police Department. The Tampa Police Department arrested a man whom we believe to be linked with a murder that occurred in St. Augustine, Mr. Tony Scarelli, also known as the Big Tooth. He had in his possession a cell phone that had your phone number entered- into his personal contact list. The fact that your number was on his phone has made you a person of interest in our investigation.”

Mr. Springer’s attorney jumped in by saying, “How do we know that this phone actually belonged to Mr. Scarelli?”

Terry was ready for that question. “His fingerprints were found all over this phone, denoting that whether or not he owned it, he definitely used it!”

The attorney relaxed into his chair. Terry leaned forward a little, glancing once toward the attorney. “Our second question then is, why was your number in this personal call list on a phone that Mr. Scarelli used?” The attorney whispered into his ear.

Mr. Springer answered slowly, “I don’t really know Mr. Scarelli and wouldn’t have any idea why my number was on this phone.”

Terry again was ready for this answer. “We checked all of Mr. Scarelli’s phone calls over the last six months with a search warrant to the phone company and found that several calls were made back and forth between you and Mr. Scarelli during that time-period, usually on the weekends.”

His attorney jumped in again with a question. “How many phone calls?”

Terry answered back with, “There were more than three.” She wouldn’t give the actual number in the case that this investigation went to a trial. She just wanted a confession.

Mr. Springer knew now that he was into a corner and tightened his lips, not forgetting what a powerful imprint a simple phone call could be to a criminal investigation.

“Well, Mr. Springer,” Terry went on, “did you make those phone calls to Mr. Scarelli on the weekends? When we talked on the phone before, you admitted to making a call for an escort?”

The attorney again whispered into his ear, and his eyes rolled with understanding. “No,” he said lying. He was half-thinking, *Whew, I am so glad she didn’t bring in a lie detector machine.* “Have you ever met Mr. Scarelli in any venue?” Terry asked.

Springer just sat and nodded his head from side to side to indicate a no answer. Terry knew that the interview had stymied and that any further questions would be fruitless, like a child rebel who wouldn't admit to breaking a window. Realizing the interview was dead, she said, "Thank you, Mr. Springer, for coming."

Mr. Springer rose with his attorney and exited out the door without another word. As Terry went out into the police station lounge and relaxed with a cup of coffee, the television news was hot on the local happenings at the capital. A capital reporter indicated that state representative Springer was being interviewed by police investigators today regarding his supposed possible involvement with a Tampa prostitution ring.

"As a person of interest, he is now meeting with police at the Tallahassee police station," the reporter chimed. "We now go to the state attorney's office for an interview."

The cameras were now on the beautiful image of one of Florida's state attorneys, Ms. Carol Carley. "We don't have any interest in Mr. Springer at this time," she said.

Just a few words were powerful on TV. What she indicated was what usually happens with politicians. Investigations get stymied and rarely lead to arrests or charges, much less trials. It can all be summed up with what Mr. Springer's attorney whispered to him as they entered the attorney's white Cadillac in front of a bank of TV cameras awaiting them outside the front entrance of the Tallahassee police station: "We'll bury them in paperwork. We'll never go to court!"

Later in the day though, things were different. As Terry flipped on the late-afternoon news at the hotel, the news had changed. The TV capital reporter indicated a huge development that afternoon at Florida's seat of power "state representative Erin Springer announced his resignation from public office at the end of his present term. He will no longer seek reelection; we are now going to get a response from the house speaker's office. "Uh, we are praying for Mr. Springer's family and hope that this new development won't affect his last few months in office very much."

Terry switched off the TV and made a call to Hunter Bannister up in Ohio to make arrangements the next morning to fly there and jump into the interview with the Pizza Head.

"Holy hot coals! Terry, my goodness, did you roast this guy

alive in that interview or what!” was the first thing Hunter mused with Terry on the phone. “I can’t wait for you to throw a few barbs at the Pizza Head.” Hunter laughed.

Terry admitted, “His resignation was unexpected, I’ll admit. I did hold back on the number of phone calls he made to Scarelli to try to corner him, and it must have been the straw that broke the camel’s back. I told him that there were more than three calls but held back on the exact number. That must have convinced his attorney that we had the beginnings of a case against him. I’ll be in Cleveland tomorrow by 3:00 p.m.”

25 Another Miracle

January 25, 2013

Philip needed a miracle, and miracles come in the most unusual ways, and sometimes by the hands of some of the most unexpected individuals. Kort had been casing the Swede all day who was not hard at all to miss with his massive, muscular structure. If the Swede was in a crowd, all you had to do was look for the widest shoulders.

Kort noted his activities all day. He saw him on the corner holding up the streetlight, just three hundred yards from the Sky-High cafe where Philip was reclining. He saw him at the supermarket getting snacks and drinks. He followed him to the liquor store where he walked out with a case of beer.

Next, Kort shadowed him to his cheap motel room on the shady side of town. Kort also noticed with pleasure that he was taking a private room; his sidekick had his own. Kort stayed well into the shadows until things quieted down, and he noticed the blue TV light illumination cease. He waited for another twenty minutes for the Swede to fall into a deep, beer-induced sleep. It was around 11:20 p.m.

Door locks were something Kort trained himself on at home many times. He would purposefully lock himself out of his house and then pick the lock to reenter. Basic motel locks were too easy, and being an older motel, the security lock measures had not been updated. Even the lighting of this cheap motel was simply forty-watt bulbs; no doubt, the management was saving on the power bill! These were excellent conditions for what he was about to accomplish.

He had two plans: Plan A was to pick the cheap lock and overpower the Swede on his bed, or, if the Swede woke up, then Plan B was to headlock him and jab him with the sedative in a syringe, which he had ready-to-go in his jacket pocket.

Kort just walked up to the door like he belonged there and inserted his pick in the lock. Nobody even watching would have noticed a problem, as it only took Kort around thirty to forty seconds to locate the tumbler he was looking for and line it up.

Next, he quickly let himself through the door and closed it

quietly behind him. Walking up to the sleeping rhino on the bed, he spotted the head and threw himself on top of the body, grabbing the back of the Swede's Neanderthal-like head and placing his palm on his chin. As the Swede awoke, his neck was snapped before he could even respond. The body went lifeless on the pillow. Plan A worked! Kort whispered in the Swede's ear, "Got here just in time for your nightly chiropractic treatment. Sorry, I got a little careless; I think I need a little more training on snapping necks. I learned the trade from a crazy old man with a meat hook."

Now, Kort took the bed cover and placed it on the floor beside the bed and rolled the massive man off on top of it. He then rolled the Swede up in the bed cover or, as they say in the underworld, "dressed him up in a curtain."

Kort grabbed the Swede's own rent-a-car keys and made it for the door. The rent-a-car, a 2012 small van, was parked directly outside the door. Kort opened the door and walked out to the van like he belonged there and opened the back doors, which were facing the motel door. The next step was critical, as no motel guests could see him carry the body out!

Making sure that everything was clear, Kort dragged the 270- pound six-foot carcass to the back of the van, lifting him into the cargo hold. Apparently, nobody noticed! Closing the door of the motel room, he jumped into the van and now it was off to a state-of- the-art burial he had planned.

That same day, in the early morning, Kort had taken a walk over to the city graveyard just to catch some air.

"Graveyards are the perfect place to walk if you are looking for privacy. I never saw an operative on duty here," he observed.

Here he was making his plans about his next steps after he made sure that Philip was safe and well protected from the goons that the general and Giorgio were sending to Bend.

Kort reflected, after a couple of good hits, they'll get the message and stay where they belong, in the shadow of the Washington Memorial!

As he walked the main trail through the graveyard, he read a few epitaphs on gravestones of which one said, "Here lies Leroy Orville. He made his clients walk, and they continue to talk as he takes *his* stroll through heaven."

Curiously he noticed off in the newer part of the cemetery a scene where a grave had been dug by a backhoe parked nearby and an outdoor pavilion had been erected for an apparent ceremony for some upcoming memorial service. Not knowing who was about to be buried in the fresh-dug grave, he made plans to use this as an opportunity should he bag the Swede that same night.

Winding through the connecting streets now at exactly 11:45 p.m., Kort pulled off adjacent to the graveyard on the nearest street and parked the Swede's van. Opening the back of the van, all he had to do now was lift this 270-pound sack of potatoes over the small five-foot steel fence.

Plop, plop went the Swede as he now entered his new permanent home. Kort joined up with the body and dragged it over to the memorial area with the freshly dug grave and lined it up horizontally with the grave and rolled the Swede into the deep hole. *Thud.*

"That's the last sound this violent hit man will ever say," he mumbled as he started to grab available dirt with his hands. That was one thing he forgot. "Let's see, a shovel, hmmm."

He looked around the immediate area and spotted something that might work. In a garbage can nearby was an empty plastic gallon milk container.

Kort pulled out his pocketknife and cut the container into the shape of a scoop. "Hah, perfect, that's using your years of training!" He entertained himself scooping precise amounts of dirt into the grave and covering the Swede with enough to hide his bulky presence from the memorial party that would meet there at exactly 10:00 a.m. the next day. Kort figured that nobody would ever notice a slight change in the depth in what appeared to him a pretty deep six-foot hole.

"Yah, who is going to notice once they get the coffin braced up over the hole? Once it's lowered, they're not going to jump in again to measure the depth!" He laughed almost hysterically as he drove off.

The next day would be memorable, but only for those who knew the secret of Kort, the dead Swede, and an ostrich-like mortician, who suddenly became aware of a strange development in an average memorial service; a mysteriously

shallow grave hole. The only thing for Kort to do now was to park this van without its regular driver back at the motel for a quick pick-up by the Swede's sidekick after he figures out sometime in the morning that his partner will not be returning.

26 The Chinese Hotel

January 26, 2013

Kort didn't want to miss the memorial service, so he left his hotel room early to observe any activity at the graveyard from distance. Around 10:00 a.m., he observed a long line of cars entering the main gate.

"Holy cans of tuna!" He witnessed in cognitive alarm. "This must be a local VIP."

His observations were correct; as the limousines curled around the memorial pavilion and parked, many men in black and sunglasses exited and stood at the rear of the hearse. The mortician opened the large back door and pulled out an expensive black coffin on rails. The men in black all grabbed a place on the coffin side bars and walked the coffin over to the freshly dug grave and placed the coffin on the support beams across the opening.

Women in black and dark-blue colors walked over to the pavilion; a priest with a white collar primped in to join them. A memorial service started ten minutes later as the area filled up with too many people to fit in the tiny space. Tension began to build in Kort's shoulders and neck as he thought of the possibilities should they discover what lay beneath the VIP's coffin. He figured he better go to the newsstand and get a paper and check the obituaries to see who this guy in the coffin was, but he couldn't pull himself away from his observation post to see if the rest of the memorial service went as scheduled.

After a fifteen- to twenty-minute meeting, the group of mourners made their way over to the gravesite where flowers now made it almost difficult for the participants in the ceremony to stand. The public was still bringing more flowers at the time when the priest said the last few words, "Let us not forget the contribution that Mayor Courtier made to our city and the many people he helped throughout his lifetime. His memory will live for many years beyond today in our hearts and minds."

As the priest somberly stood to face the grave, the men from the mortuary started to lower the coffin. Down it went without a hitch, although the mortician noticed from his vantage point off

to the side that it should have gone down deeper than it did. All kinds of thoughts suddenly went through his head as to how his gravedigger had hit a boulder and quit digging and didn't tell him! Anyway, he wouldn't, and couldn't really, make it an issue at a memorial service with paying customers!

After the coffin was satisfactorily in place at the bottom to most observers, the family members all took a handful of dirt and said a prayer, dropping the dirt on top of the now-resting coffin. Later-on, after all the mourners left, the backhoe driver would shovel all the remaining earth into the hole and finish covering the "former mayor."

Kort read the memorial page in the local paper. The newspaper caption announced the funeral and memorial service: "Former mayor and city council member Harold Courtier died on January 22. The funeral service will be held at the Slack Brothers Funeral Home on January 26 at 8:00 a.m. with a gravesite memorial service following at 10:00 a.m. at the Waterford Gardens Cemetery."

"Oh well," Kort joked with himself, "the former mayor now has a new permanent constituent who won't talk back. I hope they both rest in peace in their new Chinese hotel!"

Back at the memorial gardens, the mortician was interviewing the gravedigger with a stern look.

"What happened? Did you hit a rock at the bottom of the hole and not tell me?"

"No, sir, I dug the grave as always and didn't hit anything," he shot back.

"Did you take the proper measurements to make sure the hole was up to specs?" asked the mortician.

"Yes, of course, I always use the premeasured six-foot rod when I am done and check every corner," the gravedigger said defensively. "Well, it sure looked a foot shallow. Uh, did you already fill in the grave?" the stressed mortician finalized.

"Yes, sir, I had another one to dig today, so as soon as all the people left, I filled it."

"Well, we can't exhume a body now without notifying the family, and you can bet their attorney would get involved. We'll just have to leave it for now and hope that no one from the family noticed the screwup on the specs. Just try to make sure

the next one is at the proper depth!” the mortician exclaimed as he shot out the door and climbed into his awaiting limousine.

The possibility that there may be something else in the hole never even crossed the mortician’s mind until days later when he was looking over some receipts and saw the Courtier family’s payment, and it reminded him of the circumstances of that strange shallower-than-usual grave. Suddenly, a spine-chilling sweat went up and down his back when he observed cognitively the slight possibility that something or someone else might be underneath the coffin of former mayor Harold Courtier.

The mortician also thought of the scandal it could produce to exhume the body under the suspicion of a foreign object in the grave. *How could I even convince the police of the slight possibility? All they would do might be to check their missing-person reports for that day in late January. Then who is to say that a missing person even wound up down there in the depths of the earth?*

He decided to take a night cap instead and try to forget it and any of the possibilities. The surrounding scandal, if it was true, would hurt his business. Thus, economics overrated truth, and Mr. Slack the mortician would just forget the whole incident. It never happened.

“I heard, I heard, yes, he is missing. I got a text from the other guy we sent out there with him. Yes, the Swede is dead, wrapped in a missing bed cover, and the other guy with him checked out of the motel, returned the rental van, and requested another assignment outside the country, which we granted, he’ll like it in Guyana. He was too afraid to come back here to Washington since Kort used to work in the capital,” the general squeaked.

Giorgio at the CIA cocked his head into the phone receiver. “This is quite a development, that’s now two operatives; we should have known there is no real match up for Kort here in our CIA pool of agents.” The general hung up without another word.

“You would have to commission a whole platoon of special ops, but of course, we can’t do that on American soil,” said an administrative assistant to the CIA’s Giorgio Garlini.

“I know, we are going to have to make an immediate assessment whether we will continue to make this Philip a priority, he has too many friends, and this could get super messy if we continue. The next thing is that local law enforcement

could pick up on our secret activities, and we would have to start political favors, maneuvers, and blackmails. And, with the dead bodies, it could take a station chief's action to clear it.

"Let's take a breather for now, and I will discuss it at my next meeting with the general. That may be in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, what do you have on this Kort?" said Giorgio.

The administrative assistant shuffled intently at his handful of notes. "We know he is operating successfully under our radar. We know he is in the area since we have probably two dead operatives. He must be using cash only, and he is probably wearing a professional nose job disguise or makeup, as street cameras are not showing any matches. He was one of our best operatives and can meet about anything we send into his operation area which, we suspect, to be anywhere Philip is going!

"We don't quite understand the relationship between Philip and Kort, but there seems to be more than a coincidence that, as the general and you originally gave Kort orders to take Philip out, he seems to be doing quite the opposite. But is instead protecting Philip in any possible way he can; and *we* are now the enemy!"

Giorgio looked down at his desk and shook his head and said, "So much for national security! Please be sure to keep all of this at this office. Don't let this leak out to the director. This was supposed to be just another easy under-the-table cleanup job!

27 A Heavenly Connection

January 26 and 27, 2013

The same night that Kort put the Swede in a bedspread, Philip had fallen into a deep sleep at home. He was dreaming; there's no doubt about that. It was a brief dream where he saw the Swede, a tall, muscular man with blonde hair.

Everything was normal in the dream until the Swede looked directly at him with eyes of fire. It freaked him out so much he started to wake up, and as soon as he was becoming conscious, a voice spoke audibly to him, saying, "Put a curtain on the Swede."

At the time he woke up, it was around 11:20 p.m., precisely the time that Kort picked the Swede's lock. Philip knew from experience that such clear dreams and vocal transmissions of information were usually credible. If the dream wasn't absolutely-exact, it may be at least a strong representation of something or someone.



The Swede's eyes of fire.

He knew intuitively that something had happened;

something was different. He couldn't help but think about Barbara, the woman he thought to be a possible angel, and he even entertained the idea once again that she may have intervened on his behalf.

The next morning, he couldn't help but notice the new peace he experienced over the day before; something new was in the air. He never missed stopping downtown Bend at the Sky-High cafe for his morning coffee and Internet surf. After that, he had little to do since he couldn't get in the mood, at-the-moment, to write creatively. As a result, he went over to a downtown art gallery to view what local artists were up to.

As he entered the Art Club, he paid a small donation and began to browse the displayed paintings on the wall. He went from room to room studying every detail of each painting and asking questions about themes and where each painting originated from. The lady who ran the shop was very talkative and helpful to a non-artist like Philip.

In the last room Philip entered, one painting seemed to jump off the wall at him. It was of local mountain scenery and had a man and woman in one corner sitting in a graceful pose around a clear pool of mountain spring water. You could see their reflection in the water as they looked downward. The reflection of the lady was clear-it was Barbara the angel!

Philip stood motionless, totally stunned and just stared at the painting for the longest time. He couldn't help but see that Barbara was smiling into the clear pool of water. The painting was so beautiful, innocent, and graceful; beyond that it was indescribable. He was speechless!

The lady who worked there could tell that he was drawn to the painting and came over to discuss it with him. Philip didn't know how to explain why he liked the painting. For a moment he had trouble even uttering a word, but slowly, he said, "Who is the artist?" The lady explained, "The painting was on loan from the association, and all I have for the artist is the name, Misty Keller.

Her box number and her business card are displayed on the wall below the painting."

The address was for a small town southwest of Bend, Elk Lake, a remote skiing and summer recreation community.

The lady said, "Misty might just work out of her home as there might not be any art galleries in her area."

Philip asked, "How do you get to Elk Lake?"

Looking a bit quizzical, the lady said, "Just southwest of Bend on the Cascade Lakes highway; it's not a very good road at all though, just dirt and a lot of worn-down scrub-board areas, especially when you are going uphill."

Philip answered calmly, "That's all right. I have a pickup truck. I'll make it. Does the town have any services?"

"Yes," the lady said, "there is a small grocery store and of course the ski hill has a restaurant. It's about twenty-five miles."

Philip now had a cool adventure for the day to find out if he could find Misty Keller and if she was acquainted with Barbara!

28 Right to the Top

January 27, 2013

Sometimes the public knows very little of what transpires in a jail between law enforcement and the prisoners. A new method of gathering information about drug dealers, their suppliers, and their clients is for law enforcement officials to make an announcement at a jail or prison that sentences will be shortened or even renegotiated for early releases if prisoners supply information leading to the arrest of their former contacts.

This very type of procedure took place one morning in a Washington DC area jail. Maryland officials walked into the jail and approached prisoners with such an offer of leniency and clemency for credible information on their former drug-dealing contacts. Because of peer pressure, many prisoners were afraid to come forward; there is that repetitious old dictum among the prison population that “snitches get stitches,” and, often they do.

However, if the information that a law enforcement team gets from the prisoner turns out to be credible, they work with the prisoner and the guards at the jail to make sure the prisoner is not abused by other inmates, even if it means moving them temporarily to another facility until they can get a judge-ordered release.

On this quiet January morning at the Washington DC city jail, one prisoner stepped forward to talk to the two well-dressed law enforcement officials from the drug enforcement task force.

Dirk Ramos was a former drug dealer busted on the Washington DC district streets with a trunk full of coke. He was as guilty as judgment could produce and was awaiting trial. He was about to face a judge who was famous for sending people up the river, an old prison slang for “All sealed up like a squirrel in da cage!”

Ramos was nervous; he knew he’d be put away for a long time and dreaded the thought of prison bars more than the stitches he might get from other men in the hood, if he talked. They took the prisoner to an empty lunch room where the two-law enforcement task force men planned to interview him.

“You will be recorded in this interview, and we expect that

everything you tell us will be voluntary, convincing, and reliable. If what you say turns out to be false, you'll be wasting our time as well as yours," said Lieutenant Thomas of the Washington DC Police Department.

Ramos was no fool and said, "Hey, I'm not riskin' mah chin here from da the other inmates who don't like snitches. I know somethin' that you'll be interested in, okay?"

"Well then, what do you want to tell us? We have time, so take your time," said the other well-dressed man John Hendricks from the Maryland State Police.

Ramos jumped right in, saying, "Well, I hope you got da recorder on 'cause I got som'thin' big, really big. It's like dis, I got som'thin' huge and hope y'all make sure I get da credit."

"Well, c'mon then, just spit it out," said the lieutenant.

"Yeah," Ramos began slowly. "I was dis big dealer in da city, I hat big clients, it was all word of mout. I dealt to whoevah wanted mah, mostly coke. Anyway, da congressman got mah number, and I dealt to him on a regular drop."

The task force members were intensely focused on Ramos; neither would interrupt even if he paused.

Ramos continued his truthful dirge. "He call me one day and met me at da bird restaurant with the private booths, ahh da Parrott Fever. It cost me a few bucks just to sit and drink a long neck waitin' for him, but soon he show, and we'd close da privacy screen and get down ta business. I would grease da table with mah stuff and close the deal, selling him five digits at a time!

"He always had ah pretty blond with him. He said she was with da Mafi-ahh. He told me once that if I cheated him, da lady would get pretty upset, if ya know what ahh mean. They liked my stuff, da coke, so they come back agin and agin. I sold to him exclusive like for months, until ahh got busted."

"Whew! Now you have our attention," said the lieutenant. "Who is your favorite congressman then?"

Ramos looked at the floor knowing that his next few words would make or break his prison sentence. "Ahh, it's da new guy from Florida. He is from the Tampa area, ahh dah congressmin." There was a long pause. "Ben Parington."

The lieutenant looked at his partner, Mr. Hendricks, and said, "Go talk to the warden right now and get a private cell for this man in a secure area. Request reasonable treatment. Tell him

I'll make sure that the city jail is reimbursed for any extra expenses."

The lieutenant looked again at Ramos. "After we check out your story, I'll be back to talk to you again. As soon as the guards come to get you, they will help you move your stuff to the new, secure cell for your safety from the other inmates."

"Oh, thank yah! Thank yah so much," said Ramos.

The lady at the Art Club was very correct about the roughness of the Cascade Lake's highway, Philip had to slow down to ten miles an hour going up some of the steeper grades. On one high stretch of road, there were no guardrails, and it wouldn't have been so scary except for the big trucks that flew by in the opposite direction as if they were on a mission from hell to get to the other side of the mountain.

Gravel flew everywhere, and occasionally a truck's tire would spit up a rock right onto Philip's windshield. After an hour of nail-biting turns and sharp grades, Philip saw the outline of a town on the north end of Elk Lake, a popular recreational location for Central Oregon. There wasn't much of business activity here in the middle of the winter, but he thought it would be a good idea to stop at the grocery store at the main crossroad of this wilderness intersection.

Philip needed a few things, snacks, and refreshments; and he parked and walked in, shopping a little before going to the counter. Seated at the counter was an older grey-haired man. Philip greeted him, and the man smiled and asked where he came from.

"I came up from Bend today on the Cascade Highway. I'm looking for a local lady that has some of her artwork displayed at the Art Club in downtown Bend, a Misty Keller," Philip admitted. The old man paused for a second, thinking, and offered, "Oh, Misty! Yes, she comes in here all the time. She lives up on the Three Sisters circle. She has a nice place there, it overlooks Elk Lake, and she has a big garage out by the road where she has her studio. I've been up there looking at her work on occasion. She is the best artist the area has as far as art and painting goes. She is usually there during the day if you want to see her work. My name is Fred. You can tell her I sent ya!"

Philip thanked Fred, paid for his groceries, and started up

the main road to Elk Lake. Fred told him that he should take the first left off the town's main road, and that would bring him up to the Three Sisters circle.

In just a few minutes, he was in the driveway of Misty's home. She had a chalet-modeled home of about five thousand square feet, a big porch on the front and back, with huge picture windows on the lakeside in an A-frame format. Out by the road was a garage big enough to park two recreational vehicles in side by side. A sign on the door announced her profession as an artist and welcomed visitors to the studio during business hours.

A little Open sign hung in a small window by the door. Philip parked his truck and entered the garage studio and was greeted by an unusually friendly and wealthy-looking late 30s blonde, with the softest-looking hair that could be visualized. She wore handcrafted silver on her hands and neck, another one of her artist hobbies. There was a silver jewelry display case right up front with all types of jewelry that she had handcrafted.

One section had Indian-modeled jewelry with the blue turquoise stones. Another section was of belt buckles, modern and redneck. Then there were the beautiful gemstone rings that she crafted of all different colors and gemstone combinations.

Along the walls of her huge studio were displayed an array of her latest works and a few that were monumental and not for sale. Off to the back was an area made by arranging office dividers together to display her thumbnail sketches, smaller-framed photos, and animal figurines.

Misty said to him, "Look around and take your time. Can I get you a fresh cup of coffee?"

"Sure," Philip responded with a huge smile, knowing that he would have plenty of time to talk and share with her.

Misty disappeared to the back and returned with a large mug of aromatic coffee and said, "I'll be over here working. If you have any questions about my work, just say sumthin'!" She giggled and started drawing something on an engineer's table with a green artist's pencil and metal ruler.

The tables around her work area were strewn with small erasers, pencils, paint tubes, easels, canvass, and paint thinners. On the shelves around the work area, art books on every topic were collected and displayed, while photos of friends and family were thumb-tacked to every available square inch on the wall behind her. Philip began to browse through her shop and was

amazed at the skill and potential commercial value of almost every piece of art. Her paintings were remarkably clear and realistic, like viewing a photograph. Her subjects were displayed in the paintings with great emotion and grace. Her photos were unique snapshots of God's miracles on earth; just a bee on a flower photographed with such clarity, the impression would be that the subject could have been viewed for hours before being photographed.

One remarkable photo was of a salmon jumping up a waterfall; the sun was perfectly illuminating the greenish color of the water and the fish in remarkable action!

"Wow, what a gift you have for observing the activities of nature!" Philip said to Misty as he wandered near her work area.

She looked up with a wide smile and said, "Thank you, you just made my day. Are there any pieces that you are interested in?"

"Sure, I think I'll take the salmon photo," said Philip.

Misty walked to the back and removed the photo and its frame and brought it up to the cash register while Philip followed her. As they got to the counter, Philip asked her the question that brought him to her shop.

"Do you know the Barbara who is in your painting at the Art Club down town Bend?"

Misty looked puzzled and said, "I do have a few paintings down at the Club, but I don't recall the name Barbara."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Philip. "It's the painting where there are two people looking-into a pool of water."

Misty just stood for a second thinking about the painting and responded slowly, "That was one of the most unusual paintings that I have ever done. There seemed to be a spiritual connection with it. One of the subjects in the painting, the woman looking-into the pool of water, was a face I saw in an apparition. I woke up in early January of this year, around the fourth, and saw her face looking at me in my sleeping room.

"When I went out to the studio, I made a full-size sketch of every detail of her face that I could remember. Oh yes! I have that first sketch right over here." Misty walked back to her work area and pulled out an artist sketch book and opened it to reveal the face that Philip was so familiar with.

It was undeniably Barbara, an older face, in her mid-fifties with dark-brown hair and a clear complexion. Misty's beautiful

green eyes now looked right into Philip's, she hesitated. "You know her?"

Philip could sense that she was stuck to him now like a magnet to steel and offered, "Why, yes, I met her in the Blue Mountain Cafe downtown. Later I bumped into her a couple of times on the street. That is definitely the same face of the lady I met."

"Wow, I need to get a cup of coffee and sit down. Do you want another? Let's sit over here for a few minutes. I want to hear more," Misty said as she walked to the back to get refills.

Philip sat on a comfortable lounge chair, and Misty brought two steaming hot cups of java to a small circular glass table between the chairs. "Now, can you tell me anything more about your experience with Barbara? Do you know anything else about her?" she quizzed. Philip responded with the only bit of information he could remember. "Barbara did say she did some writing in the past, some poetry, but that is all I know of her personal life. However, she was extremely helpful to me when I first came to town to show me where to look for the perfect place to live out in the country. It was just what I was looking for."

"That is remarkable," said Misty. "I see her in an apparition, and you see her in my painting, and that brings us here drinking coffee together. Are you familiar with angels? I mean, you know, uh, angels can be people too."

"Absolutely," said Philip, "I thought after Barbara helped me out that maybe she was an angel."

Their eyes were more than meeting now, there was a long pause, and Misty broke the silence with an invitation. "I also run a bed- and-breakfast and have a spare room. You would be welcome to come out and use it whenever you want."

Philip didn't know what to say at first. He *was* quickly attracted to this beautiful blond-haired fortyish woman. He just looked at her face for a few more enjoyable seconds as he covered for himself, taking a mouthful of coffee. "Yes, I would like that a lot. Maybe next weekend, I will call you ahead and make the arrangements."

Misty reached over on the table and gave him a colorful business card. When their hands got close, there was a magnetism that only comes when two magnets get within a quarter inch of contact. Something was in the air. Philip gave her a twenty for the photo and started out the door to his truck while

Misty curiously followed him out.

“Let me know if you are coming at least two days in advance, so I can have time to clean things up a little,” she giggled. In truth, she was suddenly anxious about losing a connection with Philip, almost overcome by this amazing development as was Philip.

Philip stopped, turned toward her, and looked directly in her eyes. “I will.” He then slowly slipped into his truck and drove off fully planning in his mind to take her up on the bed-and-breakfast offer. He would be counting the days, if not minutes.

Terry Rainer slipped into the comfortable leather seat of the private jet that would take her from Tallahassee to Cleveland by ten in the morning. There was a reason to be a little early to the airport; the skies over Florida were a superhighway of airplanes delivering millions of visitors to the over one thousand miles of white-beach paradise. It took a lot of extra time on the tarmac just to get the clearance orders to put the airframe into the heavy, moist air. Finally, they were airborne.

Terry worked almost the whole flight on her laptop computer preparing questions and possible rebuttals for the Pizza Head’s expected answers. Terry began to realize her gift in investigative interrogation and cross-examination skills in her last couple of interviews; she did seem to have accomplished the ability to feel for the emotional response of her interviewee. She could sense when they became tense from one of her questions by the sound of their vocal answers. A guarded answer was easily identifiable to her now; it meant that they had things to shroud in secrecy.

She was also aware that if her interviewee became a rat to someone else, his life could be on the line. As soon as he was released from custody, the mob would have a hit man handy ice him before he could talk again. The mob called such a quick response a “rat-a-tat for da rat!”

The pilot squeaked over the PA system that the Cleveland Hopkins International Airport was twenty minutes ahead and gave the ETA and current temperature at the airport. It was winter in the northern state, cold enough to catch one off guard.

Terry heard the pilot say, “Thirty-five degrees” and was glad

that she wore her leather business jacket!

“At least it’s a low-humidity cool and won’t have a chilly wind chill,” she presumed.

Chirp, chirp. The airplane’s wheels sang as the fuselage labored to find a low center of gravity in the meeting of rubber and cement runway. The powerful jet engines revved up to thrust break the forward motion of the plane. Suddenly, force met control for the pilot who was able to take complete hold of the motion of the plane, slowing and turning safely onto the side lane to the loading area.

The plane taxied to a private plane area where smaller jets could load and unload without the need for elevated walkways. A limousine waited nearby the exact area that the plane stopped, where out jumped Hunter looking like he had something especially important to tell Terry.

As she stepped down off the short staircase onto the tarmac, Hunter almost knocked her off her balance when he quickly gave her the news. “We have an unbelievable breakthrough in this whole investigation. Two members of X1’s family came into the St. Augustine police station this morning seeking refuge from their mobster father. They think X1 is trying to kill them! In addition to that, another body popped up near a swamp, and these two say it was one of X1’s former managers. We have the two-family members in protective custody until you can get back to interview them.

“I just got off the phone with the chief, he told me the whole thing. He thinks that they will tell us what they know of X1’s illegal operations; all we need to do now is get a firm confession from the Pizza Head on who killed Liza Dean and see if we can tie any of it back to X1’s local operations. We even might possibly get the Pizza Head to confess to X1’s present location.”

Terry looked at him with a calming smile. “I’m ready, let’s go get ‘em!”

The ride to downtown Cleveland was proof that it is always a good idea to have someone else drive. Cleveland should be labeled the City of No Rules; drivers weaved in and out just inches from the limousine’s bumpers. Police actions were evident with flashing lights at almost every major conjunction.

“What a stinking mess,” Hunter said as they carefully moved forward through an accident-induced traffic jam.

Terry responded in kind. “Watch out!”

The limousine driver caught the action in front of him as a car swerved into their lane without thought of using his blinker.

“Don’t worry,” the driver spoke up, “this type of thing happens here every morning!”

Terry put her hand to her chest and said, “It was a lot more peaceful up in the air at ten thousand feet. Can I go back?”

The limousine stopped at the FBI office in downtown Cleveland. They exited the limousine and stepped into the FBI lobby and were greeted by the businesslike secretary who stared them down the moment they entered. Looking out of the corner of her eye, she spoke up in the air as if to direct her voice over the office divider behind her.

“I think your 1:00 p.m. appointment just walked in, Lisa.”

Just like a Miss America pageant, Lisa Bogadeen stepped out from behind the office divider that was shadowing her “queen of the universe” charisma. She looked like she must have spent all morning with beauty attendants brushing up her hair and makeup, selecting her outfit, and shining her shoe selection from her three hundred pair-collection.

Terry Rainer was okay with all the glitter, but Hunter was already checking her hand for wedding rings and at the same time thinking that Cleveland just became a star city!

Lisa greeted the Florida task force investigative team and said, “We have your subject, Tony Scarelli, the Pizza Head, in the back-end interrogation room. We have the recording equipment ready to go. The employee break room is in the hallway to the left where you can freshen up in the lounge and use the restrooms.”

“Thank you,” Hunter said, “will you be joining us for the interview?”

Lisa smiled and said, “Yes, I’ll join you all in a few minutes after I finish a phone call.”

It was probably a good thing that Terry was scheduled to do the interview and not Hunter. He was altogether distracted for the rest of the day by Lisa’s beauty. He would have to train himself on keeping his eyes fixed on the suspect they were there to interview than looking at her; he needed to always maintain a professional stance.

29 Angel-Inspired Close Encounters

January 30, 2013

A few days went by after Philip's close encounter at Elk Lake. He certainly had seen beauty, only he began to wonder in his if this was some sort of angel-inspired miracle in the making.

He saw this as too much of a coincidence than to be happenstance. He could see that Barbara once again had directed him to someone he needed to see. How could Barbara know so many things about him? The new woman she helped him find was artistic and intelligent, yet somehow divine.

The weekend was approaching, and he didn't want to miss out on a possible opportunity, so he keyed in Misty's phone number into his phone. Seconds passed as he looked at the Enter key on his cellular phone. Before he could hit the Clear button, he took a chance and punched Enter.

The connection went through, and after a couple of rings, a female voice answered the call.

"Hello." It was the voice of Misty.

Philip greeted her and gave a reason for calling. "I was thinking of coming there this Friday. Is the invitation for a room still on?"

Without a hesitation, Misty said in a definite voice, "Yes!"

Philip's heart started skipping; her voice was so soothing! It was almost as if any doubt in his mind had suddenly been erased. This lady really did want to spend some time with him!

"Uh, I'll see you in a couple of days then. Do I need to bring anything with me?"

Again, Misty used a soft, reassuring voice. "No, just yourself, but maybe you could pick up a couple of things for me from the Art Club. I need some canvas for my paintings. Just stop by there on your way, and the manager will give you my order in a bag, ready to go."

Philip answered with enthusiasm, "Sure, that'll be fine, glad to help out; see you on Friday afternoon, good-bye."

Wow, Philip mused, I'll be counting seconds until I can see her again!

Suddenly his cellular phone rang in his hand before he had a

chance to put it in its leather carrying case; this time it was an incoming text message. He opened the message to read, "We're here in Broome, Australia, and have the cottage almost ready for visitors. We already set your airfare up. You can pick your ticket up at the airport. Your flight information is online at your mailbox. You leave for here in ten days. Looking forward to your coming, Mr. Miller."

Philip was even more excited now and relieved. He would now be able to escape the company the syndicate and the underworld and go to the other side of the planet! The McKenna family ranch would certainly be safer than being out in the open here in Oregon. He would have to think of a way to explain this to his new friend Misty. Would she understand his flying off to another country just as their friendship was initiated? These questions would be answered over the weekend. Perhaps he could see her one more time before he had to leave?

The next day, he stopped by the Art Club to see the painting of the water pool one more time and to pick up Misty's supplies. The lady at the counter greeted him as he entered.

"You must be Philip," she said. "I was expecting someone driving a small blue pickup truck!"

He smiled, gave the gratuity in the jar on the counter, and walked to the wall where Misty's display was. Again, he studied the "Barbara" painting with the green meadow and pool of water and noticed a new thing about the painting he hadn't seen before. There were small yellow desert-like bushes near the water source; these seemed a little out of place near a pool of water!

When the lady at the counter asked him what he was looking at, he pointed out the slight incongruity in the painting. "Why does the artist have these yellow bushes near the water. Aren't these desert bushes?" Philip questioned.

The lady admitted she had looked up the bushes on the Internet and confirmed them to be a variety that grew only in arid desert conditions. "Yes, you have an incredible eye. They are a desert variety of broom bushes."

Philip was speechless. That was the name of the city he was traveling to in Australia, Broome! Philip walked to the counter and thanked the woman for the accurate, helpful information and took to his truck the bag of Misty's supplies that she had prepared and drove back to the ranch rental. He would see Misty

again tomorrow and would have another question for her about why she used a bush that grew only in certain areas of the world, including Western Australia, in her painting.

30 Bora Bora or World-Class R & R

January 31, 2013

At the same time Philip and Misty's friendship was taking root, across the world in one of the most protected areas available to underworld people is a little hamlet of islands called, Bora Bora. This is an area known also as French Polynesia or Tahiti. It is an area of islands and atolls, some private, some public. A famous Western actor once purchased an entire island, and it is still a part of his estate.

The area is very accommodating to the rich and famous as well as people like X1 or former underworld chiefs who are on the lam from the law. It is very easy to take a boat to one of the private island communities and say goodbye to civilization, which was exactly what X1 was committed to do, at least until things cool down.

In most cases, six months to a year of hiding and then underworld figures can reappear under a different name and identity. Sometimes they steal these identities from their victims who have gone missing, by combining information and identities of more than one person into one. This keeps the authorities totally confused about who is who. X1 left society under one name and would reappear under another, possibly moving to a new city to resume operations when the smoke cleared. As X1 took the ferry from the mainland of Bora Bora to the private island bungalow of his associate, the Pizza Head, he put all concern behind him that the FBI will ever be able to locate him.

As the ferry nears the dock of the private resort community, resort staff stands at attention while the boat crew fastens the ropes. Then, like a king expecting to be pampered by underling slaves, X1 steps onto the dock to be greeted by the resort manager.

"Welcome to paradise, we have your bungalow ready. Follow me." X1 nods and trails the manager up the ramp to a waiting golf cart. They first went on a tour of the facilities offered at the community. Then it was a drive by the Olympic-size pool and a ride over the golf course to the activities

building. The whole time X1 is being updated on every detail of the wonders of the park.

Finally, the golf cart stops at his bungalow. It has a well-manicured yard with tropical plants, a condominium on stilts! A reasonable stairway rises-up to a side-door entrance. A large porch with a Jacuzzi welcomes him as he enters into his new hideaway.

The manager said before he drove off, "Let us know if we can accommodate you in any way?"

X1 sat down on the comfortable living room sofa and fell asleep. Little did he dream that across the world, the FBI and one blossoming interrogator had an interview going on with X1's soon to sing associate, the Pizza Head. Assuming he wouldn't talk when he went into the interview, he most likely will.

When the Pizza Head finds out the arsenal of ammo in Terry Rainer's possession, he'll have no other choice but to tell her what she wants to know. X1's adventure across the world and new hiding place is only that to him. The FBI may soon be looking directly at him through the bungalow's large-screen TV! But it is probably just as well that X1 doesn't know that the Pizza Head will choke on the pizza slice that Terry Rainer offers. This will give the FBI plenty of time to contact the Tahitian government and inform them that a planeload of agents will be spending time in the beautiful Polynesian capital, real soon!

Oblivious to the developing plans of FBI agents, X1 fell into a deep, relaxing sleep with a smile still on his face, thinking of some of the *other* amenities the distant island community offers to guests. Polynesia is home to some of the most beautiful women in the world, and X1 may want to recruit some into his island harem.

Back in Cleveland, Hunter was still trying hard to be professional and concentrate on the subject they were interviewing, while stealing glances at Lisa Bogadeen.

Wow, this should be illegal, he thought as he studied the black business suit Lisa wore. *She looks so businesslike, and the bonus, a French-cut blouse that showed off how voluptuous she was.* Hunter tried to shake off his hormonal feelings and encouraged Terry Rainer to start the interview as Lisa went into the control room where all the recording equipment was.

Without looking too suspicious, Hunter joined Lisa in the small recording studio control center.

Inside this room there was also a two-way mirror that viewed into the interrogation suite where the Pizza Head sat in full sight of the video camera that was displaying his image on the monitor in the control room. Hunter spoke quietly to Lisa about his faith in the professionalism of Terry, all the while at the same time being overcome by the sweet peach scent of Lisa's carefully selected perfume.

"Yes," Lisa said, "I am curious to see her in action. I heard about the aftermath of her interview with the Florida state representative. When they resign like that, it can only mean that they were completely corn husked. Not an easy thing to do with a politician! Bill Clinton when he was cornered slipped out with the phrase 'It all depends on what your definition of *is* is'!"

Hunter laughed. "Oh yeah, I forgot about that."

Terry came in and sat in the chair opposite to the Pizza Head and started to create a personal conversation with him. "I hope that they have been treating you fairly at the jail?"

The Pizza Head nodded affirmatively, saying, "I miss da daily saunas at da spa."

"Well," Terry responded, "hopefully things will go well here today, and you can get back to those soon."

"Thanks, ahh, ya need to do somethin' about za meals-too much saltah. I hat a bowl of stew the otter night, and there was enough saltah to preserve an army of pigs!" the Pizza Head reminded her.

Terry viewed him with a concerning smile. "The prison systems chef apparently spent too much time in a beef jerky factory. I'm sorry about that. Well, let's move ahead with our scheduled interview, Mr. Pizza Head. My first question, do you ever go by a real name?"

"Well, yeah," he said, "I never liked mah name too much, so when Ahh went inta da pizza business, my guys started callin' me da Pizza Head, and I locked it-ah."

Terry quickly responded with, "We need a real name for our interview purposes."

"It's Gerald Herman. My friends called me Hermit when I was young; I hated dat!"

"Thank you, Herman, for being honest," Terry reassured him. "I don't want to waste any of your time, so I am going to tell

you exactly what we need to know. Did you or anyone in your organization have anything to do with the death of Liza Dean?"

"Nah, no! I don't know dat name," the Pizza Head responded calmly looking at the floor.

Terry prodded with new knowledge for the man cowering in front of her. "Liza was an undercover FBI agent with the Florida Task force on Prostitution. One of your associates in protective custody, the Big Tooth in Tampa, said you might know something about her death on Highway 16 in St. Augustine a while back."

The Pizza Head just stared at the floor. Terry expected this type of response to new information. It was all part of leading up to cracking an egg. She went on, "We now have two family members, the children of a man known as X1. They are in our protective custody and are willing to talk about a Florida-based prostitution and drug-running operation that their father controlled. They said that they know of you as being part of the operation. I read their interview transcripts upon my arrival here. They seem to know a lot about the local operations, particularly the prostitution ring."

The Pizza Head doubled over completely and began to mumble, "Da man you want is notah me. The man who gave the order to waste Liza is in the South Psthific!"

"Are you talking about this X1?" Terry whispered in his ear. The Pizza Head whispered back, "Yes!"

Terry went for the final dig. "Where in the South Pacific?"

Gerald Herman finally looked up and told the truth for the first time in his life, aware that he would never be able to run his network inside the borders of the East Coast Mafia establishments territory ever again. "He is at mah bungalow near Bora Bora."

Terry looked up at the blank window that connected to the two observers in the control room and smiled. Hunter opened the door and walked in to take over for the FBI, with the purpose of getting specific information about the exact location of the now murder suspect's whereabouts.

Terry then exited and went into the employee lounge and poured a full mug of hot coffee and sat down to e-mail her boss back at St. Augustine. "We got a confirmation on X1 as the murder suspect of Liza Dean. Hunter is getting his location now, somewhere near Bora Bora in the South Pacific. The Pizza Head

will be released from custody. See you in around eighteen hours. Terry.”

Now with the interview done and the Pizza Head released from custody (he could only be held for seventy-two hours), the team of three case crackers went out to lunch at one of Cleveland’s premier restaurants, none other than the Pizza Head’s personal pizzeria, the Big Florence. They wanted to see more of his staff and to notice if there was anything else about his establishment that could be conspicuous by a casual visit.

The food was excellent and even more for Hunter Bannister; he had a chance to “interview” Ms. Bogadeen.

The Pizza Head walked out of the FBI office and disappeared into the confusion of a busy city street, never to be seen again on U.S. soil. He was on his way to Mexico’s western coast to the one of the most picturesque cities on the planet, Puerto Vallarta. Puerto Vallarta was one of the world’s premier party cities and playgrounds for the kings of the North American underworld.

Friday came, and Philip woke with enthusiasm. This was the day he would get to see Misty again. He did his usual morning routine of breakfast, some devotional reading, and clothing selections. Being a special day, he took out his safari attire, the desert-brown shirt with big pockets, the khaki trousers, the suede boots, and an olive-green safari hat. He figured he could use the safari outfit as a transition to conversation when Misty asked what he was dressed for; He could then tell her of his proposed trip to Australia.

Hey, he thought in his mind, she might truly be impressed that I’m the adventure type. She might like to travel too! This won’t be all that bad. It will give me plenty to share with her about the beauties of Australia, the Outback, the Kimberlies, Cable Beach!

Philip hopped into his little blue Chevy pickup, a good-running truck that he spent thousands of dollars to rebuild, after purchasing the little truck at an auction for two thousand. Almost every movable part had been changed, and of course, it had the custom light-blue paint job.

Driving the truck was fun, but Philip was concerned that the syndicate may have put a tracker chip in the form of a magnet somewhere on the frame of the vehicle. But even that diminished as a concern to him when he found out they could find him anyway electronically by monitoring his cell phone pings; no matter where he went, they would show up.

Philip just decided to live each day to the fullest no matter who was following him or taking his picture with their cell phones. Although the occasional death threat as a text message on his iPhone or subsequent e-mail was nerve-racking, to say the least. One text was written in such a clever format. It said, "The attorney's office from 511 PAIN would like to discuss with you your recent accident."

And on an e-mail sent around the same time, they wrote, "To betray our trust could result in this or that!" But putting these threats behind him for now, it was a most enjoyable clear day and a refreshing drive over the mountain pass to Elk Lake. Philip stopped again at the small store at the main intersection in town to buy some snacks for the weekend.

Fred, the store manager, greeted him from the counter when he walked in, "Well, how's it goin'? Nice to see you again. Are you headed out to Misty's for the weekend?"

"Yes," Philip said, "I need to pick up some snacks to keep in my rental room." Philip walked to the snack section and filled his arms with bags of healthy chips, nuts, and effervescent water refreshments. At the cash register, Fred did his usual small-town gossip updates. "Yea, they're thinking of building a new boat ramp at the end of the main road. When it's done, I should get some more business in here on the weekends. That'll help."

"That's great," Philip supported. "When will they finish it?" "Oh, no one knows for sure. These projects always go into cost overruns. Ya-know, like the Boston tunnel project, it could soar into the billions!"

Philip smiled and paid for his big bag of snacks and started out the door.

"Hope you and Misty have a good weekend. Good-bye," Fred encouraged him as the door closed. Philip waved back.

As Philip drove into Misty's yard, the house looked so warm and presenting. A lot of lights were on as if she had a full house of people. He exited his truck and walked up to the door. Before he could ring the bell, Misty appeared in the doorway with a

pleasant smile. As she opened the door, a bouquet of scents rushed out and grabbed Philip's nose as if some unseen power had overwhelmed him. He stood motionless in his Australian attire, at first just studying one of the purest faces he had seen in years.

Misty stepped back and motioned for him to enter. He did without a word. Entering-into her domain was such a mind-grabbing experience. He took a left hook from her expensive French perfume, a right hook from the aroma of a meat roast in the oven, and a knockout punch by the cute outfit she had on. A step back in time was her ruffled blouse, showing some cleavage, and white slacks outlining an almost-perfect figure, and all made girlish by a pair of pink furry slippers.

He was as close to heaven suddenly that a man could ever achieve, aside from watching a football game in an easy chair. He finally spoke an audible word and smiled to her as he gestured around the main living area of her home. "This room is big, the windows are so high up, and wow, that sofa looks so comfortable!"

"Yes, come in and sit down. Can I get you something?" she said. "Sure, how about a soda," Philip said as he sat in a lounge chair probably as big as Paul Bunyan's.

As he sat enjoying the atmosphere of a stellar A-frame home, the cutest little toy poodle came jumping into his presence, who just stood fixed-upon the new person in his pre-conquered domain. Then, his little lip started to quiver and turned up in a guttural growl.

Misty heard the commotion from the kitchen and ordered the little general to stand-down. "Oh, stop it, Spinky, Philip is a friend!" She then appeared with a tray of drinks and party snacks and set it next to Philip on an end table. "This is my little defender. He's really a pest when you get to know him. He thinks he owns everything," she laughed. "You can't help but love him though. He's so cute."

Philip laughed too as he took a handful of party snacks and his soda.

"In a few minutes, I'll show you your room, and maybe then we can have some dinner." Misty smiled to him.

"Yes, that'll be great," Philip said.

Spinky had now gone from being *defender* to *beggar* as he studied the party snacks in Philip's hand. Misty walked to the

stereo and put on some soft music and sat in the easy chair next to his. "I have lived here for around ten years. It's such a blessing. My husband who is now departed had it built for us as a vacation home. After he passed, I just went ahead and moved here permanently and sold our home in Portland. He started his own software company in the '90s, just before the big tech bubble. The next thing we knew, he had an operation with over 120 employees and customers all over the planet.

"Just before he died, he had sold his company to a competitor for one hundred million. Even after paying all the estate taxes after the funeral, it left me with enough to enjoy my life here doing the things I love the most: art and running my bed-and-breakfast. I love to meet and talk to all the people that find me by word of mouth and through a popular bed-and-breakfast travel directory."

Philip listened carefully to every word she spoke.

"I love this area as it goes so far back into my family history," she continued. "I am directly related to the legendary Chief Joseph. The Wallowa Mountains aren't too far from here, and that is where the Nez Perce tribe, which Chief Joseph led, pitched their teepees. The nineteenth-century armies forced the Nez Perce up to the reservation in north-central Washington State, far from their homeland. Joseph lamented the loss of his ancestral lands in the Wallawas to the day of his passing. I never want to leave Oregon unless I can go to another unique Indian land."

This sparked in Philip's ear as he knew from his research that Western Australia was in the scope of what she was alluding to. The local natives there, the aborigines, had a remarkable internationally known heritage; movies had been made of their tribal customs. *However*, he thought carefully, *it's too soon to tell her about Australia, but I could ask her about the broom bush!*

Misty could see he was thinking of something and used her womanly intuition to say, "A penny for your thoughts?"

Philip hesitated slightly as he formed the question for her. "I was curious about the yellow desert bush that you placed conspicuously by the pond in the *Angel* painting?"

Misty thought for a moment and offered, "I recently went on a vacation for painters to Western Australia. It is one of the most beautiful and artistic-inspiring places. The yellow broom bushes

grow wild there all over the desert, and the plant sort of caught my eye when I was reviewing photos that I had taken. Most people wouldn't notice that it is out of place sitting next to water in a meadow, but it worked well aesthetically in the painting, so I placed it next to the angel lady."

There was a long speechless pause as their eyes met, and the two of them could feel the sorting of electrons in the hormonally charged air. Misty broke the silence by saying, "I like your Australian dress tonight. I don't know how you could have known that Australia is one of my most favorite places on earth. Come, let's take-a-peek at your room, and we'll have some dinner."

Misty then rose and gestured toward an adjoining hallway. Philip followed her like a star being pulled gravitationally to an unknown galaxy. He walked into an oversized master bedroom and was stunned by the ornate decor. It was all themed for a Western Australian safari!

"There now," Misty laughed. "When I saw how you were dressed at the door, I decided to give you this matching room. It's amazing I just happened to have a room to fit your desires."

Philip enjoyed her humor and walked into the luxury bathroom that resembled a Roman bath and shower. Green marble was on the floor, countertops, and walls. Standing in front of the shower was a naked Roman statue of a woman with flower petals wrapped around her breasts and waist.

Jokingly, Philip quipped, "how much do you charge for this room!" Misty just stood, smiled, and said, "Let's just have some dinner."

"You can bring in all your things." She danced off to the kitchen with Spinky jumping on her heels.

Philip walked out to his car and got all his luggage, computer, and bag of snacks and brought them back to the best Australian match up he had ever seen.

Early Friday morning, before Philip rose to leave for Elk Lake and a weekend with Misty, his unknown angel, Kort, had taken a drive out to his ranch in the middle of the night; he was still tracking Philip's whereabouts with his simple app devise, and there were a couple of things he wanted to attend to. One thing Kort brought with him was a bagful of eavesdropping

devices, mostly electronic in nature.

Kort parked his rental vehicle by the roadside near the ranch and stepped through the bramble and approached unnoticed up to Philip's light-blue truck. The first spy device he pulled out was a chip locator. Kort wanted to see if the CIA or the underworld had put a tracker chip somewhere on Philip's truck to keep up on his locations. What Kort had was a small electronic gadget that had blinking red and green lights. Green meant that nothing was there, and a red indicator meant that it had located the signal of a tracker magnet. Such a mechanism could be easily slipped up under a wheel well or underneath on the frame of the vehicle.

Kort began to scan Philip's truck with the locator unit, and within seconds, his red indicator light started to flash. Kort kept the red light on its strongest signal, and it led to the exact outline of a typical CIA tracker chip; he removed it from Philip's truck and placed it in his small tool kit. Now he took his own tracker magnet and placed it on the underside frame of the truck. He was done and ready to go. Wherever Philip drove the truck, he would have a signal he could track from his iPhone remotely from an Internet source connection.

Kort drove back to his hotel and did the only thing he needed to do with the CIA's tracker chip; walking through the hotel parking lot, he found a box truck with Canadian license plates.

The province of Quebec should do, he thought as he mounted the magnetic chip under their rear bumper. *They'll think Philip just fled the country to the other side of the international border!* He laughed his way back to his hotel room for the day.

Later in the day, he noticed, on his iPhone tracker app that Philip's truck showed Elk Lake as its present location. Kort figured he would take a drive out there that evening and do some listening in to any conversations he may be having with whomever he might be visiting. In his tool kit of eavesdropping devices, he also had a powerful directional microphone that could listen to people's conversations through a window.

Kort arrived just around the time that Philip and Misty were having dinner, which was just around the time that Philip told Misty that he would be traveling to Australia. As Kort turned on his listening device, he heard, "That's the place, yes, Broome Australia. I have a ticket waiting for me at the airport."

Terry Rainer, Hunter, and a stowaway, Ms. Bogadeen, had just made their way back to St. Augustine aboard the private jet on an evening flight. Ms. Bogadeen came along with the blessing of her boss to gain experience in tracking down X1 for the FBI. The weather was muggy, and the thunder burners were sliding in off the Atlantic. One thunderstorm could produce an inch or two of water on the roadways and require an umbrella if you didn't want your hair to be all messed up.

As they exited the plane, such a cloud was now overhead and just starting to drop its huge drops of water.

Splat, ping, splat. They heard the sound as they rushed to the terminal to stay dry. Terry's SUV was waiting out in the parking lot. The entourage of two FBI agents and Terry waited as the rain cloud moved slowly overhead. When it turned to a sprinkle, they walked quickly to the SUV, luggage in tow.

"We'll drop you off at the hotel, Lisa, and pick you up in the morning. We'll have plenty to do tomorrow to plan our trip to Bora Bora and do another interview with X1's family members," Terry said as she loaded her oversized suitcases into the back of the SUV. "Thanks," said Lisa, "I'm ready for some rest after that long flight from Cleveland!"

Hunter helped Lisa with her suitcase and threw the remaining computer carry cases on board.

The next morning, Terry stopped at the hotel and picked up Lisa, and the two drove uptown to the St. Augustine police station. Hunter was already in the employee lounge talking to the chief of police.

"We went ahead and set up your team interview with the two members of X1's family at 9:00 a.m. We've had them staying in the jail under guard for their protection, they're a hot item, so we couldn't put them up at a hotel. As you heard, they are also key witnesses into another local murder of someone they claim to be one of the managers for this X1," the chief said.

Hunter looked quizzical and added, "It will be interesting to find out why X1 would trash one of his main men!"

Lisa Bogadeen walked into the lounge, and the whole atmosphere changed for the day, at least for Hunter. She was decked out in comfortable but attractive clothing, black slacks and a boldly striped satin shirt with lace-like sleeves. She wore

matching black shoes, and her perfume was an aromatic to the tune of vanilla. Hunter was suddenly in bliss and wore a pleasant smile to go along with her beautiful presence. Terry walked in dressed businesslike, her usual attire for the day.

“Well, Terry, the chief has us all set up for 9:00 a.m. with the two orphans. Are you ready to do the interview, or would you like one of us FBI agents to handle this one?” Hunter joked with a grin.

“Yeah, I’m ready. I worked on the questions when I got home last night,” Terry said as she poured a hot cup of java. “Boy, you sure are cheery this morning,” she went on. “Has your agency been planning our trip to Bora Bora as we slept?”

Hunter chirped up, “Yes, they have. I got the game plan on the computer this morning. We leave by tomorrow morning on the street trolley and transfer to pack mule when we get there!”

“Oh, yeah sure, you notified the pilot then?” Terry questioned. “Yes, all kidding aside, it’s taken care of. We move at sunrise tomorrow on the private jet, with all expenses paid by the FBI; they want this bastard!” Hunter slammed.

“Gooooooooood, then!” Terry jibed. “Will we have anyone else from the bureau coming with us besides Lisa?”

Lisa stepped into the childish struggle with some inter-bureau information. “They are sending another team ahead of us as we speak. They will do some scouting of the area and find X1’s exact location. We will all meet up at the Bora Bora Suites at 0600 hours upon our arrival. Get plenty of sleep on the plane. You will need it. They will be ready to go on the day of our arrival. They don’t want X1 to slip out of the net and surely don’t want him to have time to figure out that we are there in his backyard. It could get dicey.” Lisa then hugged her cup of java that Terry just poured for her during her discourse.

“Mmmmm, I love a warm cup of coffee to start the day.” Placing her nose right up to the edge of the cup and inhaling the pleasant aroma, she left her job for a moment and entered coffee bean paradise!

The two men from the drug enforcement task force, Lieutenant Thomas and John Hendricks, decided that the best way to find out if what Dirk Ramos the inmate said was true about Congressman Ben Parington, was to do some checking of

their own on Parington's background, and see if there might be any drug connections. It's not uncommon for the employees of congressmen and senators to dabble in drugs, but it was rare to catch a big fish swimming in the tank.

"Lots of minnows but never a big fish," said Lt. Thomas.

John Hendricks agreed, saying, "Let's see if this big fish has any friends down at his favorite hangout, the Parrot Fever. Maybe a waitress or a manager there can help us with some information on the people he met with."

Lieutenant Thomas nodded with approval, and they left the downtown Washington police station offices for a visit to the Parrot. The Parrot was a fancy lunch counter during the day and a dazzling nightclub with dancers at night. The interior was fashioned in Old World style with deep, recessed booths around the perimeter and round tables in the middle. Through a back door were the private rooms where patrons got a reservation at the desk and could take a small party of up to four into a private booth with a beaded closure. Inside was a comfortable booth with leather seats and a square dining table. These were the rooms where much of the capital city's dark secrets were negotiated. It was here in this type of atmosphere that Congressman Parington spent part of his afternoons.

Lieutenant Thomas and John Hendricks took a booth in the main restaurant area and were greeted by a friendly waitress asking for their drink order. Wanting to blend in, they ordered alcohol-free beers; at least when they were brought to the table, they would look real. When the waitress brought their drinks, she also took their order for burgers, the main part of the menu at the Parrot.

As they sat waiting for their orders, they looked around to see if there were any known underworld people dining that day. One man that caught their eye was one of the city's untouchables, a high roller and master in the art of cat-and-mouse games with local law enforcement.

Lieutenant Thomas looked at his friend in mutual-agreement as they both took a glimpse of the side view of the man's face. In a soft voice, Lieutenant Thomas spoke to Hendricks, "Derry Ice, big money and big lawyer, we've never been able to corner him completely. He probably has half the city under his hand."

Hendricks spoke up at a normal voice level, "Have you ever been in here before?"

“Yah, once a few years back when they first opened. It was the talk of the town back then. But since then, the daily crowd has morphed into snakes that crawl in the grass,” said Lieutenant Thomas.

The waitress brought their main entrees to the table, and as she was dispensing the plates on the table, Lieutenant Thomas asked her if she ever served any congressmen.

“Oh yes, occasionally the guy from Florida comes in. I can’t remember his name though. He’s usually with a lady friend, and I don’t know who she is either, although she looks expensive, you know; lots of diamonds and platinum-blond hair. They usually go to the private rooms in the back. It’s really weird when they enter. The whole place quiets down momentarily as they pass through, like wow, being celebrities and all that,” the waitress admitted.

Hendricks cleared his throat with a question, “Are any of his friends in here today?”

The waitress looked suddenly very cautious and added, “Yah, the guy in the booth by the stage to the right often visits with the congressman for a few minutes after he arrives.”

The two men smiled at the waitress. Hendricks ordered another beer to go with his burger, and they dug into their free lunch on the city credit card. The man in the booth of whom the waitress was referring was sitting with his face blocked from their view in the same booth with Derry Ice. The two lawmen decided to wait until this mystery character ordered his check, and they would do so at the same time.

After around ten minutes, they saw his hand go up to flag down the waitress, and they also prepared to leave, left a twenty-dollar tip for the waitress, and had their card scanned at the checkout desk. The mystery man walked to the parking lot and claimed a newer-class sedan; then, without hesitation, Hendricks scanned the license number with his eyes and entered it on his iPhone’s text keyboard.

The lawmen went to their vehicle and called the license plate in to the central radio control person. Within seconds, she relayed the home address of a Duncan George; this name sounded familiar to Lieutenant Thomas.

Next, the lawmen drove to the neighborhood of the address given. It turned out to be an upscale address, and they curbed their car about a half block away from the large mansion. Most

of the homes on the block were two-story Victorian mansions of days gone by. Now they were the homes of yuppie attorneys and doctors and other locals who had found success in the nation's capital in one way or another.

As the lawmen were soon to find out, Duncan George was a single man who earned his way to the top entertaining people and still had a lot of his fans that would visit him on the weekends.

Lieutenant Thomas scanned the block with his eyes as they exited the vehicle and noticed a home for sale next to Duncan's estate. As they slowly started walking in the direction of Duncan's home, they noticed a neighbor woman out trimming her hedge; it was now midafternoon.

"Hi, ma'am," Hendricks said, "we were thinking of buying the home down the street and were wondering if you could tell us a little about the neighborhood."

The lady looked upset at first glance, then relented, and offered, "This used to be such a nice neighborhood. My husband and I retired here. Then this group of socialites moved into the house across the street down there, the one with the big front porch, and we haven't slept much on the weekends since. Sometimes they go on day and night. It's just nerve-racking! I've talked to my husband about moving, and oh yes, the house for sale used to be the home of a quiet artist who couldn't take all the noise and congestion of partygoers, she has moved out and is trying to sell the house."

Hendricks offered his apologies for her situation and thanked her for her honesty. The two lawmen now knew a lot more about the mystery man than they expected. The next thing to do would be to call the realtor who has the contract on the home and see if they know anything. Lieutenant Thomas took the phone number off the sign and called.

A quiet female voice answered, "Hello, this is Entrance Realty. Can I help you?"

Lieutenant Thomas gave the address of the home for sale and started to ask questions about the home as if he was to buy it. "Yes, I may be interested in this home and was just wondering if you knew anything about the neighbors?"

"Well," the lady said, "honesty is our best policy. The lady who owned it did say that she moved because the traffic in the neighborhood could be heavy on the weekends when everyone

was home, and it was hard to find parking. However, this home does have two private parking spots out in the back by the garage. And if that was a problem, another space was used to the side of the garage.”

“Yes, but could you tell me about the neighbors on either side of it?” Thomas pressed.

The lady hesitated but offered, “The homeowner did say that the neighbor on the left was a little noisy on weekend nights. He has an outdoor deck with a Jacuzzi and outdoor stereo speakers. She had to ask him to quiet down on occasion. He is a local socialite and has many friends. They never make any noise though on weeknights if you are an office worker.”

“Thank you,” said Lieutenant Thomas, “we’ll consider it and get back to you.”

Thomas and Hendricks then walked around the yard of the house for sale and spotted several perches where they could set up a surveillance for eavesdropping on the coming weekend.

It was to be a final weekend together for a time. Philip and Misty sat down to a well-created culinary meal, created with the care of a gemstone artist cutting a stone. On the menu was food for a head of state, a woman’s way to inspire the beginning of a relationship. Someone once said that “the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach.” Misty knew this rule and worked diligently all day to prepare and cook each item on the well-matched list of entrees to make it impossible for Philip to ever think of eating at a fast food restaurant again.

“Everything I cooked today is completely organic, all from local farms,” Misty said as she started with the first tray of roast chicken. The smells and aroma were akin to the food Philip’s mother used to cook for Sunday-afternoon meals. The next dish was oven-baked broccoli smothered with cream cheese, a scoop of carrots oozing in hot butter, and a side of hot apple slices in honey. For drinks, she had made hot cinnamon tea with powdered crumpets on the side.

Philip initiated a short and thoughtful prayer, “Praise our God, the King of the Universe, who has given us bread, fruit, and wine and has placed it upon our table. Amen!”

The two morning-doves began to dine and smile at each other after every mouthful.

When Philip had finished most of his chicken, he asked, "This is so wonderful. Could I get another serving, please?"

Misty gladly scooped out another generous portion onto his plate from the food cart off the side of the table.

"This is incredibly good!" Philip commented as he delved into another mouthful of culinary art. "The spices you used are synergistically matched to the meat, mmmmmm!"

Misty poured another glass of spicy cinnamon into his mug and said, "Have you ever been to Australia?"

Philip smiled and knew this was the time to break the news to her. "I am going there in just a few days!" Misty looked surprised as he went on. "I have been invited by some people I know to spend a little time there in Western Australia, ah, Broome to be exact." Misty clarified, "Broome?"

Philip confirmed, "That's the place, yes, Broome, Australia. I have a ticket waiting for me at the airport."

"I went right through Broome on my artist vacation there. Oh, you'll love it! They have a beach that has white sand and goes on for miles, and the laid-back atmosphere of the city is so relaxing," Misty recalled. "There are a couple of national parks to the north, I have a lot of photos from my last visit there," she added, "so we can look at them after dinner on my computer."

Philip smiled and thought in his mind the incredible coincidence of them both having Australia in common. Instead of Misty being upset of his leaving on a trip, she was encouraged and wanted to share with him her experience in the Land Down Under or, as its original name was, Australis Incognita.

"And now the Grand Poobah!" Misty took a tray out from the lower level of her rolling food cart that she presented on a plate to Philip's place mat with the pomp of a queen presenting a gift to a prince.

"Ah, key lime pie," Philip said as he admired the crafty creation. "I haven't had any for years!"

Misty stood next to him and said, "I wanted to surprise you with a purely Southern dessert. Besides, I got the idea when I saw your Florida license plates," she joked. Then, she put her hand on his shoulder, and he responded at the opportunity by raising his hand up to meet hers; time just stopped momentarily as hands met.

Misty broke the silence by saying, "After you're done, let's look at those Australia photos."

Philip just sat speechless as he consumed the key lime pie with the care of a doctor in surgery. Not known to him was an operative not more than thirty yards away listening in on his voice eavesdropping devise.

Kort was now aware that the man he was secretly protecting would be off to Australia in just a few days. This brought some relief to Kort but, at the same time, put him on full alert. He wanted to make sure that Philip made it to Australia without a scratch.

Something was brewing in the underworld though that could possibly bring all-of Kort's protective work to a climax!

In the days preceding Friday evening, Lieutenant Thomas did some checking of his own on Duncan George. He found someone in his own office that had heard of him and had caught a rumor that he was *the* "party master of DC." Known for lavish, expensive parties, not only at his home, but also at various rented facilities, his profession was as a bank manager of one of the capital's prestigious banks. He uses his position to attract the elite for hobnobbing, wining, and dining.

"When you give, you get special favors in return," Lieutenant Thomas said. It was one of his main mottos that friends had heard him utter. Hendricks met Thomas at the police station at around 6:00 p.m. The two of them were dressed in black with hats and masks ready to wear to cover their facial skin. On their persons was an electronic voice monitoring mike that looked like a small megaphone and a scoping digital camera. It was their goal to find out who exactly shows up for one of George Duncan's wild parties. They had a 50/50 chance that his party would be on Friday night, but if not then, probably Saturday night. At 8:30 p.m. (2030 hours), they pulled up two blocks from the Duncan home and parked on an avenue near the alleyway. They slowly made their way down the alley hoping not to be seen in their black outfits. They walked directly into the yard between the garage and the bushes of the house that was for sale next door.

From this vantage point, they could get photo shots of the spa and Jacuzzi. Lieutenant Thomas took the digital camera, and John Hendricks got the voice data recorder and megaphone directional mike ready. The house was already filling up with

people as could be seen viewing in the back-kitchen window. Every light was on in the backyard and people were sitting at all the available picnic tables. The air was a cornucopia of cigarette, marijuana smoke, expensive colognes, and fragrances. The music was at a minimal pitch, although the noise of the crowd seemed to taunt the stereo's volume.

People were still inbound, and some of the ladies were now dressed in skimpy swimwear, sliding into the bubbling waters of the spa; it wouldn't be long before drug-induced men joined them in the foamy sea. Lieutenant Thomas scanned the backyard crowd with the telephoto lens taking pictures of anyone that looked familiar or suspicious.

Suddenly the crowd became deathly silent. Thomas dropped his camera thinking that he had been spotted. Around the same moment, he noticed a tall figure parading a silk business suit, walk through the living room sliders and onto the back-deck of the house. Thomas directed his camera at the man who came into the spa area and noticed a familiar face. It was Congressman Ben Parington with his blonde bombshell girlfriend in tow. Thomas started to take pictures of everyone that the congressman spoke to. Congressman Parington took a stool seat at a small table with his girlfriend who shared with him a tall glass of wine. Other guests were sliding by his table almost in a constant single file, greeting him and sharing with him anything they happened to be smoking. Thomas snapped Parington imbibing on pot pipes, sniffing coke through dollar bills, and drinking wine like it was water. He and his girlfriend left for a few minutes to probably use the restroom and reemerged to the back deck in swimming apparel.

Into the spa they went, embracing. People were still hanging around the spa and sharing tokes off their pipes while laughing and joking around. After another half hour, the congressman and his girlfriend left from the spa and were not seen again that night.

Around 10:00 p.m., some truly-shady characters appeared on the deck and were conversing with the same people the congressman had been sharing tokens with. Lieutenant Thomas and Hendricks left for the night obtaining plenty of photographed ammunition and conversational material captured by Hendricks of every word that the congressman uttered to his compatriots.

Hendricks said on the drive back to the office, “I could hear through my earphone some of the things Parington was saying to his girlfriend, including his plans for the weekend; he also mentioned something to another partier, uh something about a coming drug deal. He wanted to make a purchase or something and said, ‘Monday, lunchtime.’”

Lieutenant Thomas smiled and stated, “Let’s do it. We’ll get another taxpayer-sponsored lunch at the Parrot! Do you remember what his drug contact looked like?”

Hendricks nodded the affirmative. “Yah, looks like our friend in jail was right. He probably did sell something to him. If we can bust this big fish, Ramos might walk,” Thomas confided as he drove into the lights of the nation’s capital.

Following dinner, Misty and Philip retired to the TV lounge off the side of the main living area. Misty already had a computer connection to the big-screen TV and began to click-open her trip files of Australia.

“The first photos are of the Broome area, what a unique city! It’s on the Indian Ocean and has a Chinatown,” Misty said as she put the first photo up on the screen. “This is one of the shanty-like buildings in the center of Chinatown, see the tin roof?”

Philip nodded affirmatively while Misty went on with the presentation. “I stayed at a historic bed-and-breakfast, the Cannady Cottage, named after a famous author who retired there. Now, this is super cool. Look at the contrast of the reddish cliffs behind the cottage and the turquoise waters of the Indian Ocean! Then here is a photo of the surrounding tierra. See how red the earth is in the old wagon wheel tracks?”

“Next, this is Cable Beach. Check out all the white sand, and in the distance are some people riding camels, a favorite tourist activity attraction.”

Philip sat stunned at the photo of the red cliffs and beach; he had seen a glimpse of this area in one of his dreams. Philip commented, “I just had a déjà vu. I think I may have seen this area before in a dream.”



Broome's Cliffs; a dream.

Philip hadn't shared yet with Misty that he was a gifted dreamer and could sometimes catch a glimpse into the future. Such discussions could only be made after a deep level of trust was created in a relationship.

Misty then went to another file, "This is the national park I visited with the deep-water gorges, the Karijini. Here is Red Gorge and the carved-out pools of water from thousands of years of architectural water drafting; the pools of water make wonderful swimming opportunities. Here is Fortescue Falls. Isn't that fabulous! And now are some photos of the local fauna." Misty then ran through about twenty-five photos in a row of some of the most beautiful plants Philip had ever witnessed.

He lifted his finger. "Oh, that one is great. What is that?"

Misty whispered, "That's a wattle tree, and that's a dragon lizard on the branch." She flipped to the next photo of one of God's amazing creatures. "This is a wallaby. And finally, my favorite bush, a gardenia. The white flowers are so beautiful, and the leaves shine in the sunlight."

Philip was taken aback and amazed at the display of photos. Misty put the computer on automatic, and the photos continued in the background as they talked. "Please, tell me about the work that you do." Misty began the job application process as many women do on a first date.

Philip started slowly, “Well, I am a writer, a journalist.” He cleared his throat. “Before moving here from Florida, I was essentially a freelance journalist, writing stories for local publications. There was a lot of agricultural news to cover as Florida has a huge agricultural industry.

“In the last year though, I covered news about a phosphate mining company that was planning a new mining operation in the area. This story generated a lot of local interest as some of the people in the city of St. Augustine were up in arms about it for several reasons. Mining is a hugely messy operation, and they destroy from digging any semblance of the original land and fauna. After they are completed with a mine operation, it can take an additional twenty- five-years before any improvements are done to the damaged terrain. They are amazingly slow in restoration projects.

“You can imagine the chagrin of the poor people who have lands that border this type of mine, what an eyesore, resembling the Craters of the Moon National Park! Of which I visited as a child with my family and can remember the vast bareness of the land.

“Another problem of mining is the radiation poisoning of the soil following the phosphate extraction process. When they dig up the product, in this case the phosphate, it has radioactive waste element, just enough to destroy any drinking water and make the soil unfit for farming production for probably decades. The final insult of the phosphate mining industry are the huge piles where they stack and contain all the waste by-product of mining phosphate, called gypstacks.

“These multi-acre piles rise up above the landscape and contain millions of gallons of radioactive waste water and sludge. These stacks just sit there. I am not sure if the mining companies have any plans for their eventual removal over time, although some of the waste is sent into the agricultural fertilizer industry for use on crop lands as it is a close relative to the pure phosphate already used in fertilizers.

“So even though it has a radioactive element, it can be used on a diluted and limited basis as a filler additive for regular fertilizers, this is not safe for consumers. Every community where phosphates are mined will have to witness one of these gypstack behemoths, and really, who would want it anywhere near their neighborhood! Occasionally, after a tropical storm,

one of these gypstacks burps and releases millions of gallons of radioactive wastewater into the surrounding rivers and streams causing a local ecological disaster.”

Misty sat silent with such caring eyes, realizing the importance of Philip’s job and research. Misty decided to reveal her plans for the following day. “Let’s do some trail blazing tomorrow. I thought you might like to go with me and do some photography of local fauna. Since I have an Indian background, we can do what I call an ‘moccasin tour’ of the forest.”

Philip just smiled; he had met his match for an outing. He thought in his mind, how much fun could that be? Out in the woods with a beautiful woman and going back in time to more simple life, learning of early Indian culture!

Detective Richard O’Malley had a directive in his e-mails to make sure that Terry Rainer and her prostitution task force team interview the family members of X1 at 0900 in the interrogation room. O’Malley walked down to the lounge where Terry Rainer, Hunter Bannister, and Lisa Bogadeen were finishing off the latest coffeepot. “Good morning, you-all,” he said with a Southern accent. He looked at Terry and said, “Apparently, you must have got the chief’s e-mail about the 0900 interview?”

She nodded affirmatively and flushed her last gulp of black, spiced special blend down her throat. “We’re ready!” she announced. “And also on target to move on our trip to Tahiti tomorrow morning, sir.” “Good, let me know if you need anything for the trip, together with a report on my desk of this morning’s interview,” O’Malley said as he exited back to his office.

“Whew,” Terry breathed, “he caught me right in the middle of a gulp of java, it was a little on the scorching side too! Let’s go hear what these kids have to say about their most-wanted family member in the Americas!”

They all walked down to the interrogation wing of the police station. Already seated in the high-tech recording room were two well-dressed twenty-year-olds, a young lady and her brother. They looked scared and violated. Terry could see in a moment that small talk would be appropriate to help them relax before the big questions were dropped in their laps.

“Can we get you anything to drink? We also have cookies. Would you like one?” Terry offered.

They both said, “Okay,” at the same time.

Terry looked at the see-through mirror for a second to signal Lisa or Hunter in the control room that a food request was made. She then sat down in the next available seat and started to make friends. “Hi, I’m Terry. I work here at the station and was asked to come in and hear your story. But don’t say anything yet about your situation now. I want to find out first who you are and if there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable. How were the jail accommodations, all right? Is there anything I can do to help?”

The girl spoke up first, “It was acceptable, except for the lack of privacy.”

Terry poked her nose in a little deeper. “What about the food? Was that presentable?”

They both shook their heads to the negative. Terry then announced, “After this interview, I will personally have some food delivered from a local restaurant. Is Chinese cuisine all right?”

They both smiled.

“Okay, I’ll leave instructions that you both get one carry in meal every day until we can get you situated. Now, there are a couple of administrative things we need from you both before we begin. Here is a pen and a form to fill out. It will only take a few minutes. We need some accurate personal information from you for-the-purpose-of processing your request for protection.”

Terry slid the paperwork in front of them and left them to their privacy as Lisa Bogadeen entered the room with sodas and cookies. Terry walked out and into the control room with Hunter Bannister and said, “These kids are so sweet. I can’t imagine them being in the situation they are in!”

Hunter agreed and said, “Good thing they came to us.”

The chief walked by and gazed-into the interview room through the two-way glass and said, “Good-looking kids, looks like they are cooperating. We’re already working on getting them to a safe place that the FBI has in the Witness Protection Program. They should be on their way to a safe-haven by tomorrow afternoon, seeing the interview goes well and as soon as the feds can get someone down here to pick them up.”

“Excellent, Chief,” Hunter acknowledged. A few minutes

ticked by, and the Children of Corn are sitting up in their chairs. Terry joined them again for the interrogation and sat down next to the two orphans and carefully chose her words. “Good, now that we have that done, are the two of you feeling up to answering some simple questions?”

The boy gave the thumbs-up gesture. Terry then started with question number 1. “From what you told Detective O’Malley when you came here, the two of you are members of the Franchesco crime family, originally from Cleveland, and your father is known as the infamous X1 to his associates, is that correct?”

The girl said, “Correct.”

Terry then took the forms off the table they filled out and checked their names; both have Franchesco as the last name indicated. “Mmm, Franchesco, that sounds like a good Italian name.” Terry reasons.

The girl then admits that it is a changed name, “My father is really Irish, but he changed his last name to sound Italian to protect the secrecy of the Irish mob. It’s a common practice amongst the Irish mafia leaders.”

Terry went on, “Tell me a little about your relationship with your father.”

The girl Katie engages, “We couldn’t stand him any longer! Occasionally we would overhear conversations he would have on his cell phone saying stuff like, “Cap ‘em” or “pack ‘em in a bag”. And then all those creepy people that would show up when we were out with our father, sometimes well-dressed or just the opposite with bald heads and big tattoos. The guy that really made us barf was the one that ate bugs.”

Terry slipped in with a question, “*Bugs?*”

Katie, now animated and excited about what she was sharing, added, “Yah, the creep used to eat them in front of us! You know, the big palmetto bugs that run all over the place, those giant cockroaches! The Roach, that’s what we call him. He would grab a big dead bug off the ground and bite it in half, right in front of us, or anyone else he wanted to gross out! He was horribly repulsive! He’s the one that we think killed our father’s longtime manager!”

Terry stepped in “We did find a dead man’s body in the back of a red pickup truck recently?”

“YES!” Katie informed. “That could be him. He’s the

manager who helped us escape from our father. We told him that our dad put him on the hit list, and we wanted to go too! So, he took us down here; the Roach must have got him. He drove a red truck! Through years of observation, we always figured that the Roach was one of our father's executioners. He would ride around in his red pickup truck with the other creep, the Green Snake. He always had an animal cage in the back of the truck to throw his victims in when he caught them."

Terry said, "We found the red truck stuck in the muck. A local farmer spotted it and got suspicious. There was a creek and swamp nearby. Do you know anything about this location? Katie shook her head to the negative. Terry looked to the boy, Nick, and he relayed some of what his sister already said.

"We felt threatened by the Roach after we told the manager about him being the focus of the hit. We figured the Roach might hold us until our father returned and that he would be really-mean. We couldn't trust him with our father gone. Now that we are here, we probably don't have a family anymore. The rule is *costa nostra*.

If you go to the cops, you are cut off dead. We know what they would do to us now."

Terry placed her hand on his shoulder and said, "We've got you covered, don't worry."

Katie piped in, "We can't be anywhere near our father, we know what he is, a dangerous psychopath. We want out!"

Terry got up and said, "My associate, Mr. Bannister, will come in and ask you some more questions about your father's network. Tell us what you feel comfortable about, okay? He is also going to show you some mug shots of people who may be associated with your father's network that we would like to ID, like the Roach."

Terry left, and Hunter walked into the room with another tray of sodas and cookies. Hunter had absolutely no idea of the depth and length of the discussion that followed. The facts discovered from it would lead to other FBI expert research and investigation into understanding one of the largest and most dangerous underworld prostitution and illegal drug networks from Florida to Ohio.

Monday came around, and Hendricks and Thomas were

ready for their appointment with Congressman Ben Parington, the drug sting. They knew exactly where to go and vote, thanks to Ramos's accurate information. They would reserve a back-table booth by phone shortly after the Parrot opened for the lunch hour. Extra precautions would be covered with a couple other police officers covering the entrances in plainclothes.

As the noon hour approached, they drove to the Parrot and were ready for a showdown. Hendricks had a good description of the drug dealer contact at the party and had a pocket video camera on hand that he could peek through a curtain with. They parked a couple of blocks away and walked in with their two police associates, who stayed outside. One took a bus stop seat, and the other, dressed like a bum, sat down in the alley by the back door. Thomas and Hendricks entered the restaurant and gave their name for the table reservation. The waitress complied and took them to the back where the beaded curtain, private booths were.

The restaurant was already getting busy, and they sat and ordered a couple of beers to look compliant with the atmosphere. From their booth they could use one hand to slightly finger a bead string and see what was going on in the other booths, all arranged in a large floor square against the walls. There were some tables on the main floor area, of which the private booths surrounded, where other patrons were dining.

As soon as their persons of interest walked in, they could get a good view of their grand entrance. The rest would be some guess work, a little timing of the expected drug deal, and a pseudo- bathroom walk by Lieutenant Thomas who would fake returning to the wrong booth, and if nothing was transpiring, he would simply apologize for the interruption.

After around five minutes of waiting, the congressman arrived at his reserved booth, followed a couple of minutes later by the drug dealer that Hendricks confirmed by sight. *If one was to walk by a booth area, you would be able to see hands moving on the table.* This was what Lieutenant Thomas thought to do: on his fake walk to the men's room he would view the activity in the congressman's booth on both passes, coming and going. If that was the wrong time, then Hendricks would follow him a couple of minutes later doing the same pattern. They didn't want to wait too long, as a drug deal was usually a quick trade.

Thomas took the first pass and walked by slowly not yet

seeing hands on the table, so he went into the men's room, waited two minutes, and started back to his booth. Movement through the beaded screen on the congressman's table caught his investigative eye!

Without a hesitation, he acted; he saw what he knew was a pass of a package over the table and put his head through the beads. Looking directly at the table surface, he saw a white bag of powder directly in front of the congressman; his hand was just taking it into personal possession. Out came Thomas's gun he had already gripped inside his shoulder holster.

Thomas looked quickly at the drug dealer who also still had his hand on the table. Hendricks was now right behind Thomas with the video camera taking any angle of photo he could capture; he did get one clear glimpse with the two participants frozen in time by Thomas's gun. It was a classic, bloodless drug bust.

A congressman and his whore! Thomas grinned at the dealing duo. *We have a few things we need to talk about.* Thomas motioned to Hendricks a quick hand signal.

Hendricks pulled out his cellular and said five words, "We got 'em, move in."

Within seconds the two other officers rushed into the room. One spoke loudly, "Police, freeze, nobody moves!" Sirens could be heard already approaching the restaurant from the outside with flashing lights piercing the main front picture windows.

Thomas looked once again at his two prisoners and said, "Keep your hands on the table."

Hendricks reached in and handcuffed the congressman, and one of the plain-clothed officers handcuffed the drug dealer. They helped them up and walked them out to the police van now double parked in the alleyway.

A team of investigators dressed in suits walked in and began to collect all the evidence, the drugs, the money, and fingerprints off the table. Many flashes were taken with photos for the record.

The head investigator looked at Thomas and jokingly said, "Good job, this should be a media fiasco!"

Thomas smiled, and Hendricks went back to the police station to sit with the congressman in the booking wing. News media people were already at the police station. They heard all the chirping over the police scanner and the word *congressman*.

Not only were the local media showing up at the front counter, but national media were there too with their live feeds from satellite trucks parked in any available parking space near the police station.

After the congressman was booked into the jail, Hendricks had walked outside the building to get some fresh air. When he returned to the investigative wing, he told Lieutenant Thomas that there were thirteen media satellite trucks parked up and down the block. TV cameras were dancing all around the main entrance, and the police department's public affairs officer was answering questions as fast as she could. "Yes, Congressman Ben Parington was involved in a drug trade today at a local restaurant. His attorney is on the way down to talk to him. No bail has been set yet until the charges are all determined. We'll let you know when we have that information available. Currently, he is in the jail, until his attorney arrives. We can't move forward."

The public affairs person was a veteran police woman and stood tall despite all the media confusion. "We are setting up a media center for all of you, so you can come inside, end of the hallway to your right is the employee lounge. You are all welcome to go down there and use the facility and bathrooms, as long as you have your media passes on." The public affairs lady escorted them to the room and sat at a table to plug in a computer of her own.

To make this even more of a circus, the congressman's chief of staff, Bart Hollingsworth, strolled into the room impromptu, and the media went wild. Reporters with handheld recorders and cameras almost pushed him up against the coffee dispenser. He looked surprised at first but held his ground professionally.

"Okay, okay, let me catch my breath. I just got here too. All I know is that Congressman Parington was arrested this afternoon. I came to find out what was going on just like you all did." He took a long breath and sat down with the public affairs officer who had invited him with a hand signal to sit with her.

That didn't stop some reporters though. They still stood with recorders drawn and ready for any kind of statement. Bart Hollingsworth spoke in a whisper to the public affairs officer who started to fill him in on what she just told the media. "He's waiting for the attorney to arrive. He's in the jail now."

Hollingsworth just nodded.

Philip woke up to the aroma of hot coffee, eggs, and toast. He quickly got dressed and sauntered into Misty's kitchen and sat down at the table. On the table was an open Bible on Misty's placemat. Without asking, he took the book and looked at what she had been reading. It was Job 4, and the first highlighted verse that caught Philip's eye read, "*In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.*" (KJV)

Misty noticed that he was reading her passage from the Bible and commented, "I had a strange dream last night, and even more mysterious was the verse I highlighted as I was doing my morning study."

Philip responded, "Yah, I never noticed this verse before. Tell me about your dream."

Misty went on, "Well, I saw some really bad people following you, and just as they were about to pounce, another man grabbed one and beat him silly. The others all ran off. The dream was so real, it startled me, and I couldn't get it out of my mind after I awoke."

Philip sat silent for a minute and drank a few sips of the wonderful fragrant coffee Misty had poured for him as she spoke.

To make a cover for his situation, he said, "Wow! I hope that dream doesn't become a reality. If it does, I'll let you know, and you can pray for me."

Making a joke about it seemed to diffuse the whole discussion, and Misty told him of her plans for the day, "Let's start at one of the local parks and walk some of the trails by a small stream. Then we'll stop at the restaurant by the lake for lunch. In town there's a couple of novelty shops, and we'll play the rest by ear, perhaps we can get back here before dinner and watch a movie?"

Philip smiled and agreed, "That would be really on order."

Misty was so excited to show him her knowledge of nature and the local fauna and plants. Oregon was having an unusually mild winter, and many of the ground-level plants were still green. After they drove to the local park and started down the trail, she immediately started to point out many of the different plants and trees.

“Some of these plants are edible, and a few of the trees can be used for medicinal purposes; you’ve seen the dandelion before, the leaves can be eaten, and it is excellent as a mild constipation reliever. It also removes uric acid from the blood and is good for gout. I make salads out of it all the time. It is an excellent, nutritious green food too, full of vitamins A, B, and C.”

Misty plucked a leaf from the dandelion and snipped off a piece for them both. She put her piece in her mouth and began to chew as Philip followed suit, and for the first time he experienced wild dandelion.

“Let’s pick some today, and I’ll make a salad, so you can experience survival gardening,” she suggested.

“And here is another plant of the wild, the peppermint. You can dry the leaves and make a wonderful tea that has several medicinal uses. First, it is an excellent relaxant and helps with digestion. For women, it helps to clear up candida yeast infections. Let’s take some of this today too, and I can dry it and use it as a tea later.”

For a while, they walked silently down the trail. Philip scanned the ground to follow suit of Misty’s unusual training session.

“What’s this over here?” Philip gestured to a knee-high yellow- and-white flowered plant with hairy leaves. “Is there anything that this one does?”

Misty stooped down and took a leaf and inhaled its fragrance. “Mmm, this could be the goldenseal. I believe it’s good for strengthening the immune system and helps a lot with any colds or flu. Now here is one of my favorites that I use frequently, alfalfa. It is an anti-inflammatory that is good at treating arthritis.”

Then Misty showed Philip some of the local trees and pointed out which ones could be used for medicine by removing the bark and boiling it. “Here is the slippery elm. Its inner bark has healing properties for asthma, bronchitis, or lung problems.”

Philip was encouraged and began thinking out loud of all the possibilities for using natural plants for healing. “Wow, I never realized that all these medicinal plants grew just past the backyard in the woods! I’ll bet you could save thousands on doctor visits!”

Misty agreed with a laugh. “Yes, the way medical costs

have risen sharply, a lot of naturalists are being created out of necessity. Let's continue down the trail here past all the daisies, and we'll go to the waterfall to take some photographs. I brought a towel in my handbag so we can do some wading in the mountain clear water; it is chilly, but it makes your feet feel so good!"

As they walked toward the waterfall, the birds were chirping, the sun was glimpsing through the trees, and a refreshing mist rose from the gorge that the water had carved over thousands of years of creation. Misty sat near a rocky shore and began to remove her shoes. Philip followed suit. A lasting friendship was being glued together with every moment they shared.

Pretty soon, Philip thought, I'll be flying off to Australia; she knows I am leaving, but, would she remember me very long after I am gone?

Of course, Misty was also thinking of his soon departure and wondered how long he would be gone, as he didn't tell her the time frame. That was attributed to the fact that he really wasn't sure. All he knew was that safety was *there*, and the CIA and the underworld were *here*.

As a mark of her uncertainties, Misty asked Philip, "Would you like to stay another night? I won't charge you anything for the room." Philip just smiled and took her hand and said, "That would be nice." He held her hand for a long time, and she took several glances of his face out of the corner of her eyes, giggling. If he were a fish, and she had a fishing pole with a line in the water, he was past recovery for sure!

Hunter Bannister looked at the two orphans and felt extreme pity for their situation. "Are you comfortable with a couple more questions?" he probed.

They both looked at each other and nodded favorably.

Hunter adjusted his chair and asked Nick, "Do you know why your father's manager was in so much trouble that he would become a target for wetwork?" Which is, a Mafia term for "dead man walking."

"Well," Nick started slowly, "he screwed up on one of the major distribution networks and lost a distributor. We heard that conversation from a heated phone discussion he had with my

father. It had something to do with marijuana shipments from Vietnam. I guess one of the distributors who owned a doughnut chain in the state of New York dropped out.”

Hunter probed a little deeper, “Do you know anything about the marijuana shipments?”

The boy looked like he was about to give a winning lottery number and blurted, “It’s the cashew supplier. The marijuana shipments came to their warehouse from overseas inside cashew packaging and were distributed from there.”

Hunter looked directly into the two-way mirror glass on the wall. Terry Rainer was already on the way to her office to check the names of any local cashew companies. The boy’s sister, Katie, placed her hand on his and let the next torpedo out of the Mafia- controlled secret enterprise. “He also helped my father with the prostitution network. My father and he controlled most of the high-level prostitution in the states of Florida and Ohio. I heard a figure once of the number of ladies in their organization, it was in the thousands.”

Hunter tried to grasp this other new revelation. “You mean your father, X1, controlled two major Mafia businesses?”

Katie nodded with a tight smile.

Hunter asked her, “do you know anything about the other people in the network?”

Katie spoke very cautiously. “Well, there was the Pizza Head in Ohio. Then we also knew of Big Tooth in Tampa. My father and the manager ran the local network linked directly to Tampa and Ohio, and there were also people in the marijuana trade overseas in Vietnam. Some of the ladies for the prostitution business came from Bora Bora through a human trafficking network.

“Father would also get visits from politicians; the Tampa congressman’s aide Bart Hollingsworth; and another state representative, Erin Springer, used to go out to dinner with him. There was probably a lot of money involved as my father controlled millions. My father’s favorite motto was ‘If it can be bought, we’ll buy it, or them.’

“What really got under our skin, though, were the numbers of dead people that my father and his associates would neutralize for any number of reasons. Their tactics were sometimes brutal; other times it involved legal trickery like stealing someone’s DNA out of their garbage and framing them with a crime. If

my father didn't like you, you could die or go to jail, whatever they thought to be the easiest."

Hunter leaned forward and whispered, "Do you know of any other people who have died?"

Katie said, "I never knew any of their names, other than their code names that were given by the organization. It was policy never to speak the person's real name. They would give them a name like the Blue Man or the Beatnik. They were very professional about killing people and operated in the strictest secrecy. My father had hit men like the Roach who would corner people, cage 'em, waste 'em, and bury them."

Hunter grabbed this as the next opportunity to find out about their intentions of the dead manager and slid right in with, "We found the man, who is probably the dead manager, near a swamp area and a creek. Do you know what they were trying to do to his body?"

Nick spoke up, "I once heard my father say something about a burial tube."

Hunter looked inquisitive. Nick continued, "You might check out the area where you found the manager to see if there is anyone else buried around there in a variety of PVC drain pipe."

Hunter had so much to think about. For one thing, there was a large PVC pipe found in the back of the red pickup, not far from where they found the body. He thanked the Children of Corn and left the room in a total daze.

Terry Rainer was in the control room and said, "There is only one cashew company in St. Augustine. We might want to get a search warrant and get over there ASAP to see if we can find any green munchies!"

Hunter nodded. "Let's get the kids back safe to the jail and do it!"

The two men left at the Coffee Club were licking their wounds; X1 was on the lam from the FBI, and X6 and X9 were not pleased that their alma mater, the CIA, had fumbled in taking out Philip. They discussed this in detail. Now they would take a different angle: to hire a proven operative from their own crime network to complete the job.

For years the CIA had hired foreign operatives to do their dirty work domestically. It's easier for a foreigner to kill

Americans on American soil. The criminal syndicate was also following suit and hiring *the best of the dangerous and skillful*, and they had someone in mind; he's the crazy Korean, a man they hire to do a lot of the local dirty work when it gets sticky. His code name is X51, a member of the Mafia syndicate, and highly skilled in the art of wasting anyone he is assigned to assassinate. His skills include being a karate master, a black arts war hero, and a history of being obedient to the last finger.

X51 met with them the next day. He was ready.

As X51 walked into the Coffee Club, X6 *the Kingpin* and X9 *the Flyer* both could see that they had their man. X51 had a powerful presence of evil. It walked right in with him; the death angel shares his persona.

X51 was short and stocky and had a deep voice. "Good morning, you must be the men I am supposed to meet with this morning," he said as X6 extended his hand for a greeting.

X6 waved the waitress over and offered to not only to buy a cup of coffee but as the waitress reached the table said, "Our friend here needs coffee and get him the full breakfast special."

X51 sat down on the barstool leather seat and said, "I won't come back until the job is done. I will offer to put my house up for sale and move there if necessary!"

X6 and X9 were impressed, but X9, who always took the more rational side, said, "That probably won't be necessary. We just want the job completed in a reasonable amount of time."

X6 then offered their terms, "We have set aside one hundred thousand dollars and are ready to transfer it to your European bank account as soon as we get word that the Dreamer is in paradise."

X51 nodded to the affirmative and said, "You can count on me. I don't make errors."

There was no need for X6 and X9 to ask for any of the planned details of how X51 would whack Philip, but X9 thought he should add, "The Dreamer is a hard player. We sent people out there already, and they are decommissioned."

The waitress interrupted the conversation briefly with X51's coffee and breakfast. They all sat silently until she was finished and a safe way from the table.

X51 looked a little puzzled and probed, "What kind of

things have happened?”

X6 decided it was time to let him know of dangers that may lurk. “You should be aware that the CIA has a disgruntled operative who used to work out of Washington who switched sides and is now helping the Dreamer. His name is Kort. He was one of their best hit men. If he gets on your tail, you can be sure he’ll be determined to stop you before you can get to the Dreamer.

“If you have sudden second thoughts about going, now would be the time to let us know. Kort silenced one CIA operative, the Swede, and he remains missing. The other operative, the Middle Eastern man, ended up on the railroad tracks. He was minus one head.”

X51 further questioned, “Tell me about the Swede.”

X9 leaned forward, saying, “I knew him in Iraq when I was still flying for the CIA to safe house areas. He was a big bastard, a green beret, and fearless. He had shoulder muscles and thigh muscles that were like oak trees.”

X51 reasoned, “They always say big men, like trees, fall hard.” That then concluded the conversation about Kort and the Dreamer.

X51 finished his breakfast, took a sip of his coffee, smiled, and said, “I’ll take care of it.” And he left.

Philip and Misty spent their last evening together sipping hot apple cider with cinnamon and viewing one of her favorite movies that she wanted to share about the life of Loretta Lynn. She was a country Western fan and had her favorites, cherishing all the emotion of the real-life scenarios of country Western fame.

“Loretta Lynn started out life in a poor community, a coal miner’s town, and rose to fame after her husband bought her a guitar from a pawnshop. She began to sing in country bars and her matter-of-fact singing made her popular with the blue-collar populations,” Misty said as she started the movie in the DVD player.

Philip enjoyed the movie for its range of ups and downs, but more because Misty sat next to him on the couch and their hands began to connect; it wasn’t long, by the end of the movie, that they were in a full embrace. Love had met.

Philip was too much of a gentleman to cross any boundaries before marriage, though. He respected Misty greatly and didn't want to take advantage of his dominant role as a male. After the movie finished, they stood, and Philip told her softly that he would see her in the morning and walked to his room in a pure state of love.

In the morning, the usual smell of coffee combined with bacon and eggs filled the air as Philip rose to get dressed and ready for the day. Misty heard the movement in his room as he got up and spoke to him through the door. "You might want to put something sporty on. We're going to a church gathering this morning!"

Philip came out dressed in a pressed-shirt and slacks and sat in the kitchen in front of a steaming hot cup of Misty's mystery coffee bean.

"This morning we're having coffee from Indonesia. It has a strong, robust flavor that you'll probably like," Misty informed as she sat opposite him. "I think you'll like my church. It's not the usual type of church people. They meet in a house."

Philip looked surprised; he hadn't heard of a house church before, but right now if she said they met in a barn, he'd be the first to attend!

"After breakfast, we'll make our way over there. Then, after church, we'll go for a boat ride at the marina. Elk Lake is beautiful this time of year. We can ride to a cove on the other side of the lake and sit for a while. Maybe I'll bring a cooler with some drinks and snacks," she added.

It was about a ten-minute ride to the Fairbank's home on the other side of the lake where the house church met. They arrived a little early, in time to get plenty of coffee and cookies supplied by the hosts. There were around twenty people of varying persuasions represented: retired, farmers, a chiropractor, equestrian, common folk, ministers, and laymen. The message was given by an elder (house churches don't have pastors, usually three elders), and not from a pulpit; everyone sits at a long table.

It was all right to get up and get more coffee and treats or use the restroom any time you wanted, and the family pets, a dog and cat, were also allowed to roam the room for attention. After a concise message to the point, a communion service was served followed by a potluck lunch.

Philip noticed that the fellowship was intense; it was like being with a family, unlike the cold-corpse fellowship experiences he had known from the Baptist church he grew up in, where the only food served was an occasional butterscotch candy that one of the deacons handed out to the younger people as they came to greet him. This was a totally new experience for him.

As he and Misty enjoyed the long lunch and fellowship, he was mesmerized by the casual conversations between Misty and her friends. She was a skillful conversationalist, and it was clear that everyone liked her greatly. To him, this was a good sign of the woman he was falling in love with. Seeing her interact with others in such a positive light spoke volumes of his growing desire to grow closer to her.

As the potluck meandered down, with some people departing, Misty looks at Philip and says, "Let's go for that boat ride!"

The marina was just down the road and was much like driving onto a movie scene; the boats and the mountainous, rugged backdrop made for a view to remember. Misty rented a small fishing boat, and they started out across the lake to her favorite cove. The daytime temperatures in the 40s reflected the mild winter in Oregon, and there were no ice flows on the lake, allowing for a fun boating experience in the sunshine.

"For reflection," she hinted as they started out.

When they arrived, she shut off the engine and just let the boat drift in the wind. "You'll keep in touch when you are in Australia, won't you?" she said, almost looking concerned.

Philip looked back at her with no expression but to say, "I won't forget you." They just sat and let the boat drift for a while, and neither one said a word.

Finally, Misty looked him in the eye and said with deep emotion, "I think I am falling in love."

Philip agreed with a smile, "Me too!"

Finally, the boat could have drifted to Antarctica as they *kissed!* This would be a day that they would remember forever; their hearts had met. They held hands in a soul tie, one that could and should last for a lifetime. After moments of intimacy that seemed to last for hours, no more words were spoken as Misty started the engine, and they made their way back to the marina; they held each other tight all the way.

Then they drove back to the house, and Philip got his things together. Before he departed back to the ranch in Bend, he held her hand, kissed her moist lips, and said, "As soon as I arrive in Australia, I will e-mail you and let you know I arrived. I'm not sure how long I will be there. I'll figure that out probably in the first week or so. At any rate, I'll keep you updated. I don't want our moment today to vanish."

Misty gave him a huge embrace and simply said, "I love you."

Philip nodded affirmatively and boarded his truck and drove off watching his new love in the mirror as he departed her driveway. She had a fair look he could not *ever* forget.

Philip was at home getting ready for his trip overseas when the phone notified him of a text message. He opened-up the message box on his phone to see a brief text from an unknown sender. The text somehow found its way to his phone via the Internet from an address that bore the name Slasher. The message was one of those clever sayings from the underworld: "Nowz za time. Close study."

Just from these five words, he could tell that they were on to him again and planning something horrible.

This is a standard tactic of the underworld: if a message is sent ahead of their intentions, it's to get you to run somewhere, as people are most vulnerable when they are on the run. It also has another method to it: simply to harass their victim and fill them with terror. People are easy to scoop up on the street when they look afraid.

Philip was now on high alert, but never afraid, viewing every car that passed the farm with his bird's eye view of the main road. Kort was no fool either; he was casing Philip very closely to make sure he didn't have any surprise visitors. Kort could spot an operative's vehicle and figure out their intentions in a short space of time. He kept reminding himself, *just look for something irregular. That's the best way not to step on a rattlesnake!*

It was on the last morning that Philip was at the ranch, just before traveling to the airport, that such a vehicle came into view. A typical white rental van pulled up on a side road about a country block from Philip's trailer and just sat there. To Kort,

this was highly irregular. “There’s your rattlesnake,” he thought out loud. He had come very early at dawn and had parked his car a mile to the north and had walked back to sit in the forest on the other side of the road. With his monocular, he could see that the man was Asian and was texting constantly to someone.

Philip also noticed the suspicious vehicle and was keeping an eye on it as he packed his bags for Australia. The plane would leave at 11:30 a.m. and he had already called a cab to pick him up at 10:30 a.m., the clock on the wall said 9:45 a.m. With this new visitor, he called the cab company and told them to come ASAP!

Anticipating that this new operative would most likely just be casing Philip, as it was broad daylight, Kort made his way unseen back to his car and waited for the van to move. Around twenty minutes passed and a green cab from town pulled up to Philip’s trailer.

Philip locked up the house and jumped into the cab to go to the airport; the white van driven by X51, the Korean, followed.

Kort crept along slowly from a distance, staying in the three-car procession. As he drove along, his mind’s computer of operative techniques told him that if this Asian was who he thought he was, all it would take would be for Philip to use a restroom before boarding, and he would be toast. A highly skilled operative would have a full bag of tricks, a deadly sedative, or something physical and deadly, like a quick neck snap from behind as Philip stood at a urinal.

Many are familiar with the skill of a chiropractor as he snaps a client’s neck for relief. The Asian would snap a neck for good! Kort knew then that he had to stop this guy in his tracks before the cab entered airport space!

The three cars passed the last buildings in the downtown Bend business district and made their way along an industrial boulevard to the airport’s main divided thoroughfare. Down the middle of the divided roadway that winded along for around a mile, horizontal to the length of the runways that were in view, was a line of weeping willows. The three cars started down the mile stretch of road, and Kort knew that “nowz za time” to become a close study!

He closed in on the white van at a closer-than-usual following distance, about one car’s length; his speedometer read fifty miles per hour. With one quick jerk of his wrist on the

steering wheel and a quick acceleration of the engine, Kort hit the back end of the white van with the passenger side of his front bumper.

Following impact, Kort hit the brakes and forced the steering wheel in the opposite direction to be able to pull around the now-distressed white van in front of him. What Kort had done was an old police technique to get an unwanted criminal off the road. The quick bump on the driver's side rear of the white van created an unstoppable momentum that forced the white van off the road and into the center median line of trees. The van went helplessly careening, front bumper first, into a willow tree, knocking down the foot-wide-diameter trunk and riding right up on top of it!

There was a horrible bang and snap as the tree gave up its ground to the van. A huge cloud of steam from the van's radiator filled the sky. Philip heard the loud snap of the tree and looked back to view the aftermath of a deadly collision. Kort did a quick U-turn in a center median emergency U-turn lane and wasted no time getting out of there in a New York minute!

The cab dropped Philip off at the airport terminal, and he made his way through the ticket line safely to the waiting area in the boarding wing. His plane would be leaving on time for Seattle where he would catch another flight on Australian Airlines for the Land Down Under or Terra Incognita as some of the locals call it. As it turned out, the Korean in the white van was not seat-belted and now had a steering wheel collapsed into his chest cavity. He was not getting any air, and, unfortunately, it would take around five minutes for the emergency crews to get to him. When the ambulance arrived on the scene, he was as dead as a possum roadkill; it was a most gruesome scene of blood and tissue. It was hard for the police to piece together exactly who he was or where he came from, as all-of his information in his billfold was created in an underworld license dispensing lab. His social security number and personal identity was from someone already dead.

He became a John Doe in their system, only to be remembered briefly by two men in Florida who assumed the worse when he quit checking in that day with the normal text updates.

Kort had been successful again, and the syndicate had lost another key operative. Philip boarded on time and sank thankfully into the first-class seats afforded to him by his friends in Australia who knew that they needed to make him comfortable, and they postulated that if he made it on the plane, he would need some rest.

And that was what Philip did for half the trip on three planes to get there: sleep, drink lots of free sodas, and watch onboard movies! He felt like a child at a family party with an auntie (airline stewardess) who everyone knew as a food pusher.

“Can I get you a soda or snack?”

“Oh, you’re almost done with that. Can I get you another?”

Hunter couldn’t wait to get back from his trip to Bora Bora in the land of Tahiti to once again interview the Children of Corn. Katie had divulged so much already about her father’s underground network; just what she already shared would ensure the FBI would probably be able to make a huge bust, deep into the heart of the syndicate. But for now, he had to concentrate on the present, as it was Hunter’s and Terry’s day to fly to Tahiti to apprehend one of the biggest fish they had ever tracked.

A team of FBI personnel were already there making deals with the Tahitian government in Pape’ete, the capital. The FBI wanted their man and was hoping for some genuine cooperation from the Tahitians. Hunter and Terry met early at the St. Augustine airport; the FBI’s rented private jet was ready to depart for Bora Bora, in the Society Islands, part of Tahiti. They climbed aboard, and the pilot gave them a rundown of the trip’s itinerary and the expected ETA (estimated time of arrival).

“We’ll be flying at normal speeds and stopping in LA to refuel before we cross the Pacific to Hawaii. We’ll refuel there and take a turn south to Bora Bora. Did you know that Bora Bora is an old supply base for the U.S. military in WW2?” the pilot quipped.

Hunter joked, “It’s a long way from nowhere to get somewhere.” Terry just shook her head and commented, “I’ll bet Lisa was disappointed to have to stay-back and arrange the cashew plant sting.”

Hunter put on a sad look but in truth didn’t want to admit that her beauty would have been a distraction to him, especially

at such close quarters on an extended trip! The plane taxied to its staging area for takeoff until it was cleared from the tower to proceed. The engines started to whine when the all clear came, and the pilot let go of the breaks, and the long procession began to make several tons of aluminum defy gravity.

Whoosh. And a sudden feeling of force lifted the floor of the plane followed by a strange floating feeling. “The weather should be all clear most of the way to California. We may have to fly around a few popups, but that is usually like driving around an old lady,” the pilot said.

Terry pulled out her laptop computer and began to review the conversations of the interview with the Children of Corn to help her pass the time of the trip, as Hunter just sat in the lounge-style chair and crashed, his eyes closed having a cushy pillow under his head.

Eighteen hours later, the FBI’s rented corporate jet rumbled down to meet the tarmac at Bora Bora’s lonely Pacific airport built on a thin strip of reef that surrounds the island. Catamarans take visitors from the airport to the mainland’s main town, Vaitape. Bora Bora has long been a haven for lawbreakers, spies, and even some rich or famous folk.

X1 felt he could mix in here; there would not be many who would inform on him, or dare to. Nobody on the island was poor; even the hotel servants were well-fed. Hotel rates were among the highest in the Tahitian island chain, and this kept the riffraff closer to the capital island.

The Pizza Head’s condominium where X1 was staying was a bungalow on the side of Bora Bora’s mountain terrain, overlooking a fashionable lagoon, and was in a private park, protected by a steep entrance. Surrounding the bungalow were exotic hanging gardens, fish ponds, and numerous golf trails that led to the island’s premier golf and country club. Other trails led to the town of Vaitape, just three miles away for shopping, banking, and Internet cafe socializing. Hunter and Terry Rainer were met as soon as they exited the catamaran at Vaitape’s quay (city dock) by the lead team of three FBI agents. They grabbed their luggage and taxied them to the hotel for a quick meeting on what had been accomplished with the Tahitian government. They all met in Hunter’s room, bringing in hot

chicken from a local delicatessen.

“How was the air flight over the Pacific for you?” one of the lead agents asked Hunter. “Great, just great. Wow, I think we are setting a record on time and distance for a capture,” Hunter joked.

“Okay, let’s talk turkey. What parameters are we working with as far as the Tahitian government?” Terry questioned the lead agents. “We will have a tagalong, one of theirs. We’ll text him when we are ready to move.”

“Okay, that’s it?” Terry asked.

“The only other thing should be simple. We will have to work out an extradition; when we have X1 safely here in the jail, at Vaitape,” the agent said.

Terry looked enlightened and questioned, “Will they drag their feet?”

“No,” the agent said, “we requested the paperwork in-advance, so we can get him processed and the plane back in the air ASAP.”

“Great, then, you-all get some rest. We’ll go over all the coordinates in the morning and plan an evening, just-after-dark raid on his bungalow,” Terry informed them.

Hunter pointed out his research to all the team players, “I have the location of X1’s bungalow from the Pizza Head’s confession, but we’ll need to go over the terrain and our entrance plan into the park. We’ll use the island’s transportation system and rent a couple of golf carts and a small canoe for the occasion. Terry, the Tahitian official and I will use the golf cart path into the park community, and the rest of the canoe team will go by way of the lagoon.

“X1’s bungalow is directly up the hillside from the lagoon, so the FBI team can surprise him and then the rest of us can move in to clean up. I might add, X is a hard player; he will be well fortified with weapons and possibly a bodyguard and has large amounts of cash at his disposal to run, walk, or buy his way out of anything!”

Hunter’s cell phone chimed and indicated a text message from Washington’s FBI office: “We have dispatched surveillance to the cashew plant in Aug-a-Dog per Lisa B’s request. We are digging to discover when shipments are to arrive. Lisa is working on a search warrant from the local judge. Will keep you updated. Let us know when your plane leaves

Bora Bora so we can get the timing of the sting set.” *Aug-a-Dog* is a code name for “St. Augustine.”

It was just turning evening on the small island expanse of Bora Bora. The sun was setting in the western sky with all the colors of storms coming. The team knew that the weather was turning. They only had around three hours to clean up this mess and corner the big-fish tuna before the rains.

The canoe with the three FBI agents departed from the quay, and Terry, Hunter, and the Tahitian official started a slow drive down the golf lane to X1’s community. As soon as darkness fell, they would all make their move and storm the bungalow, hoping to “bag the tuna,” as Hunter referred to him.

At the time the sting commenced, X1 was up on his sundeck enjoying the sunset with three of the local beauties; all were in beachwear, and X1 was sitting comfortably in the bubbles of his Jacuzzi. They were enjoying tall glasses of expensive New Zealand wine and were dining from a large tray of hors d’oeuvres. There were cheese chunks to go with the wine, hot chicken wings to warm the stomach, and herring to tickle the taste buds!

As the FBI team moved in from the lagoon, they beached the canoe and started up the steep embankment to X1’s bungalow, a five-hundred-foot incline. As they neared the top of the hill and crouched into some brush at the side of the two-story bungalow, they noticed that the sundeck stretched out over a rocky drop off above the lagoon, a twenty-five-foot drop. It would be impossible to walk around the front of the bungalow, so they moved around to the rear entrance area.

The lead FBI agent placed a text to Hunter and notified him that they were in place. Hunter text back to wait two minutes and commence. Then he and his team in the golf carts would simultaneously move in from the golf lane. As the agent viewed his watch pass the one-minute mark, he heard some commotion up on the deck and a wail followed by a distant thud. They held still until the two-minute click and rushed the house. The largest agent put his foot through the door, and they all rushed up an inner stairwell to the upper deck area, guns drawn.

When they went through all the cat-and-mouse movements to inch their way out onto the deck, covering every square inch

with a gunpoint, they saw three beautiful, scantily clad women, frozen in time and looking over the guardrails with X1 not present. Another agent was dispatched by the lead man's eyes to search the house.

X1 was not in the house though; in the moments before they all rushed the house, he had slipped on some soap film when he stood up from the Jacuzzi (he had spotted some movements in the brush down below) and had, all by his own weight and with only a yelp, fallen down the seventy-five-foot expanse to the rocks at the base of the ridge. He would be well dead when the agents went down to check his body.

Terry and Hunter and a startled Tahitian official suddenly poked their heads through the sliding glass doors and saw the lead agent shining his flashlight down on the ridge area.

"Did he escape?" Hunter asked.

"Not exactly, he's not moving down there. Let's go check him out," said the lead agent.

Terry stayed on the deck to interview the three women who looked suddenly like they didn't have a home, while the rest of the team went down to check on what may have happened to X1. After scaling and climbing through rocks and boulders on the ridge, they found the body of X1 lifeless and free of gunshot wounds.

Up on the deck, Terry asked the only woman who could speak some English what had happened.

"He fall off deck, he slip on soap on spa walkway," the native lady said.

Hunter told the FBI agents to take some photos, put X1's body in the canoe, and meet him back at the quay. Hunter and the Tahitian official climbed back up to the bungalow and called the local Vaitape police.

After the police arrived and the general story was told of X1 slipping off the deck, the three women were taken down to the station for further questioning by an interpreter in their language, along with the Tahitian official, while Terry and Hunter made their way back to the quay. Even though X1 was dead, the FBI wanted a quick autopsy on the body for blood and hair analysis to see what kinds of drugs may have been in his system, not only at the time of death, but also to see what he may have been a fan of for personal uses over time.

This hair test could reveal what types of drugs he may have

been handling and dealing. Terry and Hunter used a golf cart to bring the body of X1 to the local morgue where it could be processed for extradition to the United States. The Tahitian official also had their coroner do his routine check on the body for their records, so it could be released expeditiously to U.S. authorities.

Terry and Hunter relaxed over a couple of tall sodas back at the hotel, and Hunter made his text communication to Washington: "We have the body of X1. He was DOA. We will push for quick extradition. We just need extradition approval from one Tahitian official. Hoping to leave tomorrow afternoon. All going well, our ETA is 2:00 p.m. the next day."

The next morning, Florida's congressman Parington, accompanied by his attorney, was joined by around thirty other citizens for the morning's court session. Media parasites camped in the rotunda area of the city court building; there were multiple cameramen, media babes, and a few reporters extending their arms toward well-dressed officials with recorders drawn, attempting to get any statement at all regarding the VIP prisoner to appear before the judge.

The main media event of the day was the congressman who was escorted into the courtroom by two police officers and an attorney in tow. The media babes, with mikes extended and their cameramen, almost assaulted the attorney before he could enter the court.

The congressman's attorney could see that to run for the door would be bad protocol in a courtroom situation, so he turned to the cameras and took a couple of questions from reporters. A microphone device almost kissed his lips, and a question came unimpeded: "Will the court be setting Congressman Parington's bail today?"

The attorney hesitated for a moment as he planned his answer. "Yes, this is a bail hearing, and we should have the congressman back to work in his office this morning to continue his work for his constituents."

Another mike came toward the attorney combined with a quick question: "Is it true that Congressman Parington was arrested for drug possession yesterday afternoon?"

The attorney's facial expression looked like a red ant just

ran up his leg; he started to pivot on one foot toward the courtroom screener. "Uh, before that question can be answered, we need to talk to the judge regarding what may have actually happened, thank you." He turned and walked through the metal detector near the courtroom door as about three other quick questions came flying in his direction and bounced off the back of his head. The attorney was safe as soon as he placed his first foot inside the courtroom. He went in and sat nervously next to his client. The courtroom was a busy place that morning. Accompanying the two of them were busted prostitutes, drug dealers, people with drunken traffic citations and one shoplifter; some were joined by well-dressed attorneys.

This was an embarrassing company of potential constituents for the congressman to be joining for a town hall meeting. As soon as his bail was set, he would be quickly off to more comfortable surroundings, and he couldn't care less if he ever got any of *their* votes! He was hoping for the judge to vote in his favor, and as his name was called, he walked to the front and was seated in one of the front-row seats to avoid any facial contact as his attorney took the central podium.

The judge looked very serious. On his left was an assistant, a businesslike court manager with her laptop computer. As soon as the attorney stood facing the judge, he was asked, "The charges against your client are possession of cocaine. How does your client plea?"

The attorney, in an effort to avoid a lengthy media blitz of a trial, said, "Guilty, sir."

"Good, we can get on then," the judge said. "You can check with the court clerk for your trial date for sentencing, and bail will be set at two thousand dollars. Are there any questions?"

The attorney, breathless that he just got off scot-free on the bail, said, "No, Your Honor, thank you." And he turned and motioned for the congressman to join him on the way to the court clerk's window to pay the bail.

Two police officers also walked with them to the clerk's window to observe the bail payment, so they could get back to other chores at the police station. As they all entered the hallway and went toward the clerk of court's window, the media mob descended- down upon them. The two police officers shielded the congressman as he and his attorney paid the bail, but as they turned to exit the long hallway toward the parking area, the

media mob followed like a bunch of jackals on the trail of a prime water buffalo.

The congressman and attorney swatted media questions like flies all the way to their car and were mobbed before the doors could be open. The two police officers helped a little to keep the gang of press at bay from them at least momentarily. The congressman looked pale and stressed by the running of the bulls, as more questions-simultaneously followed by TV cameras, microphones, and media-babes crowding him for attention.

The scene was so comical, as a couple of media people were boldly-down on their hands and knees, crawling underneath other colleagues and cameramen to get their handheld recorders close to the sound source, the congressman's mouth!

"How much was your bail set for?" was the first question.

Congressman Parington answered with a jest, "Enough to buy you a new camera."

His attorney looked relieved that his client could field such simple shots.

"Were you buying something illegal yesterday?" came another reporter's request.

The congressman quipped back, "Apparently the judge thought so."

A third question floored the congressman. "What do your constituents in Florida think about you seeing the judge today?"

Congressman Parington shot back, "I'll ask them to leave me a comment on my Facebook page."

And with that, the attorney opened the door, and the two of them slipped in quickly. Just before leaving though, the congressman slid down the window and yelled out, "You can all go to my BlogSpot, and I'll try to answer your questions in more detail."

The car sped out of the parking lot with a couple of screeches and a lurch when they went over the low entry curb. The reporters stood still for a moment, and then all walked off to their respective vehicles and satellite vans. They had some of the best footage that experienced media people could edit, making it into a saleable package for the noon report and 6:00 p.m. news. Some of the photos would also make their way onto the national wires along with short stories written by news correspondents. This was the kind of news that made the big stations. And it

didn't really matter what all the congressman said; his words would be edited, and his photos in and out of the courtroom would create a drama that even the kids would watch on their iPhone devices! It would be a media circus, complete with clowns, the talking heads and talk show hosts with some of their editorial guests, to rival many.

PART 2

Seasons for Renewal

31 Arrival at Terra Australis Incognita, the Loneliest Place on Earth

Mid-February 2013

The wheels of the Australian-bound jet touched down with a quiet chirp on the tarmac of the international airport of Perth, Australia. Philip would have to switch planes here and take the regional Outback Country Airlines.

He stepped on board an old prop jet that was leaking a puddle of oil onto the tarmac and sat in the first available seat that looked usable; the rest of the seats appeared to have tears and stains on them. Afterward, Philip was greeted by the stewardess with a “Goooday, we’re off to another jump with the wallabies!”

He stared out the side window to see one of those auto-trains that Misty showed him in a photograph. They were imposing leviathans with huge cattle guards to fend off Australia’s roaming wildlife. Misty had once told him that one auto-train operator confessed that he frequently ran over kangaroos; they jump out right in front of him on the road at night and “there is no way to stop on a lizard’s tail!”

Philip took a photo of the auto-train and texted it off to Misty with a short message: “Made it, now in Australia and saw this. Love, Philip.” Not too many passengers were flying the skies today to Broome, Australia, where Philip would meet up with the McKennas at their ranch. The ride was swirly and bumpy in the old 1980s class prop jet. The stewardess was pleasant and favored Philip the whole flight with anything he wanted, mostly small bags of pretzels, and sodas. She had a thick Australian accent, a true Aussie.

“We’re hopin; yir gittin’ what ya need,” she said as she handed him another handful of pretzel bags. “Can I getcha another sewdy?” Philip thanked her with an affirmative nod. She came back with two and stopped to talk Aussie with some of the local flyers. “We’re gittin’ a terrible drought, no? Did ya think the raains will evir com’in?”

It was a five-hour flight to Broome from Perth as the Outback plane stopped at a few backcountry airports to load and

unload passengers; Philip was surprised from the looks of some of these people, and the way they were dressed in sweat-stained Aussie hats and dust-colored shirts, it's funny they didn't bother to take on board their goats and sheep too!

Finally, as the sun was starting to set in the western skies, the plane came in low over the Indian Ocean to land at the Broome International Airport, on the northern side of town. As soon as the plane was on the tarmac, Philip checked his phone for messages and saw an expected text from Mr. Miller of the McKenna family: "We got you in our sights. We'll grab your bags and meet you out in front with our black Suburban. Just look for Moose!"

Philip walked casually through the airport, used the restroom, and exited to the pickup area where he could see the black Suburban waiting. Moose jumped out and opened the side door for Philip's entry into safety for the first time since he left Florida.

"We have a lot to show you of our operation here," said Mr. Miller as they drove to the ranch, the size of which would impress the world's elite.

After entering a very humble-looking front farm gate with a chain lock attached, Mr. Miller pointed out that for the rest of the drive, it was all McKenna family property. "You don't measure property in miles here," he said. "You just sit back and enjoy the ride!" It took fifteen minutes to get to the two-story ranch house sitting by the sea with the red cliffs of Australia's outback in the eastern view. The ranch complex was a spread of three main buildings. The center building was a historic bungalow, two stories with a sundeck off the main floor; the other two buildings were wings separated from the bungalow by shaded walkways stretching out at slight angles at ground level. You could park directly underneath the center bungalow, which was on stilts, in an open garage to keep your car out of the sun.

"Wow," Philip said as he stepped onto the reddish-orange soil of the outback parking area. "This is impressive!"

Mr. Miller pointed out that he would be more than safe here. "You can leave your windows open at night and enjoy the pleasant breezes off the ocean if you like. If any bad people do come around, we'll feed their miserable bodies to the sharks!" Philip could see he wasn't kidding about the shark feedings;

alongside Mr. Miller stood his two bodyguards, the massive Moose at six-foot seven and 310 pounds, and the China man, only five foot six, but a master in martial arts; he was known to catch flies and mosquitoes without the need for a fly swatter!

The first man was a bus; the other, a blender. Then there were also the two trained guard dogs, one was a Doberman pinscher; the other was a larger, muscular Rottweiler. Moose pointed to the Rottweiler and said, "This one is trained to bite the hand of anyone that offers him a treat, so don't offer him any table scraps!"

"We'll let you get comfortable in your room, and you can come and dine with us when you start to smell the cook's creations! Just so you know, there are no set times here. When we see the sun set, it's dinnertime; when it goes up, it's time for breakfast; and, when we get our morning chores done, it's lunchtime." Mr. Miller laughed as he grabbed Philip's bags and walked toward the cottage.

As Philip came out to the front deck of the bungalow for dinner, he could see that the panoramic view of the Indian Ocean, and the surrounding red cliffs to the east was worth millions; over a thirty miles of the ocean's bluish-green water could be seen, along with dolphins playing and an occasional shark fin surfacing. A well-dressed maid of local aboriginal descent served the Western Australian delicatessen of fresh fruits and bean burritos smothered with cream cheese; the bodyguards sat alone at another table.

To Philip's surprise, and opposite to him, sat a senior member of the McKenna family: Douglas McKenna, the father of Hugh and Bob and the patriarch. For Philip, this was a surreal moment; prior to this moment, he had only seen Douglas McKenna in news clips and family biographical books.

The maid interrupted quickly to make sure that everyone had a steaming-hot burrito and a full bowl of fruits. Drinks were served from a carafe that she carefully poured, an all-natural strawberry-banana blended smoothie.

The conversation started with Douglas McKenna. "It was a good thing we suggested you leave St. Augustine when you did, and that you were able to get out unharmed. That group of intelligence agents is a rogue bunch!"

Philip agreed, "Yes, they made several attempts on my life. It was impossible to get a full-night's sleep. From the first day

they were on to me, my life has never returned to normal; I am always looking over my shoulder and practicing every precaution I can think of. I keep the battery out of my cell phone, so they can't track me. I only sleep in the early evening hours between 7:00 p.m. and 11:00 p.m., as most of the bad things that happen to people are in the early to midmorning hours.

"The rest of the time, I nap when I can get a chance. In some ways though, it is quite strange. I have found that this new schedule has enhanced my writing abilities. I do my best works now in the hours that I stay up at night. I would go and sit overnight in the twenty-four-hour restaurant, and there were little distractions, writing volumes!

"On top of that, at those early morning hours, Internet service is extremely fast, and research can be accelerated greatly on any subject!"

Douglas McKenna responded, "Tomorrow night we'll have to sit in the living room and discuss more of your experiences with the underworld and some of the events that preceded Julianne's death." Philip was aware of the possibility that the underworld people who targeted him may be the same who attacked Julianne.

"Tonight, we're all going to relax and watch some rare films and video footage of our family's political and presidential experiences. I am sure as a journalist you will find this interesting."

Philip was honored to see such family-owned footage of one of the former presidents. "Yes, absolutely, that would be fantastic!" He joyed in his heart.

Ben Parington's chief of staff, Bart Hollingsworth, sent out a media press release for the congressman via fax machine and had an expected response from the media in the commons area lobby of the congressional office complex.

Ben Parington stepped to the podium for his scheduled news conference in front of hundreds of news reporters and television crews to make his final statement before entering his first-ever drug rehab program. "I will be traveling soon to Arizona to a drug rehabilitation facility. I will be gone for about six weeks. I have voluntarily admitted myself and would like to take this opportunity to apologize first to my lovely wife

[who was standing off to the side of the podium], my family [who were seated behind him], my colleagues [none of which were present], and my constituents [a few angry protesters were on the sidewalk out in front of the congressional office complex]protestation This has been a hard time for us all [not to the Democrats who were celebrating his demise; he was a Republican], but I hope that when you all see my sincerity to make things right, you'll agree and show your support. When I return from rehabilitation, I will be available for work, and my office will be open as usual, and my legislative efforts will continue tirelessly for the needs of my constituents and the State of Florida. Thank you!" Questions started to fly in his direction from the media representatives, some excitedly shouting. Ben Parington would soon be on a plane to the high mountains of Arizona, to a remote healing facility, the Tree of Oil Center, known by the medical field to administer mostly "natural" alternative solutions to drug addictions. The media and the press would not be able to get beyond the parking area to get past the twenty-four-hour security desk at the front entrance. For six weeks, Ben Parington would be able to set up shop, between group sessions, and avoid *all* media examination of his private life, and he would also not be expected to respond to any of their analysis from media circus of talking heads. It was the classic political duck and run from the media headhunters: "Get into the middle of the swamp and sit idle!" Parington's attorney advised him.

The democrats had their own ten-minute rebuttal of Florida's congressman Ben Parington and his skip-and-jump scene at the congressional office building. Most of the major networks, to be fair with news coverage, had an interview with leaders of the *other* party. One network had an old political hack of a commentator on TV from the Old South, immediately following Ben Parington's last word. "Just another hit-and-run tactic of the Republicans. You get caught and run for cover! This whole thing about rehabilitation is the congressman giving his constituents the glass of orange juice they all wanted for breakfast. It's all playacting at best. Other politicians wrote this whole scene in the play, years ago. I am wondering if someday the Republicans might come up with another *Gone with the Wind* movie and even give us some new actors!"

The next person on camera was a grim politician from the

democratic side of the aisle, the senior senator from South Carolina, Nelson Daoust, who chided, "I myself and most of my colleagues from our side of the aisle would like to call for the resignation of Florida's congressman Ben Parington. We find his behavior to be reprehensible for a man of his political standing. We wonder what the good citizens of his home state and his constituents may feel about his shortcomings and would hope that they would agree with us today in calling for his removal from office!"

The news media impregnated this statement from the senator; almost immediately every newswire was broadcasting his concerns nationwide. Within less than one-hour, major outlets, even in remote areas of Alaska and Hawaii were wearing out the Senator's chide. This made no higher bump in the road for Ben Parington though; he had already informed his constituents that he would be unplugged from any comments for six weeks. And amazingly that is about the amount of time needed for the media to redeploy their energies to another disaster, hopefully for him, another natural disaster event far away from the political arena.

In times past, major politicians have, through their secret society back channels, created other disasters to take the media focus off their scandals. Presidents who are caught in scandals, sometimes start wars and police actions with other countries. And the media usually forgives the president's present shortcomings to focus on the new sensational action he has created, whether it's a new war action or maybe the sudden destruction of a terrorist hideout in remote Afghanistan using surgical missiles.

At any rate, within twelve hours, Ben Parington was now safe as a mouse in a back wall, dining on all-natural homecooked meals at the Tree of Oil Center drug rehabilitation facility in Arizona's high mountains.

Cashews are the gold of the Orient; other governments and suppliers will pay top dollar for a good, fresh shipment. From South Vietnam, the cashews are loaded on container cargo ships and make their way to the Americas via ocean shipping lanes. During this slow time of transport, they mature into a tasty crop ready for packaging. The cargo ship makes its way into Tampa

Bay, twenty miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and under the famous Skyway Bridge that once was struck by an ocean freighter, collapsing the structure, sending a commercial bus full of passengers into the shark-infested waters of the bay. The bridge was then rebuilt into the architectural landmark that it is today.

It is one of the nation's largest container cargo receiving ports, as every year over three thousand container ships navigate their way to this inland port. Here the containers are offloaded onto trucks and trains at the shipping terminal, with a state-of-the-art one-hundred-ton mobile harbor crane. From there the containers are trucked to the respective packing companies. Southeast Asian cashews arrive at Tampa because of the port's regular connections to major Asian sphere container ports.[7]

The FBI had already traced the shipments arriving at the cashew company to the Tampa shipping terminal, the loading times and the truck routes were mapped. Lisa Bogadeen and the Bureau were also organizing the sting on the cashew plant, as they were waiting for Terry Rainer and Hunter Bannister to return with the body of X1 from Bora Bora.

The plane from Tahiti landed almost on time at 3:00 p.m. Hunter and Terry stepped out and met the FBI team with Lisa Bogadeen at the airport. The body of X1 was placed in the back of the van, and they all drove to the police station and set up operations in the lounge area; their laptop computers and cell phones were buzzing as action plans were being finalized.

Terry, Hunter, and Lisa met in the chief's office to discuss the final plans of a sting on the cashew plant. The chief wanted to make sure first that they knew what they were after.

"You're sure that these containers coming in have drugs on board?"

"Our FBI sources tell us that the shipments came from the Tampa Bay container terminal and are offloaded there at the cashew plant. An undercover officer disguised as a health inspector inspected the plant and said he saw some evidence of seeds from marijuana plants in some of the floor cracks and corners. Marijuana seeds just don't blow into a warehouse that size from off the street," confirmed Lisa Bogadeen. "This only

could have occurred when a bag was torn and some of the contents leaked out into the shipping container and then onto the cashew plant's warehouse floor."

The chief looked over his half-frame reading glasses from a photo as he was holding one of the seeds from the floor of the warehouse and questioned, "So we are moving on seeds?"

Hunter piped in, "Sir, we have the testimony of two of X1's children that confirmed this cashew plant as being a distribution center for marijuana."

Lisa Bogadeen stepped in. "With the help of Terry's boss, Detective O'Malley, I was able to get a search warrant from the local judge. The container trucks with the cashews arrive at the plant usually around 0200 hours. The trailers are unloaded with guards watching. This is also suspicious. There wouldn't be guards for just a regular cashew shipment.

"According to an informer we hired, the packages of cashews are wrapped in an all-silver color container. If the drugs are in the same bag, the container is split in half, with the cashews on top and the sealed bags of marijuana in the bottom. At the plant, the two are separated and distributed to respective people in the distribution network."

The chief looked a bit relieved when Lisa spoke of an informant and said, "I guess we'll go ahead then, good work."

Terry Rainer stepped up with, "Thanks, Chief, we'll keep you updated. We will plan to make our bust as soon as we get everyone together on time, probably 0200 hours this coming morning. We'll confirm from the FBI's Tampa office that the truck is being loaded at the Tampa terminal, and we will go ahead and have a well-organized team ready to move in as soon as they start unloading at the cashew plant."

The chief nodded with a smile, and they all disembarked back to the employee lounge where the other FBI team players were working. Lisa Bogadeen walked into the lounge with an affirmative look and said, "We're on. Let's get this thing in gear."

An FBI team member grabbed for his cell phone and started calling Tampa's FBI office. At 8:00 p.m., a tractor trailer truck sat idling by a container ship as a giant forklift loaded a huge steel container on board. Loaded, it moved past the main gate of the terminal as local FBI ran the numbers off the side of the container. It showed up positive as a cashew-laden cargo from

Southeast Asia. Cell phones began chirping in St. Augustine off the FBI team's side belt holders.

"The cargo was on its way," one text read.

It would be a several-hour ride from Tampa to St. Aug-a-Dog, depending on traffic on the I-4 corridor-Orlando's downtown traffic being the worst in the state, almost at any time! After the truck passed through the entertainment capital, it would have a smooth ride up to its destination. It would arrive in St. Augustine around 1:00 a.m. and probably fuel up first at a truck stop before arriving at the plant-always at 2:00 a.m. Criminals rarely did their dirty work before that time.

The local FBI team caught up with the tractor trailer truck at the local truck stop in their white cargo van. These types of vans are always used for stings as millions of them were made and are widely used by thousands of companies, large and small, to conduct regular business service to customers. To suite the occasion for cover, magnetic signs, Quickest Delivery Service, were posted on the sides. The tractor trailer operator finished filling his tanks at the truck stop and began his way to the cashew plant, the FBI van following.

On board the FBI's van were Lisa Bogadeen and three FBI agents. Hunter and Terry were back at the police station using electronic surveillance cameras previously mounted in the vicinity- of the shipping area of the cashew plant.

"All clear for entry, "Terry spoke into her two-way speaker phone followed by a *beep*.

Lisa Bogadeen responded with, "Affirmative." *Beep*.

As the tractor trailer moved into the cashew plant's receiving yard, it maneuvered around in a circle and backed into the receiving dock. As soon as the back end touched the rubber stoppers, the receiving door slid open. Two sentries stood at each side of the loading dock as a crew of men opened the back of the trailer.

Terry Rainer radioed of the development to Lisa Bogadeen, "The truck is now unloading at the dock!"

The van with the FBI agents was now sitting a block away from the plant's back entrance to the receiving area; the agents departed from the van and made their way along a bushy tree line, unseen to the loading dock area.

"We have a visual. Do you see anyone in the parking lot area?" Lisa enquired to Terry, first shifting her phone to silent

mode.

“All clear,” came Terry’s voice. “You have two sentries on the sides of the dock.”

Crouching down low and sliding up to the side of the wall of the building between parked tractor trailer trucks, the FBI team inched along the wall until they were to a location where they could only sit for a few moments unseen. At the signal of the team leader with his hand, they pounced with guns drawn.

“FBI! Throw down your weapons!” Up onto the dock they jumped, taking the two sentries into custody first with quick snaps of their handcuffs. One agent entered the back of the trailer and held two workers captive as Lisa Bogadeen inspected the interior of the plant where she saw a couple of men flee out a side door.

Seeing there would be no further resistance, Lisa radioed Terry a word, “Operation pounce.” This was an agreed-upon code word that put the police station team into action; Terry made a quick call to Coastal Comm, the area’s police call station and requested immediate backup at the cashew plant.

Coastal Comm instantly called all available police vehicles to search the area of the plant for two male suspects who fled the plant and to assist in the drug bust at the receiving dock. Within two minutes, six cruisers were in the area of the plant; three were searching the area for the suspects, and three were at the loading dock. Terry and Hunter also arrived in their black SUV and immediately started to inspect the trailer’s cargo.

The first crate was opened, and what was seen was large silver- looking bags, each weighing around thirty pounds. Hunter took his sharp pocketknife and sliced open one whole side of the first bag. Cashews were present on the top of the bag, but in the bottom of the bag were individually wrapped bags of a green, grassy- looking substance.

Hunter took one look at Terry and said, “Tell the chief we have a jack —*pot!*”

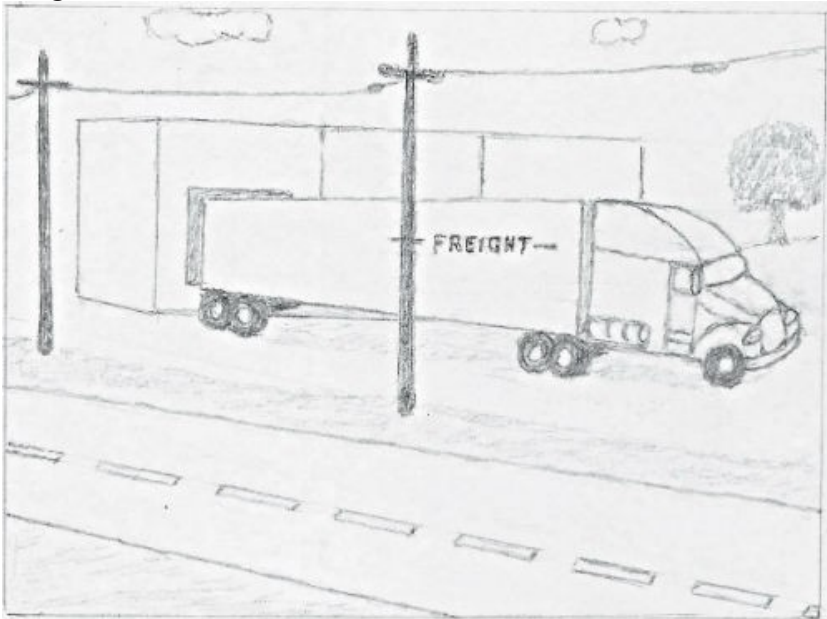
The rest of the plant was cordoned off to the public with police tape until Terry, Hunter, and the other FBI team members could investigate every package in the plant. It took until around noon of the next day to fully inspect everything and question any workers that happened to enter the employee entrance at the beginning of the work bell the next morning. The trailer was taken to the police station’s holding dock area and fully

inspected.

The payload of marijuana was one of the largest in the state's history. Each shipping bag contained six pounds of marijuana, with two shipping bags per crate and around 250 boxes equaling over a quarter-million-dollars in street value (possibly more since this was the finest crop of marijuana money could buy). This was a big catch for a small backwater town like St. Augustine.

The newspapers went wild with headline stories the next day and sensationally alerted the public to the glimpse into the unseen Mafia world of their community. Terry, Hunter, Lisa, and the FBI team didn't get off work until lunchtime, but they had earned their salaries and went home satisfied of their time well spent.

The next thing that Hunter would want to do was interview the Children of Corn and find out if there was anything else going on in the backwater tide community that could be brought to light.



Receiving dock drug bust.

Terry and Hunter literally crawled back into their office chairs at the police station after sleeping only a few hours. A text alert came over their cell phones from Terry's boss, Detective

O'Malley, indicating that a "breakthrough in the swamp investigation" had occurred. Terry and Hunter slammed down a strong cup of coffee and accompanied Detective O'Malley to the Matanzas Creek, south of the downtown area.

Policemen were stationed at the end of the road leading into the soggy bogs; they had parked their vehicles and walked down a rough trail to the water's edge. In front of them was a small peninsula that almost crossed the swamp, except for around ten feet of open water from a slow-moving stream that flowed through the center.

Detective O'Malley said, "Now that I have you both here, I'll show you what we found. Over here behind these shrubs are eight four by four lengths of lumber. At the middle edge of the swamp where a small stream cuts a peninsula in half are dam support emplacements made from metal support beams and pounded into the mud on each side of the stream's flow.

"As you take these four by fours and lower them into these metal support beams, the flow of the stream into the swamp is stopped, lowering the swamps water level, and exposing the shoreline by, we estimate, an additional thirty feet. We think that there may be something buried in the mud under the swamp just below this makeshift dam. Over here behind this bush we found these." Detective O'Malley held up a pair of snow shoes. "These are, we believe, to be used to walk over the mud to get over the muck in the swamp."

Hunter looked inquisitive and asked, "Well, are we going to see what is down under the mud then?"

O'Malley then motioned to a diver who had been working in the swamp and had just surfaced with something in his hand and swam it over. It appeared to be a cap that would go onto the end of a large PVC drainage pipe. The diver handed it to Detective O'Malley and said, "I took this off the end of a large pipe, sealed at both ends and about eight feet in length. I tried to get a look at what was in the pipe, but all I could see was dead, decayed matter. We need to get a tow line out there, and we'll start pulling out these pipes one at a time. I spotted about six of them so far that are partially buried in the muck; the current from the stream has exposed their locations. There may be more of these eight-foot PVC pipes buried out there."

Hunter took the pipe cover and noticed that a hole had been drilled into the middle of it and asked the diver what he thought.

“That is so that the pipe will fill with water after it has been placed to keep it resting on the bottom.” Detective O’Malley radioed that a tow truck be dispatched immediately to the swamp and as soon as it arrived, the pipes could be cabled up and pulled from the swamp.

Terry Rainer looked over the pipe end and added her two cents, “I guess there could be someone buried out there in all those pipes, don’t you suppose?”

O’Malley said, “I didn’t bring you out here just for sightseeing.” They all took a break and went back to where the other officers stood guard at the road’s apex and sat on the tailgate of the police department’s four-wheel-drive truck. Detective O’Malley brought out a bag of chips and had some bottled water for them all to be refreshed with.

Within a few minutes the dispatched tow truck had pulled to the edge of the road and had extended his tow cable out to the diver. Slowly, the first eight-foot section of gray PVC pipe was brought to the shore. The diver then began to inspect its interior with a bright flashlight. He pulled a sandbag out of the end of the pipe. There was a brief pause as they all watched with bated breath.

The diver suddenly stopped motionless. He turned his head and eyes back at the three investigators and said matter-of-factly, “We’ve got tennis shoes, probably with a body attached!”

With that pronouncement, out came the police camera, and the diver took a photo shot of a pair of tennis shoes that were now exposed near the end of the pipe. The diver walked over and showed the digital photo to the investigative team.

Detective O’Malley picked up his cell phone and immediately dispatched the coroner. “Looks like we have some work for you out here at the Matanzas swamp. You’re probably going to need some assistance. We just found a graveyard, a body transfer zone.”

Within minutes the investigative team was swamped: the media’s police scanner monitors cackled the news, and all the local news stations showed up around the same time as the coroner. The county sheriff came, the FBI team, and all the local law enforcement representatives reacted in tandem. Tents were set up, and within an hour, the Florida-based national media outlets had sent satellite truck teams, for it had been a long time since Florida, much less the nation, had experienced anything

like a mass grave.

Up came the eight-foot pipe sections, first six, then another batch, and when the last one was pulled in, there were twenty-nine. The police public relations lady, who was trained to deal with the media, explained their next operational procedures of the mass burial site to a camera crew, "We will now fix a dam across the front of the swamp where the stream flows through, holding back the water, to lower the pond's level, so that we can more easily use mud poles off the side of a small fishing boat to locate any other bodies that we haven't yet spotted."

It had been another all-nighter for Terry, Hunter, and Detective O'Malley (Lisa Bogadeen was on another work project), and now that things were winding down, they all departed for home and tried to get some more sleep. They were now finding out that the business of X1 and the local syndicate was pretty-mucky.

"They're nothin' but a bunch of muckers," said Hunter to Terry as he slipped into his car, and they drove away.

Philip spent a large part of the day lounging on the McKenna ranch veranda. From his perch he was able to observe the activities of the drovers as they went about the business of herding cattle, one of the large agricultural footholds of Western Australia. Then there were the busy operations of the local harvesting company who had workers present trimming the fruit trees in the groves. The housemaid kept herself busy filling Philip's mug of green tea and supplying fresh fruit all afternoon.

As the evening set, she had a full course dinner ready to go for all the ranch hands and the McKennas. As they all began to saunter in to the dining area, Philip could see that some had dust-covered clothing and boots, taking their leather gloves and swatting their legs and arms as they stood at the veranda entrance.

The McKenna team walked into the room and took places at the head table; the rest of the ranch hands dined separately. Douglas McKenna greeted several of the ranch hands with head nods and took a drink of his ice tea and said, "Let's pray. Heavenly Father, bless this abundance of your blessings upon our lands as we enjoy the harvest of your increase, show mercy and protection upon our families, and help us to never forget

your provision, amen.”

Immediately the housemaid served trays of roast beef, potatoes, and gravy. She placed the trays on a side table for everyone to serve themselves in smorgasbord style. Some of the ranch hands filled their plates with piles of meat, resembling bears in a forest pouncing upon their prey.

The McKenna team was more discreet and took normal restaurant-size portions, which left just enough for one more trip to the food table. Philip took one bite of the roast and mentioned, “This ranch-raised beef is tasty. It reflects a well-balanced and controlled diet.”

Douglas McKenna looked up and commented, “Yes, it also has something to do with the rich grasses they eat out on the range.”

The conversation was at first light and casual, and then Douglas McKenna started to carefully probe into Philip’s background and life situation just prior to his leaving Florida. “I understand you were a journalist. What type of writing did you do there?”

Philip responded with a general statement of his activities, “I did freelance writing for several publications. The most interesting of which were the agricultural articles I wrote. A couple of which started to dig into a local controversy over a mining company wanting to dig a new phosphate mine in the same county, not too far from St. Augustine.

“As I began to follow some of the meetings and did some interviews with both sides, it became frightfully apparent that some of the same people the mining company sent to the county board meetings were winding up in the local hospitals! There was no doubt that the mining company was experiencing some resistance, but this was more managed resistance, probably by professional thugs who were targeting certain individuals to make a statement.

“There was one county board member who was openly in favor of the mine at an earlier meeting but suddenly was directly opposed to it at a permitting session that followed. In addition to that, the mining company’s permit manager who attended the same meeting didn’t make it home that night. He stopped to fill up, unfortunately, at a small gas station on his way out of town and was accosted by thugs, barely making it to the hospital; he may still be there recovering.

“The local sheriff’s department only issued facts of the incidents and no real follow up. All this activity stimulated my investigative juices, and I began to dig to find out the *who* of whom might be part of this conspiracy to prevent the mine from getting a permit to dig. “One night at the Broken Shell Cafe, I overheard two people talking about the local water and how clean it was. Florida has some remarkably clear springs, and of course you have all heard of the spring in St. Augustine that is famed to be able to make one youthful! It all started to click when I read a government document about the process of phosphate mining. Florida’s environment is extremely sensitive to digging.

“According to the document, as the mining shovels dig down to depths of forty feet, they start to get near the underground aquifers and springs. Now the mining company, with intentions to get permissions and permits, tells the government officials that they don’t dig below forty feet. Bunk is bunk according to some other articles from environmentalists I read. They not only dig past forty feet, but when no one else is present to do an inspection, they also go to sixty feet, subsequently cutting off major springs and aquifers.

“They have done considerable damage to the flow of one of Florida’s major rivers, the Peace River, by carving through underground feeder springs; once the Peace River on the north end almost dried up completely during a dry period as major springs had been cut. One article said, ‘You could almost walk right across the river bottom to the other side in one spot, bringing considerable evidence to the table, then, as to what a phosphate mine might do to local springs in St. Augustine’s watershed.’

“About this time, I found a clue to whom the *who* is. When I read an article about the local fountain that makes one youthful, I caught a less-read link to another site where they spoke of a ‘secret society’ so secret that it has no name.

“Apparently, the people *who* belong to it have made a lifetime goal to protect the fountain that makes one youthful. BINGO! Almost before doing any further research I knew that I had the *who* in the chain of resistance against the mine.

“I went ahead and wrote one article about this secret group in a local tourist magazine. This secret society may also be linked to other illegal activities. I suspect that the men at the

Coffee Club I attended, may somehow be associated with this secret society. My research into it may be another reason that they came after me as strongly as they did.”

Douglas McKenna was taken by the information that Philip shared and mentioned, “That’s quite a story. We’ll have to talk more after dinner about some of your other experiences.”

Little did any of them know that as Philip was giving his discourse, a plane had landed at the Broome airport with an old friend. Kort had arrived to make sure that Philip was well covered from any other possible CIA or underworld activities.

Giorgio Garlini of the CIA’s McLean office gave the general a call to update him on Philip McKenna’s status. “We have him on our radar, but you are not going to believe what this Dreamer is up to now. He has managed to foil our ability to take him out again. He has gone to one of the only areas in the world where we have an agreement with the Chinese Mafia not to operate on their turf-ah, Broome, Australia. The Chinese have a lot of investment there, you know, with the gold and uranium mining and all.

“So anyway, I called to see what you would think about us just sending out one of our operatives X412 to observe. He is a new guy and needs some experience, and since he can’t do anything else, he can follow the Dreamer around and find out if he has any friends in Broome.”

The general shifted a little in his chair, cleared his throat, and spoke clearly, “How in the — — can this Dreamer figure out one of a few areas in the world where we can’t touch him? I am starting to become a believer myself in this dream world stuff. It’s like there is almost no other explanation for it, unless he is getting deep intel from someone on our staff!”

“Well, I am sure that is *not* the case,” Giorgio jumped back. “But how do you feel about us sending X412 out there to case him?”

The general paused for a long breath, “Okay, why not? If we can’t beat this dreamer, we may as well keep an eye on him.”

“Thanks, my friend, I will update you on what we find out. He must be in Broome for a reason,” Giorgio summed up. “Talk to you later, bye.” Giorgio hung up.

Following the wonderful dinner, Philip and the McKennas retired to the living room lounge area and continued the discussion about the *who* and the mining company and the secret society protecting the fountain.

Douglas McKenna said, "Tell us more that you know of the *who* and the mining company operations."

"Well," Philip began, "I had to establish a motive, and an intention had to be present for me to dig further regarding a secret society that might be protecting the fountain that made one youthful. So, I began by reading the effects that phosphate mining had on the local environment. I think I first established the fact that this type of mining could cut off underground water aquifers, and such an important fountain would depend on these aquifers for its sustainable water pressure.

"Historically, there was a main Florida underground spring, the Kissingen Spring, in central Florida that was cut off in around 1960 that had contributed an 'average of 20 million gallons of fresh water per day' of flow to the Peace River. At that time the upper Peace River flowed year-round, but today the upper Peace River goes dry during below-average rainfall years.[8] That was motive number one. "Next, I found out that a byproduct of phosphate processing was a tailing that is stacked in gypstacks, a radioactive muck. The gypstacks are above ground reservoirs that contain sometimes millions of gallons of highly radioactive wastewater. A danger of one of these stacks is that during a tropical storm or some other natural occurrence, they can burp millions of gallons of this radioactive sludge into local rivers and streams, devastating the marine life in those waters. This had happened once before on the Peace River, causing marine life destruction all the way to the south end at Charlotte Harbor. That was the second motive.

"The third thing was the long-term pollution of the area being mined. Following production when the land was no longer able to be used for mining, it took up to twenty-five years for the area to be restored to its natural environment.

"Meanwhile, the mined area would resemble the craters on the planet Mars, pocked and polluted, and with similar orange and white colors. And there was some speculation as to whether or not the restoration techniques used were altogether effective in a complete restoration; the conclusions I read were speculative at best. Consequently, what we are looking at, is an area of

thousands of acres of what used to be prime Florida real estate becoming a parking lot for over a quarter century.

“There are other factors that change the environment that could be discussed. But I think I found enough possibilities for motives to establish that these thug-related activities against managers of the mining company looking for permits, and sudden changes in the voting of county officials, not to mention the hate mail I received for writing articles about it, are very real.

“Yes, I surmised there probably is a secret society that protects the fountain at all costs, but what was so important about keeping this fountain that made one youthful in the long scope of things. Could someone be making all that much money on the tourism interest? Surely, today the water could be analyzed in a lab and mass-produced into a colloidal supplement that anyone could take!

“Why were these society men, if they existed, so adamant about the safety of this fountain? That was the next question I researched into. To reach a conclusion then that there was no water anywhere else in America like this fountain, and to protect it with such impunity, there had to be a noncommercial use for it. What could this youthful producing water be used for?

“First, I had to conclude that women might be involved in this equation. Men wouldn’t run to get their first bottle of this stuff, only women! I was totally stumped until I had a dream where I saw a large castle that was open for admission, so I walked inside. There I saw a group of women, all dressed in leggings, drinking water out of a central fountain in a large room. A concierge came to me and handed me a water bottle, filled with water from the fountain.

“Strangely, I noticed the high walls of the castle’s interior were honeycombed with tombs, like a mausoleum. One of the guards then escorted me out to a trail that led to a pond.” Unknown to Philip, this was the pond where people were buried on the bottom muck in PVC pipes.



The fountain that makes one youthful.

“Then a thought hit me in the head and knocked me over when I awoke; one of the methods that was being used to try to kill me was someone handing me a bottle of water at a party. These people had a fetish with water bottles! I then put two and two together from the added information of the dream! They were apparently bottling it from the fountain to give to women to keep them youthful, and, with the other hand, they would use a similar bottle of water to put sodium chloride in it to kill someone who knew too much, or threatened their operations by stimulating a heart attack! Bingo!

“Then I thought of the woman thrown on the highway I read about, who turned out to be a prostitute. Her profession that was made public revealed a ruthless local operation that dealt with prostitution; she was probably killed by this same gang of thugs. Now I had it. The water from the fountain that made *women* youthful was being used in a prostitution ring!

“That’s not all these people were involved in as I will share later; drugs and prostitution usually go together. Now, what is the name of this secret society? The article on the Internet I read said that it didn’t have a name it was so secret. I didn’t believe that, so I had to do more digging, actual dreaming! I had a dream that gave me two words in a vocal transmission:

‘backwater society.’ This term I found out to be the essence of a small town controlled by a cabal. Usually there was something that the town or combined county seat controlled, like a valuable mine or something unique to that area.

“Members on the board of the town or county controlled by a cabal don’t want any competition, to the in-the-pocket enterprises. In one Western state’s county, an environmentalist showed up to voice opposition to an expansion of a copper mine operation, left the meeting, and a couple hours later was picked up by ambulance. St. Augustine and its local county is a textbook backwater society! Without a doubt there is a cabal of men controlling the town, the county, and everyone else that comes in to do business!

“Newcomers are carefully scrutinized to make sure that they don’t interfere with legal and illegal operations. By writing articles on these mining activities and touching on the secret society in one article, I raised some eyebrows! Then, I asked around at some of the local coffee shops regarding the ‘name’ of the secret society that controlled the fountain that made one youthful, and this is what I got: fragments of a name. What I heard was, ‘Well, I once heard that it was the Guardians or something like that.’ Another man said that it was some kind of ‘backwater society.’

“After assembling a couple of fragments of the name together, it came out to be the Guardians of the Backwater. This was close enough, so the conclusion is that the Guardians of the Backwater is a secret society, a cabal that controls St. Augustine’s legal and illegal business enterprises. The illegal having to do with marijuana shipments and prostitution; both operations of which I got updates from dreams, enabling me to further target my research to find the truth.”

Douglas McKenna, Mr. Miller, and his team were silenced. They were still trying to find the link why this secret society would target Philip’s relative Julianne McKenna. Douglas McKenna was starting to see that they must have thought that Philip was a close relative (he was a direct relative, but family ties had been distanced somewhat, long ago) and that this group felt so threatened by Philip being in town, they overplayed their hand.

Douglas said, “Sounds like a possible gross overreaction on their part with Julianne, and then they ran you out of town.”

Philip nodded and took another drink of the hot chocolate the maid had served. Philip slowly continued, "My cognitive dream gift works much like radar, in that after time, I begin to see into the lives of the people I am around. In the case of the three men I met at the Towne Buzz Coffee Club in St. Augustine, I began to see into their lives. Occasionally, I would share with them a dream I had, not realizing that the content of the dream spoke directly to the secrets they were keeping, namely their illegal activities.

"In addition to that, I trusted them and shared some of the breakthroughs I had made in my journalistic research regarding the mining company and the secret society, again not realizing that it was they themselves who were complicit. As far as Julianne then, the castle dream I had should give notice of their *modus operandi*." Philip looked to the floor.

"The walls of the castle were honeycombed to make a mausoleum of the dead bodies of those they conquered to build their illegal empire. These men were drunk with power and used any means necessary to keep their evil network alive. They wanted to send a strong message to the McKenna clan, which they errantly thought I was operationally close to, and which they probably suspected of me being a spy for, that their operations shouldn't be messed with!

"Indeed, they sent thugs to go after Julianne and silenced her. They were apparently frustrated that they couldn't capture or kill me, hushing my journalistic pen; my cognitive gift outmaneuvered them on the usual operational turf of what they considered a routine catch-and-bag order. Going after Julianne was a next step in their usual agenda, attack the weakest link in the family chain.

"We also have to remember that we are not dealing with just average thugs; they are connected to a powerful crime syndicate, the CIA, and the Irish Mafia through X1 *the Scavenger*, X6 *the Kingpin*, and X9 *the Flyer*. They have at their disposal at least a handful of criminal hit men and company rogue operatives. In other words, they can take out almost anyone they desire. It's not beyond their ability then that they did what they did to Julianne. Thanks to y'all I am still here also. They got very close to me on numerous occasions either to kill me or frame me with a crime. They are diabolical to the core, and they mean business!"

The McKenna team was silent; it was getting to be late in

the evening, and they all had chores to do on the ranch the next day. Douglas offered, "Thank you for being so honest, I guess we can see the pattern now of the events that led to Julianne's death." He wasn't about to tell Philip that their men had already visited the Pizza Head's turf in Ohio, making some of his men frozen pizza. "Someday perhaps justice will be done. Let's all get some sleep, and we'll talk again tomorrow."

They all left the living area to their respective rooms, and the lights all started to flicker off at the McKenna ranch for another night.

Almost at the same time, across the world, Hunter and Terry Rainer were planning a morning meeting with the Children of Corn. Katie and Nick Franchesco were already in the interview room drinking sodas and munching on a tray of homemade cookies. Hunter walked in and sat in the interview chair, while Terry ran the sound room.

Hunter broke the ice by saying, "We have a safe place for you both to go. It's a small town in the Pacific Northwest. We thought of sending you off as far as Alaska but figured you would be safer if you were closer to us to ensure our reaction time in helping you will be minimal. Besides, we have some people in the area there who can look in on you.

"After this interview, you'll be off to a new life with a new identity. If there is ever a court hearing, you may be asked to come back and appear as key witnesses. Anyway, is there anything else you can share with us about your father's illegal network?"

Katie piped up immediately, "Yes, the one thing that always bothered me the most was my father's apparent human trafficking network from Tahiti or Bora Bora. They would work with tribal chiefs there to corner young, beautiful women with the promise of working in a 'service' industry here in Florida. They had some stooge in the government there who would write passports and assist with visas, and off they went to the pimps, like sides of beef to be used in a banquet."

Hunter enquired, "Why Tahiti, why not some other area of the world to capture women?"

Katie was ready for that answer, "I had a chance to do some reading of my own on the area. Tahiti has always been known

from the first time that Europeans set foot on the islands as an oasis created by nature, and producing the most beautiful of women. And, from the first European visits, the women were noted to be 'easy.' Now historically, this was through no fault of their own. The early tribal customs included women stripping naked in front of the new visitors to the island. It was a custom.

"I read that at the first European encounter a canoe came alongside the vessel and a woman came on board, and placed herself on the quarterdeck, near one of the hatchways. The woman carelessly dropped a cloth that covered her, having indeed the celestial form of a goddess.[9] The early explorers were the first to take advantage of this custom. For many of them, they hadn't seen a woman for six months at sea; then suddenly to see a beautiful woman strip naked, it was like too much!

"Another custom was for tribal leaders to offer beautiful women to the leaders of the expedition. The ship's master wouldn't comply with this custom though.[10] Once the natives became very angry at the explorers and started a war, with a fleet of canoes filled with natives approaching the ship. However, the war party greatly surprised the explorers, as the lead canoes were filled with beautiful women who, at a signal, stripped naked and made all kinds of wanton tricks and gestures with their torsos.

"After a quarter-hour of these antics, the native men then began their attack on the ships of whom were quickly warded off by a few cannon shots.[11] What became a reality later was that the use of women in the lead, was a belief that females had more power than the men and this display of power, or naked bodies, was intended to humiliate those to whom it was directed.[12]

"One quote I read from a historical account said the women of good height, have large pretty eyes, pretty teeth, European traits, soft skin. Nature was pleased to grant them perfect bodies. [13] This all went along with eighteenth-century Europe's neoclassical themes with the goddess of love depicted draped in robes, naked or bare breasted." [14]

Yes, from the start, the Tahitian Islands were filled to the brim with beautiful women in the mind-set of Westerners. And in a way, it is probably true: some of these women in transition would stay at our house for a few days before they were sent off to the pimps. I can't ever remember seeing any of them who were ugly in the standard sense of the word."

Nicky shot in with more information, “My father made a lot of trips to Bora Bora and Tahiti, several a year. Also, he would go to Vietnam. This had something to do with the other business he was in, marijuana. Katie and I overheard more phone conversations than we cared for; whenever we were present, and he answered, he would say, ‘I thought I told you never to call me at this number.’ But then he would go on and talk to them anyway, slipping to the other room. We couldn’t stand it, and our mother probably couldn’t either. She went along on the trips with my father to Bora Bora, and after he returned, she would stay on there for months at a time.

“Then there was the money or drugs he was peddling. Sometimes something would wind up missing from the house. He would look at us suspiciously, when probably it was one of his managers who stole it. We never knew when he might pounce on us too! It was like living in a constant pressure cooker.”

Katie motioned with her eyes that there were more things she should share. “My father had a moll,” Hunter looked puzzled.

Katie noticed his questioning face and added, “A moll is a gangster girlfriend, and they have many tasks to make the gangster happy. His moll would attract other women and trap them into being his ‘new girl’. She would make friends with them and bring them into his presence to be a short-term privileged friend. A lot of these women were at first thrilled to be in the presence of such a powerful man, not to mention that she would be garlanded with all kinds of gifts and free trips to Cancun, or Puerto Vallarta. Yes, for a while she would be a queen!

“But what would really happen is that my father would use them for a time as a concubine; then, when he got tired of them, he would initiate them into his prostitution network. This was the way that many beautiful, carefully selected American women would be tricked into becoming high-dollar prostitutes. A woman like this could make \$3,000 in one night from a high-paying client!

“Oh yea, that lady they found dead on the highway, she was to become one of my father’s special ladies. I remember seeing the article in the paper about her death on the roadway. Around the same time, she quit showing up to hang around our pool in

her bikini.”

Hunter asked if she could identify her photograph and pulled up her photo on his laptop computer screen. Katie pointed to the screen and said, “That’s her!”

Hunter asked, “Do you know who the moll was that recruited this lady into your father’s harem?”

Katie responded, “Well, this lady actually came to my father compliments of the Big Tooth in Tampa. She was part of his harem.”

Hunter nodded in agreement and looked at the see-through glass window to Terry Rainer.

Katie went on, “Second, my father was part of a secret society. The locals called it the Unnamed Society, but it really did have a name, the Guardians of the Backwater. They pledged to “protect the fountain that made one youthful,” as they said. They protected this fountain with force. When a mining company came to the area seeking permits, some of their people who came to survey the lands or go to the county board meetings wound up in the hospital at the command of our father.

“We overheard some of the phone calls to his lieutenants to ‘get out the shovel!’”

Hunter had to find out more. “Why were they protecting this fountain?”

Nicky stepped in with that answer, “They were using the youthful water in their prostitution network. All their ladies were made to drink it. It kept them younger longer and on the streets where the syndicate wanted them, turning johns for a greater profit! When the mining company came to set up operations, the secret society members went ballistic thinking that the digging for phosphates would upset the flow of water to the fountain that made people youthful. This fountain is in the same area of the mining companies proposed permits. It’s been here since the days of Florida’s discovery. It’s now a local tourist attraction, but the syndicate has regular access to it to fill their water containers.”

Hunter motioned to Terry who entered the interview room with another tray of cookies and sodas. “We’ll get you kids off to the West Coast today. Normally we are not to tell you where you are going until you get there, but what I can tell you is that it is a quaint little mountain town in the Northern Cascades, you’ll love it. It has lake activities in the summer and skiing in the

winter, and you can take a part-time job if you like at one of the resorts.

“But the word is *mum*-you are not to tell anyone of your past life at any time for any reason! You will communicate to us through e-mail and occasional text messaging. We will have a local agent visit you once a week for the first six months and then once every other week for the duration of our investigation and court proceedings.

“After that, we’ll take things on a case-by-case basis as to what kind of extra supervision you will need. You are officially entered into our Witness Protection Program. Are there any questions?”

Nick sheepishly enquired, “Do you have any news on where our father might be?”

“I was trying to find the proper time to tell you about your father. He passed away a couple of days ago; it was an accident. He slipped on some soap and fell. The shock from the fall was too much for him. We’re sorry to have to inform you.”

Nick laughed. “Are you serious? After all his life living as a gangster, shooting and killing people, and he slips on some soap? Ha!”

Katie laughed too and commented, “He was such an evil bum. Gosh, what justice!”

Terry looked puzzled but relieved at the same time at their response and said, “We can arrange a wake for the two of you to attend before we bury his body?”

Katie looked at Nick and said, “You want to see our dead father?”

Nick responded with, “Sure, why not, seeing him dead might help our conscience.”

Katie and Nicky just looked relieved. The Children of Corn would soon start a new life far away from the turf of their father’s enterprises.

Another visitor showed up suddenly at the Broome airport, sent by Giorgio and the general in Washington DC. His instructions were different now though. He was there as an observer. The area of Broome has been controlled on a sublevel by the Chinese underworld since the early days of commercial pearl diving just off cable beach. Their presence is still very

much a part of everyday life in Broome with an area of the city known as Chinatown.

Because of its occasional underworld agreements, the CIA must honor certain turf arrangements; here the Chinese Mafia controlled the turf, and it would be dangerous for a CIA operative to do anything without their permission. Since Philip was now too difficult for the CIA to corner, they attempted to save face by choosing to say nothing to the Chinese Mafia controllers, not wanting to call any attention to their activities. But instead, they sent their operative simply to “observe” as much as he could and act like a tourist.

Any direct CIA activity could create a backlash, as the Chinese now had more than pearl farms to control. Today, it was gold mines, phosphate production, and even uranium deposits to mine-big turf in the eyes of the underworld. With so much big mining business, any outside interference was quickly squashed, like an irritating bedbug. The local Chinese Mafia didn’t care who Philip was; they would not allow the CIA or any outside syndicate to operate here for any reason!

Philip was as safe as a grandmother going to church on a Sunday morning, provided he stayed in the Chinese-controlled Broome area, which territory also included most of the scenic Kimberly to the north. The CIA operative had strict instructions to simply photograph Philip’s activities and find out where he was living and who any of his contacts were; he was to operate as incognito as was possible.

They were not aware that Kort had arrived in the area just before this latest CIA operative who, having the agency's designation of X412, the higher number designating a lower level of experience, a new-recruit. He was also darker skinned; this feature was chosen so that he could blend in with the features of the local aborigines, of which there were many in the local labor force.

X412 checked into a cheap downtown hotel, not far from the one that Kort stayed at. For Kort, this new development was not hard to spot; he had already been in the downtown area for a couple days and was trained to spot irregularities or new faces that popped up. Kort always spent his mornings at the local Internet cafe, as did most CIA operatives, X412 included, who

walked right in on the first day he decided to scope out the town.

Kort had a bead on him the moment he stepped through the door. Observant, Kort especially noticed his roaming eyes. Locals, unless they are looking for women, don't take long, scanning glances. *Bingo!* Kort registered in his mind as he spotted the agent's usual surveillance behaviors. *I have a sizzler here that needs some sixty- minute justice!* Kort kept an eye on him and shadowed the man all morning until he saw the hotel he walked into. From his perch across the street, he followed him with his pocket scope to his room on the upper balcony he checked into, room 235.

When X412 left for the afternoon, he had received a text from his controller in Washington that his target, the Dreamer, as they had designated Philip, "may be at the public beach." The controller in Washington was monitoring all of Philip's electronic media and had intercepted a text that he had sent to Misty in Oregon that he was "enjoying the sun at the city beach" and "wished you were here." X412 walked the mile to Cable Beach, and Kort followed as a shadow master. X412 did his usual surveillance of the public beach and spotted Philip gathering sunbeams by the water. Following his instructions, he walked within a safe distance of Philip and took a few photo snapshots of him with his iPhone. Kort had all the confirmation that he needed, a man taking photos of Philip was "the enemy, at least in his eyes."

Kort quickly doubled back to the downtown area with his bag of intel tricks, now sure that X412 was occupied in his spying activities at the beach. When he got to X412's hotel, he had to wait for the maid to run her round of the second-floor hallway. Her pushcart was sitting outside of one of the rooms she was cleaning, and Kort walked by and used his pocket scanner to scan the metal strip on her S key card that was hanging off the side of the cart.

All he needed to do then was to code the numbers onto his plastic card from his bag of tricks, and he could move in; just a slide of his newly created electronic S key opened room 235, just as if he had rented the room himself!

Kort would only be there for a minute. All he had to do was to place a piece of candy on the maid-performance card that she left with an envelope for a tip. Kort placed the candy conspicuously on top of the performance card and simply walked

out and shut the door. He then went back to his hotel to wait, occasionally casing the other hotel to see when the new agent might return.

It was evening when X412 came back; he had spent much of the day at the beach, following Philip to some of the local tourist attractions and trying to photograph Philip with anyone he met with, one of those people being Moose who came by in the SUV to give him a ride back to the ranch.

Entering room 235, X412 sat down on the bed and sent a text message to Washington of his daily activity. Noticing the candy that he assumed was left by the maid, he unwrapped it, took a sniff of the attractive rum flavoring, and popped it in his mouth, unaware that it was really a present from Kort.

After a few minutes, he started to feel the effects of the super-dose of heroine contained inside of the candy. X412, thinking he needed some air, stepped out to the balcony, where he suddenly-collapsed onto the walkway and tried to pull his weight along by the bars back to the room; he didn't make it.

Another hotel guest exiting his room nearby noticed the "drunk" man and called the hotel desk. After a few minutes, the police arrived. Seeing he was more than just a little drunk, they requested an ambulance; he needed to be checked out, they reasoned, by a doctor. Kort heard the sirens and the ambulance and walked down the block to observe his handiwork.

Zippidy do da day, he mused under his breath. Sixty-minute justice complete!

The ambulance workers carried the "drunk" man to the ambulance, and Kort joined the onlooker crowd nearby. As the drunk man came near, Kort pinched his Adam's apple in clear view of the man on the gurney; with his drug-induced, hallucination- filled eyes, X412 caught the signal (in the world of intel, pinching the Adam's apple is a sign to "abort operations immediately!").

Kort smiled at the man as they loaded him into the back of the ambulance and drove away; within a short time, the hospital emergency workers had diagnosed the problem to the police to be "overdosed on heroin."

X412's room key was in his pocket, so the police got his name and information from the hotel.

"American resident, here on a tourist visa," said the police sergeant who was handling the man's case. "They got his

stomach pumped, so we'll wait till he sobers up to interview him on why he took an overdose of an illegal drug in a foreign country. I'll check with immigration. I don't think they will extend his visit beyond his recovery. They will contact the American immigration folks, and this guy will probably be sent back to their custody, or they may keep him here on possession charges, who knows!"

It wasn't long after X412 sobered up that he was allowed a phone text to Washington to his CIA contact: "X412 drugged by another op. Now busted for heroin. Need assistance immediately." His controllers had some work to fix the spokes that Kort knocked out of his wheels! Another danger to *the company* in Washington would now be that the local Chinese Mafia was checking-into who this heroin-popping operative might be, as these types of busts didn't go unnoticed in the underworld.

If they thought X412 might be violating their turf by dealing any kind of drugs, their competitive nature might spur a personal visit, to give him an old-fashioned Chinese-style interview. The CIA was aware of this problem that probably would be shortly developing and would need to act quickly to get him extradited expeditiously.

Kort was having the time of his life; he had extra corn chips with his movie at the hotel and lots of sodas. For him, it was a party! Inadvertently he had just sent a strong message to Washington that he was there and not to mess with Philip in Australia!

Meanwhile, Hunter Bannister and his FBI associates, along with Lisa Bogadeen, were making plans for an excursion to Vietnam. They had now traced the marijuana shipments to a cashew distributor in that country, the Cashew King Mr. Wong Tang, of the old capital Saigon, now named Ho Chi Minh City after the fall of South Vietnam to the Communist.

A problem for the FBI team was that Vietnam was still under complete Communist control since the U.S. military had pulled out of the south in 1973. Hunter shared with his bosses that he could get a team over there under a tourist visa, but making a bust would be near impossible unless JSOC (Joint Special Operations Command) made intervention.

JSOC was a highly secretive military team that usually was commissioned to take care of the government's "problems" in emergency situations where all negotiable options had failed. Connected with the intelligence community and having their own intelligence-gathering wing, they were sometimes billed as the president's private army.[15] Their marching orders came directly from the secretary of defense and, sometimes, the president himself.

One Navy SEAL said of JSOC, "We're the dark matter. We're the forces that order the universe but can't be seen." Usually involved in hostage rescue, they were also the Pentagon's top killers to chase down key terrorists and do lethal raids.[16] They were a group of SEAL-trained military men who can come into a country secretly, strike, take out a target, and leave without a trace or being noticed. They were fully funded and had access to military equipment. When they moved, they got what they needed, and where they needed it, with no questions asked!

If Hunter and his team could set up a definite target, JSOC could claim it in one swift SEAL team action, overnight. Hunter e-mailed the colonel at Pope AFB where the JSOC unit is stationed and asked for a possible action against the Cashew King of Vietnam to stop marijuana drug shipments to the United States. All Hunter wanted was to get this man into U.S. custody, so they could then bargain with the Communist Vietnamese government to stop the flow of marijuana shipments. This was a high order on behalf of the FBI to ask for military intervention, but the country had dealt with terrorists around the world using drones without the permission of smaller, independent governments, so why not a drug dealer who was sending contraband across our international border filling our streets with an illegal substance?

And it wasn't just that it was marijuana, but it was also coming into our country from a former enemy, one of whom the Pentagon might want a bargaining chip to do unfinished business with. One of those chips to trade could be POWs who may still be rotting in North Vietnamese prisons.

Within hours, Hunter got an e-mail back from Pope AFB that "we've been looking for some action for a while, get the coordinates, and we'll do the rest!" It was from the colonel of JSOC.

He then emphasized, "Once this man is in our custody,

JSOC will reserve the right to be a party in the negotiations with the Vietnamese government. Also, we always operate under a cloak of secrecy, so don't leak any of the post-operation of our successes to the media."

Hunter then gave a directive to his team to "get two agents over to Vietnam as tourists ASAP!"

Lisa Bogadeen did better than that; she immediately made airline reservations and arranged visas for two FBI undercover agents to join a tour group traveling to South Vietnam's old capital, Saigon, at the last minute. She talked the travel agent into making the additions under a cloak of secrecy and "a dozen Ben Franklin greenbacks to smooth out the deal."

The agents would leave in forty-eight hours. Once they were at the old Southern capital, they would use their evenings back at the hotel to track down Mr. Wong Tang, "the Cashew King." All they were instructed to do was to use their GPS in their iPhone to pinpoint the house where Wong Tang lives and take a few photos of people entering or exiting the home; the SEAL team would do the rest.

The McKenna team sat opposite to Philip at the restaurant table in downtown Broome on Saturday evening. Douglas McKenna always took the team out for an evening every time they visited. Also attending the dinner was Douglas McKenna's personal secretary, Lorna West, experienced in shorthand, and, having a good eye, had helped to edit one of the McKenna family's presidential books and had also designed a lot of the promotional material for the Bob McKenna Presidential Library.

Douglas had her flown in to take notes during his interview with Philip. Lorna sat opposite Philip at the table, a large table in the back of the restaurant that Douglass McKenna had reserved for the private dinner. Lorna had been a friend of the family for many years; her father and Hugh, the brother of the former president, had been close friends since they roomed together in a New York prep school. Lorna was in her late twenties, single, and a pure-bred professional woman.

She had long brunette hair that went down past her posterior, but wore it in a bun on her head while at work. She was medium height, slender, and blessed with abundant

curvature. She spoke in a soft-spoken Southern drawl, which gave her a Southern-bred highlight. Her dialect gave a Virginia clue to where she spent home life. When she walked into a crowded restaurant, conversation stayed idle until she was ushered to her seat.

After the introductions, and with Philip still being refreshed by her presence, Douglas McKenna started the conversation with a suggestion to everyone from the menu. "The Down Under porterhouse steak is good enough to write home about."

Of course, all the men present, Moose, Mr. Miller, and Philip, went with the porterhouse suggestion; but Lorna, being conscious about her prized waistline, went with cordon bleu chicken. The waitress suddenly appeared at the table with flawless accuracy and dressed in the Land Down Under restaurant attire: a Western cowboy hat, a leather vest with laced strips, ruffled shirt, and short leather skirt, complemented by black paisley cowboy boots. She took everyone's dinner order and drink suggestions and then turned to walk away, and as she did, she clicked her heels, this was a signal for the bartender's attention to fill her drink order, pronto! She knowing her table had one of the world's top celebrities, Douglas McKenna.

Douglas then turned to Philip with a question. "How did you arrive in St. Augustine Florida?"

Philip eagerly began to discourse his story to the McKenna team. "I have always been a freelance writer from the get-go. I got my start way back in high school when my social studies teacher recognized my talent, for I had written a forty-page report on a subject that most of the other students had only written two or three pages on. The teacher pulled me aside, and pointing to another student in the class who had thick glasses, he said, 'You could be as talented as him, the class president, if you can find an outlet for your writing.'

"That suggestion always stuck in my head, so, when I went to college, I took journalism courses and after graduating became a freelance magazine writer for mostly independent magazines. I spent years in the big city and decided to try my luck in sunny Florida.

"After vacationing there several times, I thought it would be a writer's paradise! I picked St. Augustine because of all its history. Some of the oldest buildings in America are there, one home of which was built in the sixteenth century. Then, there is

the unique downtown area with more historic buildings and a cornucopia of restaurants and cafes. The city is also built on a flat plane, easily I could ride my bike everywhere. Also, there is the beach on Anastasia Island and, of course, some really-cool used bookstores, a farmer's market, and a health food store.

"Apartments are also cheap to rent in the off season, a good time to stake your claim, which I did! I got a duplex with my own driveway and carport. After moving in, I joined the local writers' guild and heard of some local opportunities of which I took advantage of, an agricultural rag, a tourist magazine, and some other local magazines and newspapers to write on key subjects and submit articles.

"Florida always has a story going on of local or even national interest. Local stories might be of a new phosphate mine trying to get permits to come to town, or a national story I covered in much detail was the Terry Shiavo mercy killing ordered by a Pinellas Park judge back in around 2003. That story had national interest, and I spent some time reporting at the Pinellas Park hospice where she lived before the authorities withdrew her nutrition and allowed her to die.

"There were numerous civil rights groups there defending her against an embankment of police. Several people were arrested. I myself was among some who were almost arrested. I was close to a man, a former independent presidential candidate, who walked through the police line carrying a glass of water in his hands.

"As he stepped onto the hospice property he said, 'I just want to bring her a glass of water.' The police surrounded him, and one almost grabbed me, until he noticed my media badge. The man with the water was handcuffed and driven away as a criminal, and all he tried to do was to bring Terry Shiavo a glass of water!

"I wrote on the story for some of the local magazines and newspapers. My articles stayed local though, there were plenty of national media there, and they didn't need me. Also, the area in front of the hospice was filled with over a hundred Terry Shiavo supporters, including her family and a priest. The rest of the crowd was a host of local, regional, and national media, a media zoo.

"There were also many ministers there as well as dozens of curiosity onlookers. One civil rights leader even appeared one

day, the Rev. Jeremy Johnston, one of the loudest speakerphones in the country! Even with all the mayhem and the civil rights people present and all of Terry's supporters, the order to withhold her feeding and nutrition, including water, could not be reversed, albeit temporarily once, and she died at the hands of the government under the order of a local judge! It was tragic."

With those words, the waitress interrupted with plates of food for the table; instead of risking the delivery with a tray held high, she came to the table with a cart and a kitchen helper. The plates of hot steak were served on hot metal plates with a warning, "These plates, they're hot."

The waitress joked, "Once a lady wanted to help and took hold of a plate as it was being served and experienced the heat instantly upon contact. The whole meal went flying and landed in the lap of her date who got part of the burning hot plate on his leg as it parted company with the wooden underframe. Once we got them all calmed down and the mess cleaned up, they had a full-course meal with drinks; our compliments!" She laughed.

Then, as all the McKenna party's drinks were refreshed, they imbibed for a while and enjoyed one of Western Australia's cuisines, country-style dining. The conversation drifted off to discuss local attractions.

"Cable Beach is one of the best I have seen. It is far better than anything Florida has, stretching on for miles," Philip boasted.

"Yes," said Mr. Miller, "Broome is one of Australia's most sought-after vacation destinations."

Douglas offered, "The Kimberly has some unique landforms, mesas, gorges, and colorful canyons. We always suggest that our guests borrow the motorbike and travel up to the national park north of here to see everything."

Philip smiled. "Yes, I will consider that."

After more casual conversation, the tables were cleared of plates, and deserts were brought up quickly after a final order. Ice cream and pie was requested, and as they all sweetened their palates, the conversation drifted back toward Philip's experiences. Douglas McKenna inquired if Philip had any "recent shocker stories."

"Oh yes," Philip started in, "I recently uncovered a huge, deep dark hole in the fertilizer industry; for decades this industry had been using hazardous waste as a filler to save money in its

alkaline lime mixtures. They purchase millions of tons of toxic ash from the smokestacks of steel, copper, and aluminum plants. The ash is then put into big rolling drums at the fertilizer plant and mixed with lime.[17]

“In an effort to roll the lime and ash into fertilizer granules, used battery acid is acquired from the recycling industry to create a granulated fertilizer mix. The sulfuric acid when mixed with water gets really-hot and molds the granules perfectly. This highly toxic product of hazardous ash mixed with lime was then sold to unwary farmers, who without knowledge of the numerous toxic substances in the mix, were using it on their fields to grow produce later sold to the public.

“Some of these dangerous substances in the mix are cadmium, which can cause cancer; lead, a contributor to brain disease; and the sulfuric acid from the batteries, which can cause blindness and burn the skin. Since 1998, there has been some oversight in the United States regarding this procedure. However, the knowledge of this policy of using hazardous waste in fertilizer is still being exported and encouraged in foreign countries.

“In a nutshell, industrial sites have huge piles of hazardous ash waste, and there is a high cost of sending it to government-approved waste-disposal sites. Fertilizer companies offer to take it at a fraction of the cost, where they mix the ash with lime and use sulfuric acid to roll it into usable granules. Whether or not they tell farmers what is in the mix, I couldn’t find out; the farmer then takes the tainted mix and spreads it on his farmland, and the crops use the minerals, absorbing in toxic chemicals from the soil. Then the consumer eats the evidence!

“The industry theory behind this practice is that as you spread the toxic mixture over a large area, it becomes harmless. But the truth is that heavy metals like cadmium and zinc and lead build up over the years in the soil and eventually make the farmland worthless, leaving the farmer unable to sell the land. I would call it a crime of the century with the farmers unknowingly participating and the public eating the evidence, literally! It was hard to find a publisher in the agricultural industry brave enough to print this story. I had to post it online at a common *AG* industry site.”

Mr. Miller then decided it was time to begin his part of the interview; as soon as he began to speak, Lorna West got out her

writing pen and pad. "Give us an outline of how you became acquainted with the men who may have been involved in Julianne McKenna's death?"

"It was all about my desire to get a good cup of coffee," Philip went on. "There is only one restaurant in the city of St. Augustine that served the best coffee, the Towne Buzz. Every morning around seven, I would stop in for a cup, have a bagel, and read the house newspaper. I noticed after a few visits that three men were regulars at the table opposite me. Occasionally, they would smile and share bits and pieces of their conversations with me.

"The man who seemed to be in-charge of the group, whom later I would call *the Kingpin*, one day came over to my table and started a friendly conversation. Not comprehending at first that he was skillfully drawing me into his lair, he began to share common interests that he had with me, like a hobby that we both shared, shortwave radio listening. I was not aware till later that he, a CIA agent, had already done some checking on me and my hobbies and shared what he already knew about me, building a common ground. We talked for a couple mornings from table to table about shortwave listening, and one day he even brought a magazine on shortwave radios for me to read.

"One morning they invited me over to sit at their table for morning coffee. Immediately, I noticed the secretiveness of their demeanor; often they shared intelligence in hushed tones. At first, they said their intelligence came from an Intel related Internet website. Later checking showed this to be the subscriber-based *spy* site.

"Over a period of months, they seemed to enjoy my company and appeared rapt in my knowledgeable additions to their conversations. I became aware that these three men could show me much about the under-workings of the secret spy world. As a journalist, I could see how they could lead me to a possible story to share in an article down the line. I had a dream about a river flowing underground with adjoining tributaries that gave me a keener reality of what I was starting to deal with."



The underworld river of many tributaries.

“The dream showed me that rivers flow but are fed by many visible tributaries, or feeders. The part of the underground spy world that the public never sees are the hundreds of underground aquifers that feed the main river. Law enforcement officials on occasion dig deep into the muck, sometimes cutting off one of these feeders, but they must dig deep!

“As a journalist, my eyes were suddenly opened to the existence of this below-the-surface, underworld waterway. I became aware of the high number of connecting tributaries, seeing that most of the public is living in a surface-only world, not ever knowing what lies underneath the city they feel secure in. It’s like a complete subsurface world with its own well-protected economy-hidden, secret, and very dangerous to anyone who gains too much knowledge of it.

“The longer I sat with these men, the more I absorbed of the possibilities of things they might be involved in and some connections they may have. What I never guessed was the magnitude and size of the operations they controlled. And then, with my sensitive cognitive gift, I was personally trained in the art of picking up key words from conversations; I received this training from dreams, where often you only can remember one word, or a sentence, but then are able to jump on the Internet

search engine for an interpretation. One word can uncover a volume of information, and the same was true of single words I picked out of the Coffee Club conversations.

“One of the men would share a key word on a topic, and it would become a springboard for me to learn all about an intelligence subject, by simply doing an Internet search later in the day; often uncovering another underground feeder into their secret spy network. It was like being in a spy college the whole year I shared morning coffees with them!”

The waitress and her kitchen helper once again visited the table with refills of coffee and refreshments. A courtesy tray of hors d’oeuvres were placed.

“Our compliments!” chimed the waitress.

As they all took a break to tip their drinks, Douglas McKenna complimented Philip by saying, “We always knew that the McKenna family line had talented people in it, but yourself as a neighboring member has impressed us that our bloodline is as strong as can be!” Philip smiled and held his drink high; it was clear that now the breach between the two related family branches was being mended. Philip always knew that the schism occurred almost a hundred years ago when his grandfather lost a compliment of his inherited part of the family fortune, while still a child, by a dishonest lawyer who was supposed to guard and protect the family fortune after his mother’s death.

His mother had been a famous, world-class opera singer and made a huge fortune, being also a direct member of the McKenna clan. His grandfather’s father had died before Philip’s grandfather was five years old. The lawyer who was supposed to care for him took the trust fund and slowly pilfered it over a ten-year period, spending all but a quarter million in Standard Oil stock.

Since then, the Douglas McKenna side of the family just drifted away from Philip’s side. Philip looked up from his drink and asked if there was time to share any more about his Florida experience.

Mr. Miller said, “Let Lorna get out a new pad here and go right ahead.”

“Well, the next thing I could sense was one of the operatives at the Coffee Club, Mr. X1, a.k.a. *the Scavenger*, was becoming visibly uneasy about my continued presence there. He was the creepiest character I have ever met!

“On the one side, he was charming, but other times, he could throw vile threats out of his mouth at a hand’s drop. Thus, began the numerous phone threats. Articles of clothing appeared in my yard, made to look bloody, and hanging from the trees. And other instances, people connected to him, tried to get me to take drinks from tainted plastic water bottles; one of the main methods the underworld terminates people who ‘know too much.’

“I still attended the Coffee Club meetings for a short time, and it was clear that they all were nervous that I might be seeing too deep into their illegal operations. Some of the dreams I was having at the time confirmed that they were involved in two major criminal operations: One was the cashew dream, where I saw a clear bag of marijuana mixed with nuts. The other was a dream about a prostitute from Ohio, bemoaning her hopeless involvement in the underground network.

“Then one morning, X1, with a smile, gave me what looked like a dinner invitation written on CIA letterhead. It was apparently sent by Jane Kelly; she was the one who had been murdered in a Washington DC park a few months following the assassination of President Bob McKenna. She was spoken of in the shadows as a former mistress of the deceased president. Some think she may have known the people who assassinated President McKenna. She, too, knew much!

I opened the card, and it turned out to say, ‘Thank you for the wonderful dinner.’ And it was signed Ms. Kelly. This even drove the point home harder than ever that X1 was making a joke about Ms. Kelly’s death and showed her being thankful for it!

“In the mob world, dinner invites, in any form, are a spoof; the recipient of one is shown that he or she is now *the* target; their target! This all came from a well-known mob massacre where men from one gang sent dinner invites to meet the members of another gang. When the first gang members showed up all dressed in their best for dinner, *BANG!*”

The waitress interrupted the conversation briefly to deliver the bill to Douglas McKenna. Douglas took a brief look at it as she stood expecting to receive his credit card. To her surprise, Douglas pulled out two fresh Aussie hundreds, one to cover the meal, and the other was the tip!

“Ho! Thank you, Mr. McKenna!” she exclaimed as she took

a couple of shocked steps backward. "Are you sure? I mean, this is a lot?"

Douglas simply gave her an affirmative nod, and she walked off with her payment and well-earned tip.

All heads turned back to Philip as he went on with his story. "After seeing the dinner invite, I knew something was awry," Philip went on with their full attention. "I didn't feel personally threatened, but it was clear that they were sending me a strong yet concealed message. The big questions were, is it a game or was there actually someone to be targeted? And, if someone was in their sights, was it myself, or was it someone that I had a connection to?"

"Exactly one week later, I had a powerful vocal transmission during a dream that said, 'We're proud to announce a termination order.' Termination orders are part of the normal, often-regular business of the corporate world. I had an update on this procedure from a dream a month prior where I saw a man who spoke to me and said, 'Three strikes and you're out!'"

"After doing some quick research on this dream, I found that this was the standard for how the corporate world disciplines and sometimes later fires its employees. The dream outlined a process: two verbal warnings followed by a written warning and a termination. The Mafia syndicate world uses a similar formula.

"In my case, I received two verbal warnings via electronic media, and the written warning was the dinner invite, which meant that a termination was imminent. But the invite was not meant for me. It had been signed by a deceased woman who had a past connection to the political side of my family, the McKennas; this part I figured out too late.

"The mafia world worked quickly, much like Queen Elizabeth the First. When she ordered the death of Queen Mary of Scots, her privy council, thinking she might change her mind, had Mary executed the next day.

"Similarly, in short order, the mob moved! Their target, apparently Julianne McKenna, was found hanging from the support beam in her garage. I am so, so very sorry. There was no way for me to know that they would be so bold as to go after a neighboring family member. It is apparent that they did a lot of prior research on Julianne. She was the weakest link in the family, having some substance abuse history. It was easy for them to pin the assault back on her, as a suicide, to hide their

dirty work.

“But, as I soon figured out, the termination dream was a dual dream, where it speaks not only of one person. This dream was a warning for both of us; we both had been terminated by the syndicate, the Guardians of the Backwater! A criminal organization with connections to the CIA, a syndicate, and the Irish Mafia! Again, I am so very *sorry*.” Philip paused and took a long drink of coffee.

The rest of the McKenna team looked very somber; there was a long silence. Even the waitress who was still spotting the table for empty cups to fill stopped and stood in silence; she could see that a spirit of mourning had fallen into the presence of the assembled group.

Lorna stopped her writing and began to put her writing pads back in her valise as Douglas spoke silently, “We’ll share some more tomorrow at dinner. Thank you, Philip, for your honesty. We all miss Julianne very much. I’ll send an e-mail to the McKennas back in the States tomorrow and let them know of your transparency.”

Philip just nodded, now shedding some uncontrollable tears. The McKennas now knew the true reason behind Julianne’s death. The Irish mob had struck against their family once again; for many years they had been silent concerning their family, but now out of the blue they had struck again!

It was a dark midsummer night when the two agents from the FBI stepped onto the tarmac following a long flight with a plane full of chatterbox tourists to the old capital of South Vietnam now called Ho Chi Minh City, or HCMC. They had an hour-long wait at customs as the government employees were not efficient enough, much like organized chaos, processing a full plane of tourists from a Western nation all at once.

The tour company arranged the transportation and hotel reservations, so everyone grabbed their luggage after the last people were processed and jumped aboard the hotel vans commuting to the central part of the city, district 1, to the Fortune Kong hotel. The tour guide took care of working with the hotel management to get everyone their prearranged rooms.

The two undercover FBI agents went into their respective rooms and got busy connecting a laptop with Washington via the

Internet. Agents in Washington had located Wong Tang's cashew- processing plant in the industrial district 4. They knew his home to be somewhere in district 2, which was mapped across the main river after they had satellite tracked a white SUV traveling there from the cashew plant the day before.

There was a newer housing development in this area known as the River Crest Estates gated community. They assumed this to be a likely place where a multimillionaire would live as it was the newest such development in the HCMC area in the last five years. Washington's instructions to the two agents were to travel to the community and try to spot the white SUV, two letters of the license plate given, VC, and match it with the house he was possibly using. Then stay put to photo anyone arriving or leaving the home and hopefully snap a photo of Wong Tang himself.

Drug lords never purchased their own homes; they rented from second parties to keep snoops like the FBI from finding their actual residence. After getting refreshed and catching a quick meal at a local café, the agents made their way via rented motor scooters from the hotel district 1, over to district 2, which was nestled safely across the Saigon River from downtown on the eastern shore.

This whole area was once designated as an industrial development for future use. A shrewd investor took over the development and made it into a haven of homes for multimillionaires. The area was perfect, located on the other side of the river from the central downtown district and next to the water for yacht docking. A small canal was dug to allow homeowners to have boat launches from the gated community, the streets were laid, walls were erected around the community, palms were planted, and the brick and mortar of expensive homes were molded; thus making, the River Crest Estates, a landmark gated community, with a central golf course, one of the most elegant of Southeast Asia.

The two agents crossed the Dien Bien Phu Bridge and located the road leading into the River Crest community. They drove beyond the road for a mile and found a construction entrance that wound around to the back of the estates. It was easy for them to ditch their motorbikes in the piles of construction debris near the rear entrance. They climbed over the

wall and moved along its inside perimeter from bush to bush and tree to tree, staying out of the light as much as possible. It was after dark now, and movement was careful but methodical. They moved along through backyards, using the wall as a guide.

With night vision scopes, they could see quite a distance into the heart of the subdivision, scoping each driveway for a white SUV. After around ten minutes, they had moved along around a half mile and made visual contact with the SUV in a small circle of homes. They continued their trek until they were within a good eyeshot of the front of the home: a two-story classic brick design with a large lanai and pool off the back.

The interior of many of the River Crest Estate models had a high living room ceiling with oversized picture windows, and up one side of the living room was a winding staircase. The floors of the homes were mostly constructed of marble. The master bedroom took up the top half of the second floor. These elite homes were also furnished with a two-car garage with an extra garage door for golf carts and motorbikes. The yards were all manicured by contract with a landscaping company, the fees of which were paid out of their monthly maintenance fee.

From this distance, they got a bead on the SUV's plate; the two letters stood out like a blinking sign.

"VCX30!" said the one agent to the other. "Grand slam," said the other.

Now it would be a waiting game to see if anyone would give them a full-night's sleep back at the hotel by exiting the house before it got too late.

They were more than lucky. About as soon as one of the agents got his telephoto camera out of its case, the front door opened, and a man walked toward the SUV. The digital camera went into action zooming in on the subject and taking video footage by the microsecond. Another subject exited the home, and the camera operator zoomed back a little to capture his image.

The subjects jumped into the SUV, and as the dome light went on, the camera caught many side-glimpse photos of the two subjects in proper lighting before they drove off. The camera also was able to pick up the full description of the SUV, its plates, tire size (which is hugely important in crime-scene designations), and the year, make, and model.

One of the agents then took out his iPhone and did a GPS

pinpoint of the home while the other filmed the home and surrounding street area. Then the two agents took a quick scan of the area behind them, packed their cameras and scopes, and beelined it back to the rear entrance where their bikes were stored.

As soon as they made it back to the hotel, they text the information and video footage photos back to the Bureau in Washington. Within minutes the information was transferred over to JSOC at Pope AFB near Fayetteville, North Carolina. Judging their mission was complete, they went down to the main street and walked into one of the many Asian storefront restaurants.

After they ordered up a quick *pu pu* dish and some sodas, they sat to relax and read through the tour companies planned activities for the next day. Suddenly, one of the agents' iPhones notified a text message incoming.

"Oh nooo," the agent said as he put it up on the screen.

The message was simple and direct: "Get over to the district 4 cashew-warehouse tonight and observe a possible incoming. Take photos of incoming vehicles making deliveries to warehouse. Directions to warehouse are 'Nuts'!"

The FBI agent said, "We're on duty tonight!"

The two agents finished their *pu pu* dish at the restaurant and took their motorbikes to district 4, a large commercial warehouse and shipping area with docks on the waterfront connecting to the Dong Nai River. They ditched their motorbikes in a wooded area near Wong Tang's infamous warehouse and maneuvered their way over to the loading docks to photograph the license numbers of all delivery vehicles.

What they really saw totally amazed them. The loading dock was on the backside of the warehouse, near the canal that led to the main Dong Nai River. Instead of deliveries being made by truck, they noticed small canoes docking and unloading large black bagged packages.

Immediately one of the agents sent a text message back to Washington that deliveries were "coming in by canoe, instead of identifiable trucks." The agents took photos and sent those back via iPhone also. Within minutes came a new directive from the Bureau to "steal a canoe and follow them to the source!"

The agent looked at his partner and said, "This is going to be a long night!"

The two agents had no trouble finding a stray canoe near the river's edge, from a warehouse north of Wong Tang's. They smeared black mud on their faces to hide their American facial features and pushed offshore in the stolen canoe, as they polled their way over to the dock area of where the "black bag" deliveries were being made. Unsuspected, they began to follow the group of canoes that had made their quick delivery and started north up the river with the pack, holding back slightly, not be noticed. This was not a hard thing to do on a Vietnamese river system as small canoes; about twenty feet in length are not uncommon.

The river was jammed with them making deliveries of all types of raw materials and produce. Some carry fish, some grains. Some are moving vegetable stands, while some are floating flea markets.

As the night wore on, the agents found the zenith of their trip, a point of shoreline at the river headwaters, the Ho Tri An Lake. Here was a farming community where there were orchards of cashew trees and acres of greenhouses. They ditched their canoe in a swampy area and came in for a closer look, especially the greenhouse operation. It was easy for them to lift-up the plastic on one of the greenhouse corners where they clipped a plant nearby and sniffed the aroma of the leaves.

"*Bingo! Mary Jane!*" one agent whispered. "Let's sneak around here closer to the outbuildings and see what else they have around this operation."

As they neared the backside of one of the outbuildings, they noticed a line of animal cages, they didn't want to get too close to these and cause an animal to cry out, so they took a wider circle around them through the cashew trees.

"Hold it!" one agent whispered. "There is a man in there!" "What?" the other agent muttered. "Let's get a closer look."

They crawled on their bellies until they could get a night-scope focused on the face of a man who was kneeling by the front of the cage relieving himself through an opening in the bars.

"That's a Caucasian slave," the one agent said. "He has tattoos on his forearm, the one that looks like an anchor!"

"Hey, that could be an American," the other uttered. "Get a close-up photo of his face. Let's see, there are twelve cages. Okay, let's go. We've seen plenty!"

The two FBI agents made their way back down the river returning the stolen canoe to the dock north of the Wong Tang warehouse. It was already becoming daylight, and they had only a matter of minutes to get back to the hotel. Their goal was to avoid being absent from the tour party and the day's scheduled activities, of which they would both find benches to sit on and nap while the other guests spent the day being tourists.

As they had a chance, they sent texts of the photos they gathered back to the home office of their unusual finding on the lake north of Ho Chi Minh City. As soon as the photos and their brief text reached the desk of their supervisor, mouths dropped, and e-mails began buzzing to other Bureau directors and their CIA contacts; there was something more than unusual about this new development of cage photos.

As these cage photos crossed desks in both agencies, one copy made its way over to JSOC. It didn't take long for the secretary of defense to see what they had found. He got on the phone directly to the colonel at JSOC and said, "If you look at the photos I sent you, you'll see an American. Notice that this is a labor camp photo, and I believe that these are POWs!

"The tattoo on the man's arm is a common U.S. Navy tattoo of one who served on an American navy vessel! We need to get this Wong Tang into custody as soon as possible so we have a bargaining chip to use to find out more about these possible POWs! This labor camp photo was taken on a farm that supplies his cashew plant in H C M C .

"I will fax you the rest of the coordinates and information about Wong Tang and the labor camp that the FBI sent over to us. The word is *move, move, move!*"

The JSOC team was mobilized and sent to rendezvous in the waters of the South China Sea, off the coast of South Vietnam. This would be an initial air operation to the tiny island of Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean, where the JSOC team would transfer to a submarine that would take them to the place of their operation off the coast of Vietnam.

It was just twenty-four hours later when the submarine surfaced due east of Vung Tau, the coastal city situated at the mouth of the Saigon River. A group of four army-trained SEALs, now members of the elite strike force called JSOC, exited a

portal onto the top deck of the Ohio-class submarine now surfaced in the darkness of the South China Sea.[18]

It is a powerful, fierce submarine made up of exclusive bands of titanium steel, hard as rock! She is mythological in her prowess; possessing the potential to breathe fire out of her tubes, bearing a payload in her belly with enough energy to light up a small continent, bearing the ability to stay underwater for long periods, up to six months!

It boasts a nuclear-powered propulsion that is sure and steady (up to twenty years before refueling) as she circles the globe, secretly like a biblical Leviathan (Job 41). The only evidence that she has been in your waters, is a slithery foam left in her wake. She is one of the most feared of all military machines, with forty-eight torpedo tubes and a readiness to launch up to twenty-four missiles; she is a superpower launchpad, lurking in the dark recesses of the ocean.

On the surface deck of the leviathan, the small JSOC team inflates two rubber rafts and connects a quiet-running three horse electric motor to each one. They had about two miles to travel to get into the mouth of the Saigon River. There would be minimal river traffic after 11:00 p.m. It should be smooth sailing all the way up to the River Crest Estate's small canal that would take the amphibious team up to the boat launch, just a block or so from the GPS location sent by the FBI forward team.

The JSOC team moved slowly up the river, making only a minimal amount of noise with the electric motors, and had no trouble at all locating the small canal leading into the boat launch area. As they hit the shore, the small rubber rafts were ditched into the brush, where they proceeded forward in their black clothing, sifting in and out of the bushes and shrubs to the GPS point, the home of Wong Tang.

The white SUV was in the driveway in front of the garage; they would use the garage also as their entry point. This garage had a small back door leading out of the backside, a perfect place to move in. These small garage exit doors always had cheap little windows that could be popped out with a small tool, while holding the window from dropping and making a crash at the same time with a suction cup.

Pop, pop.

Now with the window released, they quickly lowered it to

the floor through the frame. Next, the first SEAL member simply reached in and unlatched the small door lock. A simple maneuver to disable the door's alarm magnet and they could now open the small door. They were all now in the garage, and the only thing separating them was an inside garage door that was not alarmed. For a SEAL team, picking a lock was elementary.

Within a minute, they had the door jarred and were set to enter-into the main kitchen area of Wong Tang's once-secure home. Assessing where any noises or lights were coming from, they could hear a television playing in the room just off the kitchen area; the room was also illuminated by the blue rays of the screen.

The first team member ran point and came up to the wall just opposite of the occupied room. The second team member came up to the other side of the room entrance and caught a glimpse of a foot placed on the floor in front of a lounge chair. He gave a signal to the location of the suspect. The point man pulled out of his belt pouch a needle with a syringe containing a payload of a powerful tranquilizer, enough to put the subject out for over forty- five minutes cold!

The JSOC team's instructions were not to abuse or bruise the subject.

"A negotiation chip like Wong Tang would lose its powers if the chip was injured," the colonel told them before they left on the mission. If they got the tranquilizer into the subject's veins promptly, there would not even be a need to secure his hands and feet. The point man's signal to move forward would be one finger straight up, then pointed ahead, which is what he did in the next instant. The two quickly moved forward, one on each side of the chair, restraining the subject's arms while the third man came in and grabbed the subject's feet.

The point man quickly delivered the needle as the second team member put a plastic gloved hand over the mouth. As the tranquilizer reached the brain, the subject fell limp in one instant, quietly, so as not to disturb any other members of the household.

The JSOC team carefully carried Wong Tang's limp body out through the garage and back to the boat launch like three men carrying a log. They loaded their precious cargo onto a raft and pushed off into the canal and made it slowly and methodically out to the rendezvous point in the South China Sea

where they were once again picked up by the behemoth of a sub of the Ohio class.

Wong Tang would wake up confused and angry that he was on his way back to the United States to answer for the tons of illegal cargo that he sent annually to the drug dealers on America's streets. The FBI and JSOC now had one of the biggest political bargaining chips they could snare in their quest to return any missing POWs still in prison camps, rotting in the aftermath of the Vietnam War.

Some politicians would question whacking an old horse like this so many years after the fact. But insiders in the intel community knew, without a doubt, that the Viet Cong, as they were once called, would prefer to let POWs rot if necessary, just in case they ever needed them again as a political bargaining chip; this was dirty politics in the art of political jurisdiction with the United States government. So many of their people had died in the Vietnam War, so what would it matter if they just kept them, just in case! And the treatment of these men really didn't improve much after the war; they were kept in cages and only allowed certain privileges at the whim of the prison wardens. Not many favors were ever granted as Washington politicians would soon find out with the beginning of negotiations and the first photo glimpses of sixty-years-plus prisoners.

As the submarine transferred Wong Tang to the American base at Diego Garcia and the first photos of the JSOC catch reached the FBI offices in Washington, the news of such an elite criminal and bargaining chip created a stir in the intel community and among key Washington politicians.

The president also got the word that Wong Tang was on his way back via military air flight to JSOC headquarters at Pope AFB in North Carolina. The wheels already were beginning to turn among the intel community to determine how many POWs were still in Vietnam's concentration camp-style prisons. Number estimates within hours started to turn up on the president's desk and many intel desks in between.

The colonel notified the secretary of defense that even if we got one POW after all this time, it would be a huge bonus. The president's staff were putting all of this on scales and weighing what the political ramifications would be if the American public

were to be informed that Washington could “work out a deal” to have any remaining POWs returned, and, if they should have a deal, should they inform the public that the bargaining chip was a powerful Vietnamese Communist who was making millions of dollars for his government selling marijuana on America’s streets?

A lot of questions would have to be worked out. One question they answered right away was affirmative, bringing back even one POW after all these years would create a media blitzkrieg that could work huge political brownie points for any sitting President and his respective party!

32 The Final Dinner with the McKennas

Late February 2013

The McKennas and Philip all gathered around the large dinner table at the ranch in a quiet, somber mode. Philip was asked by Douglas McKenna to start the dinner with a prayer.

“Our most Heavenly Father, the Creator of all things, we ask that you bless this bounty and sustenance of our wealth to make our bodies healthy and our minds wise. We ask that you give guidance to our conversation and show kindness to those we love. Amen.”

The housemaid immediately went to work serving each member at the family table with drinks and motioned to each one that food was available self-serve on the side table. As everyone lined up to taste of the fresh garden produce and meats of the ranch, plates clanked against silverware, and steam rolled over the sides of the stainless-steel server pans.

Everyone filled their plates and retired to their respective places with ranch hands sitting at their own favored table in the back. The family conversation started respectfully at the McKenna table.

Douglas McKenna asked Philip, “So what are your plans now that you are safely here in the outback?”

Philip offered, “I plan to write a book on my experiences with the underworld, the CIA, and this secret group called the Guardians of the Backwater. It will most definitely be a spy novel from a different perspective. I will include a key character based on myself. He will have a well-developed cognitive dream-gift, modeled after mine, making it extremely hard for the dark forces to apprehend or trap him.

“I would like to dedicate the book, postmortem, to Julianne, but of course by a different name. The name I will use will be one we can all agree on and only the McKenna family and myself will know that it is really Julianne of whom the book is dedicated to.”

Douglass agreed, “Thank you that would be very appropriate. I would also like you to know that you may stay on here at the ranch for a reasonable amount of time to get some

rest and a break from having to return to the dangers of the states. If you would like to stay here longer, I have some friends in the Australian government who I can vouch for you in terms of getting a work visa.”

Philip answered affirmatively, “Yes, that would be wonderful. I would like to stay here longer than just a visit. I’ll go ahead and get the paperwork for a work visa and e-mail you when I am ready to file. There is one favor I would like to ask though. I have a friend in the States. She lives in Oregon. I would like to ask her to come and visit me here. Is that okay?”

Douglas and Mr. Miller looked at each other carefully. Mr. Miller prodded, “Tell us about your friend.”

Philip smiled. “Oh yes, of course; she is fantastic, an artist from Elk Lake, Oregon. We met through my interest in one of her paintings that I saw displayed at the local art gallery. Anyway, I went out to tour her studio, and we just bonded. She has been to the Broome area before on a tour, and I would like *her* to show me around. Just so you know, after I get my work visa, I plan to get my own apartment in town and go to work as a writer. That is a couple of months yet down the road, but right now I just want to see her. I miss her!”

Mr. Miller looked back at Douglas and said, “It’ll be fine.” And he went back to finishing his dinner.

The maid interrupted everyone briefly with steaming-hot, fresh- cut apple pie and scoops of ice cream. And as they caressed the culinary work of art to their lips, Douglas spoke of his short-term plans. “We’re flying back to the States tomorrow and will be leaving you here at the ranch. We’ll keep in touch by e-mail. But just in case the rest of the McKenna family wants to find out more about your side of the clan, where is the rest of your family now living?”

“They are all in the Kenosha Wisconsin area. You can call my father directly if you like; he works at the city center as the head of the street department,” Philip offered.

“Yes, we may do that. It’s been a long time since our families have shared anything. It may be time to extend a handshake to erase some years of separation,” Douglas lamented. “Anyway, you go ahead and make yourself comfortable and e-mail me when you have your visa paperwork done, and I’ll get it rushed through for you.” Philip nodded affirmatively.

As soon as the table was tidied and conversations went to

one on one, Philip took out his iPhone and sent a text message to Misty in Oregon: “I miss you very much, have decided to stay on here for now. Would you like to come and visit me? I have a room waiting for you. Love, Philip.”

Misty didn’t waste any time to answer; as Philip was finishing up his drink and getting ready to retire to his room, his iPhone lit up with a return message from Misty: “I am packing my bags tonight. I will close the house here and be on a plane ASAP. Do I go to the Broome airport? Please confirm.”

Philip immediately texted her back with, “Broome is correct, e-mail me as soon as you leave, and send a copy of your itinerary and ETA.”

Before Philip left the table, he spoke to Mr. Miller. “My friend is on her way.”

Terry Rainer, Lisa, and Hunter met early the next morning after the Vietnam raid, capture and transportation of Wong Tang to Pope AFB in North Carolina.

“We’ll have to get up to the Pope Air Force Base to get our foot in the door for the FBI on this Wong Tang trade deal for POWs,” Hunter said to Lisa.

Lisa agreed and gave her report on the prostitution link of the investigation. “I’ve been working on this group Katie called the Guardians of the Backwater. They may be directly involved in this whole scheme of X1’s human trafficking and prostitution ring, seeing they were providing the water to enhance the beauty of the women. What I got is this: we went to the local tourist attraction that claims to be the fountain that makes one youthful and found it to be just that; a tourist attraction, for the gullible!

“Then we asked around some more and found the original fountain to be a part of an old Florida family estate on the northwestern side of the county called the Blackburn Ranch. It was a nineteenth-century Southern-period architectural masterpiece, with the huge front pillars and side carriage building. There are still plenty of acres, but now just a fraction of its size when it was surrounded by cotton fields. It was here, on this property, that the local Indians introduced this fountain to

the early explorers. They claimed it to be ‘the healing waters.’

“We dug into the county land office documents and found the name of the property owner, a local retired CIA man, Mitch Vanderbilt [X6 to the CIA]. When we confronted him about the uses of the fountain on his property, he admitted proudly to it as being *the* original historic fountain but sidestepped the claim that it had *healing powers*. He called *that* a local myth!

“The estate is now a tourist attraction open for tours. Then we talked to the procurator, Walter Stair [X9 to the CIA], he gave us the same bum steer on its *power to heal*. What I think we possibly have, though, are two official members of the Guardians of the Backwater! It appeared fishy, to say the least, that both these men flashed CIA cards in our faces to intimidate us.

“In order to dig deeper into this fountain and the estate property, we will need someone to go all the way to the top in Washington to get these two squeaks to talk! This is what it looks like on our paperwork. We note as possible members of this secret organization the Guardians of the Backwater, two CIA operatives. And X1, whom we already know, is a member of a powerful crime syndicate from Ohio, who the locals say at least one sheriff and one member of the county commissioner is involved.

“To get any truth, we may have to go back to the Big Tooth in Tampa and see if he will risk his skin to say anything more. Judging from the level this is going, all the way to the CIA in Washington, we might have to shackle him and put him on a stretcher with nails and threaten to pull out his other remaining big tooth to get him to say anything more!”

Hunter and Terry just sat in silence for a minute, and Terry spoke up, “Hey, get a sample of the water from the fountain and have it run for a chemical analysis!”

Lisa jumped up from her chair and pointed to Terry, “That’s it! If we can get proof that this water has some special properties, we can maybe get a bureaucrat in Washington to move it ahead by placing some pressure on the CIA. Like, show us what you need this water for? The possible uses then would be the smoking gun! Terry, you’re brilliant!”

Philip saw the McKenna team off the next day, driving them

to the airport. As they left the SUV and started their way through the gates, Douglas McKenna turned to Philip and said, "We'll have more conversations in the future when we return here from the states. Meanwhile, make yourself comfortable at our ranch, ride the horses, and visit the aborigine town on the south end. They have a talented community of craft artists that your friend Misty may find interesting. We'll also look forward to the book you have planned." "Yes," Philip agreed, "I should sit down while I still have all the facts and characters fresh in my mind and get it all down on paper."

I always do my best work over coffee, so I will probably be a regular at the local Internet café.

"Who knows, I may make some new writing contacts there among some of the other writers in the community who frequent such places! I just want you to know again how sorry I feel about Julianne; X1, and the other characters at the Coffee Club went way beyond the imagination in attacking a McKenna family member to try to ward me off, when I was just a journalist looking for a good story!"

"When I read the Jane Kelly dinner invitation, I had no idea that X1 and his team were really referring to Julianne! I realized of course that they may have been involved, when, following Julianne's murder, they came after me with the tainted water bottles and an attempted break in. My cognitive dream-gift is one of the reasons I am still alive; it keeps me alert and vigilant to spot their plans against me. Again, Mr. McKenna, I never dreamed of the level of danger my journalistic snooping could bring to myself and your family. I soon started to comprehend how dangerous the men at the Coffee Club were, but wow!"

"That's fine," said Douglas McKenna. "Our family has always been aware of how dangerous some of the rogue elements of the CIA are. We have had to deal with them before and may have to again in the future. We have always represented politically a more constitutional view of how the country should be run, and they want to rule the world. We understand what happened; we don't blame you. We'll have a chance to hear more when you write your book. That's the best way to tell your story."

Douglas entered the doorway into the airport commons, and the McKenna team followed, leaving Philip watching them from the drop-off area. Philip then drove downtown to the Internet

cafe to begin writing the book he was talking about. Today he would get a rough outline up on his computer and surf the net for more ideas.

All the while he had Misty on his mind; he couldn't wait for her to get there! Another patron was in the restaurant who looked familiar, and he started to hyperventilate when he realized that it was a face from the past; Philip knew that he had seen that face at the Broken Shell Cafe in St. Augustine! Philip was about ready to pack up and leave when the man, who knew he had been spotted, walked directly over to Philip's table and asked permission to sit down.

Philip, sensing no immediate danger and curious, nodded in the affirmative. The stranger started the conversation with, "I met you once at the Broken Shell Cafe in St. Augustine. I was the one who was down for training at the government training facility."

Philip smiled, with a gasp of relief, aware now that the man wasn't with any Ohio based syndicate but simply worked out of Washington. He remembered the conversation then, at the Broken Shell as being pleasant; they had built a basic level of trust. "Oh yes, I remember our conversation. What brings you so far from home?" questioned Philip.

The man leaned forward a little to shield his words from other patrons. "My name is Kort. I have a long story to tell you. It could take a while."

Philip knew instantly from his demeanor that he was serious and desired a private place to talk. Philip motioned toward the door and loaded his computer to its case and took a final long sip of gourmet coffee and walked out the door accompanied by his new friend Kort. They crossed the street and sat on a park bench together. Kort then went into his story, "I came here to make sure you are covered. I mean, protected. I don't know if you have been aware or not, but you have had some of the best, and green, operatives on your tail that Washington could muster. I began working on your behalf when you were in Bend, Oregon. There were a few bad boys who were casing you whom I had to convince to find another employment career. I think I was able to convince them that you were off limits.

"Another one came here, and he is probably on his way back home; he just had a brief overnight stay. Anyway, I think you are pretty-safe now being here. Under a shadow international

agreement, the CIA can't operate here in the Kimberly region of Western Australia. I don't know how you knew to come here, but of all the places in the world you could have chosen, this one is the absolute safest."

Philip looked almost confused and asked, "Why did you decide to help me?"

Kort looked down at his shoes for a moment and back at Philip's face. "I was ordered to kill you by someone in Washington, but when they also double-crossed me, I resigned the CIA and came to Bend to protect you instead. They double-crossed me, so I am double-crossing them. And now that I am here, I must stay. I can never go back to the States, or the sharks and gators will have me for lunch off the end of the dock!"

Kort pulled out of his pocket a slip of paper and wrote down his e-mail address for Philip. "Take this and e-mail me if you want to talk more. I'll be in the area," Kort said as he got up.

Philip took the slip of paper and put it into his pocket, and before Kort left, he said, "Look, I know you probably went to a lot of trouble to protect me. I want to thank you. And if you don't mind, let's meet at the coffee house once a week. I could use a friend. Anyway, you know that I am a journalist. I have planned to write a book on my experiences with the CIA and the underworld. I could use your help on some of the background information. I would like you to consider helping me with my book. I mean, maybe we could write the book together. You can remain nameless if you want. I would like you to think about it, as long as we are in this oasis of safety together here in Australia, let's make good use of our time."

Kort looked Philip right in the eye and said, "I would find being a background source for your book an incredible pleasure! Ha! The interesting things I could tell you! Yes, let's meet here again, just e-mail me a time."

As Kort walked away, Philip's iPhone indicated a text message. It was from Misty: "Have the plane ticket in hand, on my way to the airport. ETA is 9:00 a.m. the day after next at Broome International Airport. I have a couple of delays for plane transfers. See you then! PS, I e-mailed you my flight schedule."

Philip drove back to the ranch, and when he got to the front gate, he saw a sign he hadn't noticed before. It said, "No trespassing. Violators will be shot. Survivors will be shot twice!" Philip pulled the SUV through the gate into the *arms* of safety of

the “redneck” McKenna family ranch.

The Florida task force members were on time for a meeting with the colonel of JSOC at the Pope AFB in North Carolina. Terry Rainer especially was locked and loaded for an opportunity to speak with Wong Tang, one of Vietnam’s most notorious drug lords. The military-style office buildings were humble but clean, and as the team entered the colonel’s domain, they were greeted by courteous military staff.

The colonel appeared in the lobby the moment his staff announced the presence of the Florida task force members, greeting them with handshakes and leading the team back to an open classroom where there were tables and chairs.

Wong Tang was sitting with two MP officers standing by his side. The colonel introduced the team members to the “biggest tuna fish catch” since the Vietnam War.

“No interpreter is needed,” said the colonel as he smiled at Mr. Tang. “When he woke up, he was speaking English, Italian, Spanish, and some other four-letter guttural languages.”

“Good morning, Mr. Tang,” Terry said as she extended a hand of friendship.

Mr. Tang just nodded once to affirm her presence. The colonel looked to an aide by the doorway and said, “Prescott, would you get a tray of those doughnuts and a pot of coffee for our guests?” Prescott stiffened momentarily to acknowledge the order and clicked his heels, goose stepping down the hallway to carry out his assignment. Within a short three minutes, he was back with a tray loaded with the morning’s appetite inhibitors. The Florida task force members Terry, Hunter, and Lisa all sat on one side of a long table facing Mr. Wong and his two MP guards. The doughnuts were distributed by Prescott, and coffee was poured and distributed to everyone as Terry started the conversation with a brief, “Mr. Tang, we brought you here to the United States because we knew that you were a successful businessman.”

She was attempting to appeal to his expertise, rather than condemn him for his shortcomings. “We are hoping that we can make a deal with you, and you alone. There is no one else in your country of whom we could appeal to. We’re sorry for any inconvenience that we may have caused you.” She spoke very

matter-of-factly as she wasn't yet sure as to how fluent he was in understanding English.

"There is something in your country that our government desperately needs, and we know that you would like to leave here and go back to running your business at home with your family as soon as possible." Terry looked at the colonel briefly to make sure it was all right to continue.

The colonel gave an affirmative nod, as he had already been briefed with the inside scoop by the secretary of defense to go ahead and try to make a deal with Mr. Wong Tang.

Terry went on, "Mr. Tang all we need to know from you is the number of U.S. POWs still in prisons in your country. We know that you have direct connections with members of the politburo and probably have had conversations with them about these facts."

She could see Mr. Tang's face tighten and quickly changed her approach, "Perhaps you could give us at least a ballpark figure?"

Mr. Tang's face turned to stone and flushed a little to the shade of white; his lips were set. Terry noticed his apprehension to her question and decided another angle might help. "Ah, Mr. Tang, the reason we need this information is because we *do* want you to get home. Our intelligence tells us that there is a strong probability that your government is still holding POWs for political reasons to be used as an insurance policy against any U.S. future intervention in Southeast Asia. But you see, forty years have now passed, and our country has held to the original agreements of the 1973 Paris Peace Accords. So, there is no reason for your country to hold these men any longer, as we have shown over forty years that we have no interests there, other than business trade, which we plan to continue, for your valuable cashew crops. We're now hoping a negotiation could start to bring our boys home."

Still, there was no response from the Vietnamese businessman; his eyes just drifted to the coffee cup in front of him. Terry looked at Hunter, and he whispered something into her ear. Their eyes set in a quick agreement, and she looked back at Mr. Tang with a big smile and segued directly back into the one-way conversation, "We should tell you of value then, Mr. Tang. Here is a hypothetical situation. Let's say you tell us that there are no prisoners still there in camps. Then we have *no*

reason to make a deal with your country for a trade, and you stay *here* in the United States to face serious drug charges and a long international legal battle to be extradited back to your country, if that ever happens.

“Now our intelligence has indicated that there *are* some POWs there, so wouldn’t it make sense for you to admit a number so that we have *them* to trade for *you*, and we can send you back to your country a lot sooner, without serious drug charges?”

Mr. Tang was starting to hear Terry now and nodded to the affirmative and even began to relax a little and took a sip of his coffee. As he was doing that, Hunter whispered again in Terry’s ear, and she fired back with a final note, “Mr. Tang, to continue our hypothetical situation, if you told us that there was one POW, we could share that with our government for a trade, but frankly, we wouldn’t get much support to trade you one for one. On the other hand, if you told us the *actual* number of POWs, and it was *more* than one person, now then we would have a bigger bargaining chip to deal with.

“What I am trying to say is that there is *strength* in numbers, and a bigger number would allow our government to put bigger pressure on your government to have *all* the POWs released from Vietnam and have you sent back express! And, I might add, it’s the right thing to do as that is what was agreed upon in 1973 at the Paris Peace Talks. All of them were to be released.”

Mr. Tang responded finally with a question, “If I tell you the number, you will send me back, no trouble?”

Terry’s response was instant, “*Yes!* We will bring you to the Vietnamese embassy in Washington immediately for a negotiation meeting with your ambassador, Mr. Trung Can, to get an agreement from your country for a trade deal. *You* for all the remaining POWs! But we need a confessed number from you before we can start the negotiations.”

There was a long silence as Mr. Tang thought of his two options; staying here and facing drug charges was not a very good one, so he figured in his mind why not take a chance for a movement within with his government; if they refused to cooperate, he wouldn’t be going home any time soon, anyway!

“Yes,” he said, “there are an approximate fifty POWs still incarcerated.”

Terry was right back at him with, “Thank you! Now, can

you tell us the approximate location of the prison?”

Mr. Tang relaxed and said, “I can tell you where they won’t be found. The old Hanoi French prison is just a tourist attraction now. They were careful to move them out to the countryside out of the public eye. You also won’t find them at any of the wartime prison locations. They are being held in an underground bunker that was secret even during the war. It’s just north of Son La in the Hoang Lien mountains. They keep the prisoners underground most of the time and allow them to come out only at night and walk the grounds. They can come out during the day, but must stay underneath outside covered walkways and covered gazebos to evade U.S. satellite observations.

“The area is covered by jungle. Anyway, it would be almost impossible for them to be spotted. Some they sent down to my cashew orchards by truck in the Ving Cuu District by the Ho Tri An Lake to work as forced laborers to cultivate my cashew crops; I know they are still there, but I don’t know if my government will admit the facts. They say they need to keep them secret there at Son Tay just in case they need them for future negotiations!”

Terry thanked Mr. Tang for his cooperation and looked at Hunter to see if he wanted any other discussion.

Hunter said, “Well, I guess that’ll do for now.”

They all stood and walked toward the front lobby with the colonel. The colonel said, “When you get the meeting set up with the ambassador, we’ll fly him up to Washington and meet you at the embassy.”

“Thanks,” Hunter said, “we’ll be in touch.”

33 Morning Doves Find a Perch

Late February 2013

For Philip, the time waiting for Misty to arrive at the Broome International Airport was like waiting for the verdict of a jury. Love had blossomed in his heart; waiting for her filled every breath with expectation. When she arrived, he would try to find the right time and place to ask her to be his lifetime mate; at least that was what he had worked out in his mind. He figured that over a few days, he could feel out her feelings toward him, and if he was sure that she was on the same page, he would pop the question!

Misty's plane arrived somewhat delayed; air travel through the outback was like being on the milkman's regular delivery route. The plane finally arrived at around 11:00 a.m., and Misty instantly text Philip that she was waiting in the airport restaurant. Philip grabbed the keys of the ranch SUV and hauled dust behind him to get to the airport faster than a spaceman on a rocket launch.

Arriving at the airport, he parked in the short-term lot and walked faster than a policeman who was pursuing a purse snatcher in a crowd of hanging purses. As he entered the restaurant, he saw her sitting at a booth and quickly slipped in on the other side of the table. She was looking down at the Broome newspaper, and when she looked up, the first thing she saw was Philip smiling at her. She jumped up and slipped into his side of the booth, pushing her shoulder into his.

Both were conscious of not allowing PDA (public displays of affection), as they had discussed this once, and they agreed that it made others uncomfortable. Her eyes looked directly into his, and she said, "I missed you so bad it hurt! It's like my heart wanted to fuse with yours, but the eight thousand miles that separated us wouldn't allow it until I came here."

Philip suddenly realized that he wouldn't have any problem asking her to marry him; he just needed to plan the proper moment. Philip responded to her by saying, "I felt the same way. I can't imagine what it would be like now without you." They just sat holding each other's hands for the next several minutes,

until the waitress came to take their orders. They both had a light lunch together of club sandwiches and then drove back to the ranch.

The housemaid gave Misty a private room, one that was decorated for a queen. Philip didn't want to waste any time in showing her around, so after she was all unpacked and settled, they went for a ride across to the south end of the ranch in a four-wheeler with huge wheels to the aboriginal town of Nugget that Douglas McKenna had suggested.

Misty being of Indian descent herself, Philip figured, would love to see some of their original artwork. The main street of the town was all set up for the tourist trade, a classic trap! A main building in town had an open mall breezeway through its center, and each side was lined with little storefront shops, most selling postcards, curios, novelties, antiques, artworks, and snacks.

Misty was suddenly in heaven, and they began to browse through the shops, Misty buying anything that caught her fancy. Their last stop was the art gallery where on display was the latest forms of aboriginal works. There were paintings of the local Kimberly range, weavings, tapestries and jewelry made from the local pearl industry. Philip didn't fail to notice when he saw Misty holding and admiring an opal pearl ring. After she put the ring down and walked off to view some of the displayed canvas artworks, Philip took the ring and walked to the register, hoping she wouldn't see him as he purchased it.

Philip spoke to the lady at the counter in a whisper and pointed to Misty, "Shhhhhh, I don't want her to know I am purchasing this!" Philip just leaned up against the counter with his back facing the clerk as he slipped her his credit card, and she rang it up and placed the pearl treasure in a small box. Misty glanced back once at Philip, and all she saw was him facing her with a pleasant smile, and the clerk busily doing something behind him at the cash register. The clerk slipped the small package into Philip's hand along with his credit card and motioned to a slip she laid on the counter for his signature.

Making sure that Misty was studying the next aboriginal art piece, he quickly picked up the pen and purchase slip and signed it on a small book cover that he faked to be looking at. Handing the slip back to the clerk with a smile, he placed the book back

on the shelf and walked over to join his new prospective bride.

Misty said, "This painting really caught my eye. It's described as an ancient aboriginal city of caves. It's in the central Kimberly." What is shown in the image is the side of a large red cliff with caves present all along the face of it. There are small switchbacks leading up to the caves and some mason work here, where some cave entrances are half covered.

"We have to find out how to get there," said Misty. "I would like to photograph it and maybe paint it myself."

Philip was more than enthused to go up and ask the clerk more about the painting, who said, "Oh, it's easy to get there. You just take the main highway up to where the road goes north to the national parks. There is a roadhouse there called King Henry's. It's up that road around sixty kilometers or so. You do need to know the place to turn off though."

She took out a piece of paper and scribbled a rough map. Philip thanked the clerk as he and Misty walked across the central breezeway to the snack bar where they bought sodas and hotdogs. The conversation from the moment she looked at the cave painting and the rest of the afternoon all centralized on them planning a trip up to the central Kimberly region.

Philip offered after listening for some time. "We can go up on small motorcycles that the ranch will loan to us."

Misty said, "That would be so much fun. Let's do it!"

Lisa Bogadeen and Terry were sitting in the police lounge when Lisa got a text message from the lab that was doing the chemical analysis on the water from the Blackburn ranch. "Results from our tests prove positive for colloidal healing properties. Our report is in your e-mail box."

Lisa jumped up and used the lounge computer to access her e-mail. "Look at this, Terry," she said. "This is remarkable. The last time I saw this many trace elements and minerals in water, I was buying an energy drink at the health food store. How could all these trace elements get into Blackburn's well? Anyway, we have our answer to the fountain that makes one youthful. The lab report shows that the water is not only full of healthy trace minerals, but also essential elements usually found in commercial supplements, an electrolyte enhancer! And it says here, electrolytes are important for people who are athletic, supporting

‘strenuous activity,’ preventing loss of energy and dehydration. The perfect drink for an escort out for a long evening.

“Terry, I am going to run these results up to the Washington FBI office with the request that they find out who these CIA men at the Blackburn ranch are; it’s clear that this water could be connected to the prostitution operation as Katie testified!”

Terry added, “Looks like we got our smoking gun. By the way, I heard that the Florida congressman Ben Parington just got out of rehab recently and made a statement to the press that he is not resigning. Apparently, he thinks his drug bust will all blow over. The rest is up to the judge on how lenient he will be on his drug sentencing, and, if Congress will decide to fire him on ethics charges. It’s likely that he may be able to finish some or all-of his term, as his lawyer expectantly will drag this thing out as-long-as he possibly can. I heard it once said that in Washington, rats have nine lives!”

Lisa gave Terry a serious look with this sub-note, “The CIA rat never dies. They *always* claim national security privileges, flash their *company* card, and stifle any investigation against anyone in their club. But at least we can, with the water, call a possible connection to the prostitution network and hopefully muddy up their secret program enough to get them to take it elsewhere out of the jurisdiction of the U.S.! The rest will be then to keep an eye on them for any new popup cookie-cutter operations domestically. And, like little children caught with their hands in the cookie jar, just slap them silly and hope they get the message. We may get lucky though. The FBI could put enough pressure on the higher ups at the Agency to get these sleazebags banned to Attu Island Alaska and give them a set of night vision binoculars to watch the straights for Russian submarines, as that would be about as far as the CIA hierarchy would go! At any rate, we have some nasty people to deal with here; I never dreamed it would go all the way to Langley! Absolutely incredible!”

Philip and Misty started out early the next morning on their once-in-a-lifetime trip to the Kimberly. The McKenna household supplied everything they needed: the cycles, the backpacks, water jugs, bags of nuts and fruits for lunch. It was a long ride just to the King Henry roadhouse, where they stopped for a

midmorning break and to fill up their bikes. By late morning, they were there at the aborigine road that led to the ancient site.

Now another Nugget tourist attraction, they had purchased their entry tickets at the travel kiosk in town. The site was privately owned by one of Nuggets aboriginal families. A small roadhouse was built on the site where they served refreshments, and it had a large deck out back that overlooked the rock face and cave structures. One modern stairwell allowed visitors to climb up around thirty feet to enter one of the main cave structures. After the two of them used the restrooms, they began their trek across a desert landscape and up to the main attraction.

As they entered the main cave, they suddenly noticed on the walls were ancient aboriginal paintings. Misty took out her camera and began to immediately photograph some of the pronounced works.

Philip remarked, "Wow, this is really ancient!"

Misty turned, and smiled, and they continued their unguided tour of the cave. Toward the end of the cave was a large room that had water draining down one wall and disappearing into the cracks. In the sides of the walls were also seats or places where one could curl up and sleep. There really wasn't much else to see except to notice the damp, coolness of the atmosphere that surely was a protective coating for the ancient inhabitants on hot summer days, as summer daytime temperatures in the Kimberly can soar to 118° Fahrenheit.

After they returned to the roadhouse deck, Misty took several more photos of the entire cave rock wall; then it was off to the national park where they could swim in the gullies of a spring-fed stream. It was cool on that clear day in the Southern Hemisphere, only sixty-some degrees, but they didn't want to miss out on an aboriginal bath!

Misty said, "So this is what it is like to traverse in the outback. I want to stay!" Philip now embraced her as they were now alone; on this fine day, they had the whole park to themselves.

Philip spoke softly into Misty's ear, "I have fallen in love with you!"

Misty looked up at him with her intensely clear eyes. "I am hopelessly in love!"

Time just seemed to stand still, and since they were both still in their bathing suits, their embrace brought warmth to the

soft cool breezes.

Philip spoke matter-of-factly, "When we get back to the ranch, we'll go over your photos and order up some pizza from the maid's kitchen."

Misty stole a refreshing kiss before they walked back down the trail to their motorcycles. On the way home, she would forgive him for thinking of his stomach at such a romantic moment. *Men never seem to get this one*, she amusingly thought in her mind.

Philip and Misty sat in the McKenna ranch dining room and used a laptop computer screen to view her iPhone photos. First was the photo of the rock wall they had seen that day with the caves, and then, one by one, she scrolled through the Indian artwork on the cave walls she photographed. To Misty, this was a huge bonus, as she would begin to incorporate these designs into some of her western art. The first photo resembled a large cat standing up on its hind legs with its arms extended upward.

"This is very cultural. The use of animals in their art must be a part of their spiritual belief system," Misty said as she scrolled to the next image of men working in a field with a primitive sickle. "Another common cave painting is of how they gather food," she added. Then she clicked to the next image, and Philip's eyes just froze on the face of a woman.

"Goodness!" Philip exclaimed in shock. "Look at that face. Do you recognize it!"

Misty took a long artistic peer into the face of the image. "Yes, yes, it does resemble the one I put in a painting recently, that one you liked," she said.

"Yes, it sure looks like Barbara!" Philip exclaimed. "The lady that I met in Bend. That is the face of an angel!" Philip knew now that Barbara's image in the Western painting that Misty had done, the same image that Misty had copied from a dream, certainly was the face of an angel. All doubt now was erased from his mind, an angel had accompanied him to Bend and now was here in the Kimberly of Australia.

"I was wondering if I would ever get a chance to see Barbara again, and now here she is. I hope that someday I get to thank her for introducing us together. Helping me meet you gave me the greatest painting of my life," Philip chimed.

He then asked to be excused to use the restroom and instead went to his room and grabbed the pearl ring, taking it out of its box and holding it up to the light. All he could see now was the image of Barbara smiling back at him from the inside of the pearl. Philip walked back into the living room where Misty was still studying Barbara's image and handed the ring to Misty with these kind words, "I will love you forever. Will you take this ring as a token of my love and share the rest of your life with me as my wife?"

Misty didn't hesitate to place the ring on her finger, giggling, as she spoke softly, "You know, it's leap year, and if you hadn't asked me, I would have asked you." Philip then took her hand and held it to his heart. The intensity of the moment was highlighted by Barbara's smiling image on the computer screen.

For the rest of the evening and on into the next day, the conversation changed to future planning for the two of them in many private, intimate, whispering moments.

Misty confessed, "I don't want to leave you now and go back to the States. If you stay, I stay!"

Philip held her hand and said, "I will get our work visa paperwork today and get it off to Mr. McKenna who said he would help me with it, to expedite it. You can claim your artistic ability as employment, and I can claim my journalistic work. We'll get an apartment in town and occasionally travel back to the states and your home to take care of loose ends and what not."

Misty commented, "We'll have to figure out how to get married then, won't we?"

Philip was ready for that one with, "You'll like this idea. All we need is a willing preacher to marry us under heaven and God's eyes. No paperwork is necessary. Under God, the state doesn't have to approve for it to be a real marriage. That way you don't have to change your name or any of your bank accounts. We will be married in the traditional understanding, the same way they did it in the outback in the 1800s. I saw it done this way when two friends of mine in Florida, who got married in a private ceremony, didn't sign any paperwork and are still living happily together, under God, without the state's oversight. "What we are capitalizing on is the fact that many couples live together without marriage anyway, and the state doesn't say

anything, so why should they say anything to us if they don't pay any attention to them? The only difference is, we really will be married *under God* by a qualified preacher, and that is that. What do you think?"

Misty admitted to having never heard of this pre-twentieth-century method and said, "I am willing to try it, I guess that will be okay."

As the afternoon progressed, Misty kept sharing revelations she was having about why Philip's marriage idea was so unique. "I like it," she said. "It's like having God's approval without all the messy paperwork. It's perfect; let's do it, and ASAP."

Philip then took her response as a mandate and said, "I'll bet the local aborigines can help us. They probably don't fill out much state paperwork for their marriages either."

They were both so excited that they took the four-wheeler to Nugget and went to the tourist information desk inquiring about a preacher.

"That's an easy one," said the clerk. "There's only one preacher here, and you can find him over at the rock shop."

Misty and Philip made their way over to the gemstone dealer and introduced themselves. "We're new to the area and are wondering if there is a minister who can help us with a family matter," Philip said as he spoke to the man at the counter.

The man looked up from his work through a circular magnifying glass attached to his reading glasses. "Yes, I may be able to help you. What's your request?"

Without hesitation, Misty spoke up, "If you can see the smile on my face, you might be able to guess that I love this man next to me and want to join his life's work!"

The man at the counter smiled from ear to ear and introduced himself as Weeping Heart. "At least that's the name my parents gave me. You can call me Gerry. Well, let me put these things down, and we'll go over to the snack bar and have a drink together."

The three of them walked across the breezeway to the snack bar and ordered up three pineapple smoothies. Gerry greeted some of the other patrons as he paid the bill at the counter and they all congregated at a table. "Tell me a bit of your story. How did you come to the area, and are you staying here long?" Gerry questioned.

Misty gladly told her version of events by saying, "Well, we

met in Oregon, in the States, at my art studio. Philip was taken by a painting I had done. He thought he recognized one of the faces in it and wanted to find out the background. That day, I was instantly attracted to him. We spent some more time together before he came here to Australia on personal business. We missed each other so badly after just a week that I flew out here to be with him. Now we are in love and want to share our lives together.”

Gerry looked at Philip to witness his reaction to what Misty just said. Philip shared from his heart, “I am so much in love with this woman at this time, all I want to do is close the deal. Can you help so we can start our lives together?”

Gerry thought intuitively, *this couple is so much in love that a union of the souls is imminent*. He agreed, “Yes, I can help you. What we need to discuss is the type of wedding you will need. There are two options: First, we can do it privately in one of the parks, or, if you prefer, we can have a public wedding at our church. If you are short on time, a private wedding is probably best, or if you want to set a future date, a public one could be done.” Gerry paused for their input, scooping a spoonful of pineapple smoothie.

Misty and Philip observed his face turn to pure pleasure as he put the spoon in his mouth. “We don’t have a big-time schedule,” said Philip. “I think we both would like the private wedding as soon as it can be arranged.”

Gerry could see that Philip was on a straight level, so he offered, “How about this Sunday then, and as an extra bonus, I’ll make your private wedding, public by bringing my whole congregation! Let’s have the wedding in this Sunday morning’s regular church service. For me, it would be a boon. I could do a sermonette on the believers’ parallel future wedding of the church with Christ, and then you two can say your vows. Later then, we can all have a huge potluck together, and the two of you can go off on your honeymoon.”

Misty jumped right in, “Oh, that is excellent, I never would have thought of a wedding as part of a church service. But, we haven’t had time to think of our honeymoon, though. I guess we’ll just hang out at the McKenna ranch where we are now staying?”

Gerry mused and lowered his voice, “Let me tell you, I am *the* master of wedding plans. We have a cabin up in the

Kimberly. You both can stay there for a week at no extra charge!”

Philip and Misty looked at each other and laughed and spoke at the same time, “I guess we came to the right place!” They all gave each other high fives and laughed and giggled for a few minutes.

When the jubilation had subsided, Philip asked cautiously, “We forgot to ask about legal matters. Will we be required to sign anything, like state paperwork? Uh, we were thinking of doing our wedding, like completely private without having to bring the state into it. Have you ever done a wedding like that?”

Gerry chuckled, “Hey! You came to da right place. We’re aborigine folk-if you like it dat way, dat’s the way you can have it!” As the tension suddenly broke, they all laughed out loud. But Gerry suddenly got very serious and said, “I need you both to do one thing for us though. There’s no charge for the wedding, but”-a long pause as he looked very contemplative-*”you need to bring da chicken for da potluck!”*

Misty and Philip began to laugh so hard they were doubled over. The wedding was set for this Sunday morning, and they were now the happiest people on earth. Their happiness increased greatly on the days leading up to the wedding.

Misty said, “It’s like the earth and the birds are speaking to me again, the sky is praising the heavens, and even the gold fish in the pond seem happy. It’s like everywhere we go people are smiling, and there is not a cranky person in sight!”

Philip was immersed in his own personal satisfaction, feeling like a life goal was finally being met, one of having his future bride at his side.

Wedding day came with shouts of expectation; as they arrived the church, the members treated them as English royalty. Upon entrance, they were separated down two wings of the church building, one for the bride and one for the groom. It was to be a royal day in the tiny aboriginal town of Nugget. Anticipations were extremely high for a successful ceremony. All the townspeople were there; it was an overflow crowd.

The church kitchen was filled to the brim with scents of wonderful potluck creations that were being warmed in the ovens until the great feast could be served. Philip had ordered the

chicken to be catered by a restaurant in Broome; the rest of the food pans were of bountiful staples, like candied yams, mashed potatoes, lasagna, pastas, and salads. Beverages were iced tea, cinnamon cider, fruit punch, and sodas.

The tables in the dining area were all decorated by the church women in red ribbons and doilies. "It's customary for the groom not see the bride until she marches down the aisle," Gerry mentioned to Philip as he was being dressed in the men's lounge. "You may sit in my office until the beginning of the ceremony, and we'll send an usher down to get you. The ring will be delivered to you at the altar by a child ring bearer. I just talked to the women who are dressing the bride; they say that she is the quintessential queen of Australia!" Philip smiled and said, "After all the ceremonies and when we are ready to leave to go to your cabin in the Kimberly, could you tell all the ladies of the church how appreciative I am for all their help?"

Philip handed Gerry a check for \$1,000.

"And how appreciative we are to you for making this our best Sunday ever!" Gerry said as he shed a tear receiving the check and handing it to an usher standing by the door to put into the offering box. "Well, let's get the wedding under way! From the looks of the church crowd, you would have thought the occasion was Easter Sunday with all the head bonnets and fancy dress. It was like all the women were trying to outdo one another with the catchiest designs!" Gerry joked.

Philip and Misty had rented their wedding attire, and a good thing, if they had come in casual dress, they would have looked as out of place as a homeless man in a king's court. The master of ceremonies, Gerry, stood in the pulpit, and a sudden hush filled the atmosphere. An excitement was present as the organist struck up the first tune on the organ, a traditional wedding tune.

The pastor then launched into his sermonette titled "The Greatest Wedding in the Universe." His opening scripture was read from the book of Isaiah 61:10: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." [19] We are gathered here together this day to witness a testimony of our own wedding one day, as a church to our bridegroom, Christ the savior. We have two people who have come to our church

who are greatly in love and who want to form a union of their souls, much in the same way that we, as the church, form a union of our souls with our Savior, Christ the Lord.

“They will in a few minutes of time walk down this aisle of life to their altar with God to verbally make a commitment together, much in the same way that we find God in our wanderings and kneel at the altar to make our lives complete in him. They will say a few words together to mark their soul tie with each other and the Creator. They will form a perfect unity of the scripture, the husband loving his wife and the wife loving the husband and both looking to God for direction. Ephesians 5 says it the best, it talks of a man leaving his father and mother and being joined unto his wife, and that they should love and respect one another.”

There was a great silence as the pastor completed his sermonette, and all eyes turned in expectation to the back entrance to the sanctuary to witness the grand entrance of the royal wedding couple! The organist struck up the wedding march song and an elder jokingly whispered to Philip and said, “Aye, aye, mate, it’s time to walk the plank!”

Philip chuckled as he started his walk down the aisle, hoping in his mind that the elder wouldn’t say the same thing to Misty. As Philip made it to the front, he turned to face the back where Misty would enter with his new friend Kort, who had answered his e-mail to be the best man.

Since Misty’s father couldn’t make it on such short notice, they had asked Kort to do the honors of giving her away. Carrying the ring, the beautiful pearl ring that Philip had purchased a few days before, was an adorable little girl accompanied by a small boy. As Misty entered, she was led arm and arm by Kort in full military regalia with scrambled eggs (full display of his medals) on his chest; her dress seemed to flow down the main aisle of the church. And, as if with great anticipation, a gentle hush fell over the congregation.

The music had stopped briefly in cadence of her entrance from the foyer. Now as she stepped forward, the music was commenced, and she was revealed in all her still-youthful beauty, dressed in a white chiffon gown with a ruffled breast and a six-foot-long train of which her two attendants, two child bridesmaids, were carrying into the sanctuary and, as soon as were able, were adjusting it on the floor behind her.

It was a grand entrance, one only royalty had before witnessed! All eyes were on the bride, she was beyond beautiful, she was striking! When the royal couple had joined at the front of the church, they stood to face each other. Kort released Misty's arm and placed her hand onto Philip's and stood off to the side.

The minister gave a brief expose on the tradition of the wedding ceremony by saying, "God has ordained this tradition of marriage to be honorable to all men, not to be taken lightly or carelessly or out of thoughtless desire, but should be done thoughtfully and in the will of God. There are certain reasons why God has ordained this union: for the propagation of humankind and the expansion of the church, that the children be brought up in a loving and godly home for the praise of Jehovah God. To enter two individuals into a holy union, all-natural instincts and desires should be nurtured in a home that is brought to honor the presence of the Holy Spirit. And, for the support of each other, that in sickness and in health, two individuals may support each other under the wings of God's angels." [20]

The minister held his hands up over the waiting royal couple and said, "This day I ask the Heavenly Father to bless this union. This marriage of this man and woman is to be a witness for all people of the grace of God and his love for his church; we ask Jehovah God to support this marriage and use it for his glory, amen." With that said, the minister gave Philip a hand signal to start his written vows to Misty.

Philip and Misty had written their own vows, and Philip spoke his from memory to the love of his life, "I saw a painting hanging on the gallery wall. The painting caught my eye. I looked a little closer and saw the face of an angel. This angel led me to a woman whom I fell in love with, and now desire her to be the love of my life. Misty, will you join me in a life adventure, to have and to hold, and let us paint a new portrait together, a portrait of you and myself, to be framed by our love and placed upon the wall of eternity." Philip's voice choked a little; his face was holding back a rush of tears.

And Misty began her response by saying, "Philip, I loved you from the beginning, from the very first day we met. When I found out you were single, like myself, it was a bonus. All I wanted after that was to be in your arms. You won my heart, and now I have you, and you have me. I have the love for you that

will last for an eternity and will be by your side until death do us part.”

The minister motioned to Kort, who now held the ring, to deliver it to Philip’s hand. Philip took the pearl ring and held it ready to slip on Misty’s hand. Philip had an adlib speech for this part of the ceremony thought up as he sat in the pastor’s office. “With this ring, I do thee wed to myself for eternity.” Philip slipped the ring on Misty’s hand as the minister gave him the nod, and the royal couple embraced in a kiss that could have highlighted a Hollywood screen.

The congregation all stood up and shouted and applauded, and the beginning of the festivities was at hand!

Gene, the minister, barely had a chance to finish, “I now pronounce you man and wife! Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Mr. and Mrs. Philip McKenna.”

The royal couple followed by the wedding party made their way out to the front of the church to be welcomed by the crowd that had gathered to witness the exit. It was a short walk across the parking area to the church annex where the reception was to be held. Rice fell like rain as Philip and Misty walked the gauntlet to the church dining area.

After all the photos were taken of the wedding party, feeding each other cake samples, and opening a few gifts, Philip and Misty went back to the church to change into comfortable clothing before opening the rest of the gifts on the wedding table and dining with all the congregation who had joined them for the reception. It was a celebration that went far beyond their wildest imaginations with a congregation of people who had shared their special day, most of whom had just met them for the first time! As Philip and Misty sat and enjoyed some of the catered chicken, Philip turned to Misty and said, “I think we just made around a hundred friends, all in one day!”

Misty nodded to the affirmative and opened another of the smaller boxes from the gift table, it was a figurine of an angel and had a message noted on its base: “Your little guardian angel.” Misty handed the porcelain figurine to Philip, and on his closer inspection, he pointed out to Misty that it was a female angel.

Philip asked Misty, “Who is this from?”

Misty took the gift card slip from the top of the little box and handed it to him. It said, “To Misty and Philip on your

special day, from Barbara.”

Philip laughed and said, “Looks like we have an old friend who made it to the wedding, the same old friend that brought us together.” With that, he held up the figurine and announced to the assembly, “Here is the little angel that brought us together!” He placed it on the front of the table for well-wishers to view who were visiting the table to shake hands.

Misty and Philip took a quick look around to see if Barbara really was there and then just sat and laughed a lot.

The president of the United States Richard “Spike” Dearden called some of his staff together to a meeting with Secretary of Defense Ronald Fabian and Secretary of State Denise Milner. The topic on the table was the capture and confession of Wong Tang by JSOC. Some of the testimony was read to the group by one of the staff members and a historic political discussion began by the president. “Our intelligence confirms the number of POWs Wong Tang claims is at fifty, while our numbers are confirmed at forty-seven; that’s pretty close!”

The secretary of defense, Mr. Fabian added, “Now we just need to decide if we should negotiate for their return.”

The secretary of state admitted from the review, “Mr. Wong is a good trade, being the head of the cashew industry, he represents one of the largest Sectors of the Vietnamese GDP! Not to mention the illegal trade in marijuana shipments he shadows. We now know from the Florida task force that these illegal shipments have been coming to our shores. Two undercover FBI agents sent to Vietnam confirmed the source of marijuana shipments, a cashew farm north of Ho Chi Minh City. And they also confirmed these shipments to be connected to Wong Tang’s warehouse operations there.

“In their search, they also photographed and confirmed a POW who was being held at the farm as a forced laborer. We estimate that profits from the marijuana crop are ten times that of the cashew shipments; the marijuana shipments are piggy backed in the same packaging as the cashews.”

The defense secretary confirmed Wong Tang’s importance by saying, “We probably have the biggest political bargaining chip on our hands since the Paris Peace Accords of 1973. We won’t get an opportunity like this again in the lifetimes of the

POWs they still hold.”

The president informed, “I have a couple of gentlemen waiting outside. They were on the 1991-1993 U.S. Senate Select Commission on POW and MIA affairs.” He nodded to one of his staff members to allow them to enter the room.

Senators Dan Terry and George McKinney walked into the room and sat at the table. The president looked to Senator Terry and said, “We understand that the findings of your committee were inconclusive, that there were no POWs still in Vietnam?”

The senator wiggled a little in his chair and confirmed the findings with, “That is correct, sir. We looked over the intelligence at that time and saw that of the 1,624 unaccounted for at the Paris Peace Talks, we found of the men who since that time had been accounted for in graves and returned, to be some 1,024. This meant that we still had six Hundred of that number missing.

“We then went over each case of possible live sightings by tourists or CIA operatives and found that most of these ‘possible live sightings,’ over 553 of them were not credible. We then were left with some 47 live sightings that were credible, but figured that it wasn’t a high enough number to confirm that the Vietnamese government was still running a prison to hold POWs. Thus, we concluded in our report that there were none.”

The president shook his head and said, “You should have included the credible sightings in your report, as we are now made aware, that forty-seven of those sightings you had were true!”[21]

The other senator George McKinney, in an-effort-to shore up the findings of their now-worthless committee report, said, “We didn’t want to open up any more wounds as the Vietnam War was so unpopular with the public. We would have then had to open negotiations with a now-Communist government and didn’t think any negotiations were possible. That would be true today. We didn’t have anything to bargain with after the devastation of our 1972 Christmas bombings of Hanoi at the end of the war. I don’t think they will ever forgive us for that!”

The president squinted at Senator McKinney and said, “We have the bargaining chip now! That’s why I brought you here.” The president nodded to one of his staff, and she began to read the JSOC/Florida task force report regarding Mr. Wong Tang.

“Mr. Wong Tang, now in custody at Pope AFB, is one of the world’s foremost business leaders in the cashew industry, and a world-class marijuana dealer. Most of his crop sales from both cashew and piggybacked marijuana shipments are sold to key American distributors in Florida. His cashew crop profits make up much of the Vietnamese GDP and profits from his rich marijuana shipments are estimated at ten times the size of the cashew market sales.

“He is the brains behind the Vietnamese recovery market since the Vietnam War. Making deals with the CIA and key American cashew distributors, he has shipped vast quantities of cashews into Tampa Florida and has, unknown to the State Department until now, piggybacked his marijuana trade in those cashew shipments for over forty years! He is one of the world’s wealthiest businessmen and has holdings in Vietnam, Europe, Asia, and beyond.”

The senators sat tongue-tied and would speak no more. Their 1993 commission report was now ready for the paper shredder and their political careers would be ended as soon as the public found out that they were *dead wrong* in their declarations that there were no POWs still in Vietnam in 1993. The tabloid papers would have their political findings for lunch over the next year! Veteran organizations would be so upset with them they wouldn’t be able to make a speech to a Sunday school class without an interruption. The two senators would suddenly become, as soon as this news went to the national newspapers, the most-hated people in America! Secretary of Defense Ronald Fabian then said, “There is something else you should know about, Mr. President. We never briefed you on Private First Class Tom Purdy. Ah, sir, he was released in 1999 under the Bob Denton administration, just before President Denton made a goodwill tour of the Southeast Asian nations, including a visit to Hanoi.

The Vietnamese released Tom Purdy from a labor camp just a short time before the then president’s 2000 tour as their own goodwill gesture to improve relations with the United States. We apologize for not letting you know about his release that was made in a shroud of secrecy from the American public. My understanding was that the Denton administration didn’t want to open old POW wounds in the wake of these new established relations with the Vietnamese people. They kept it secret as a

favor to them.”

The president had a look of pure shock on his face as the secretary went on. “We have scheduled a meeting with the Vietnamese ambassador here in Washington for next Tuesday morning at the Vietnamese Embassy. We will be bringing Wong Tang along to show the ambassador that we truly have him in our custody on drug charges for shipping marijuana to the port of Tampa. Members of the Florida task force and myself and the colonel of Pope AFB will be present.

“In this meeting, with your permission Mr. President, we will attempt to negotiate a trade deal of Mr. Wong Tang for the forty- seven remaining POWs.”

The day for the meeting with the Vietnamese ambassador came with expectation for all the military personnel at JSOC. They were keenly aware of the conditions that the POWs had been enduring over the last forty years since the Vietnam War ended, being summarily forgotten by those who could have rescued them, namely the two senators on the 1991-1993 U.S. Senate Select Commission on POW and MIA affairs. As far as JSOC was concerned, now that they knew the POWs were still there, they would *never* be forgotten again! The colonel, members of his staff along with Terry Rainer, Hunter, and Lisa and the secretary of defense, Ronald Fabian, met as scheduled at the Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport, all on early flights to rendezvous between 0700 and 0800 hours at the baggage claim area. An SUV sent by the president’s staff waited at the pickup area. All the members of the historic POW delegation were present and on time and loaded themselves and their luggage into the pickup vehicle.

The media by now had been given a tip that something was up at the Vietnamese embassy and had representatives stationed near the entrance like crows looking for a piece of meat. As the black government SUV made its way into the embassy neighborhood, they all scrambled to attention, grabbing their cameras, while making instant phone calls to their central offices that something was developing.

Terry, Hunter, and the rest of the delegation exited the SUV after it pulled up to the curb, immediately in front of the embassy’s front doors. It was a standard three-story Georgetown

building, not too far from downtown Washington DC. It had a large covered walkway out to the street that offered some cover from media cameras now perched like jaguars on adjacent walkways.

When the media saw the colonel in his full dress military uniform and the secretary of defense, they began to sew together the possibilities of this being an actual military negotiation with the Vietnamese government. The only tip the media had intercepted by a deep-throat White House insider, at this time, was that it had something to do with a single POW.

Another military van also pulled up to the building with an MP escort of two jeeps. The occupants exited the van, four heavily armed, combat-dressed soldiers with black helmets and military black khakis, with large printed armbands stating "MP." They led Wong Tang into the building in a highly professional manner with blank expressions on their faces; they had come separately on a military plane to the airport and had their own transportation waiting for the prisoner's transfer to the meeting.

The meeting with the ambassador began on time at exactly 0900 hours. The POW delegation was led into the embassy's lounge on the main level and were served tea and crackers. The MPs and their precious cargo, Wong Tang, entered the room and took station at the end of the table; with Wong Tang sitting and two MPs standing behind him at ease, the other two MPs stood at full attention near the doorway.

The ambassador entered with a couple of his staff who bore electronic equipment to make a record of the meeting; a camera and a tape recorder were set up. The secretary of defense started the negotiations by introducing the rest of the delegation and Mr. Wong Tang to the ambassador. The ambassador looked to Wong Tang with an understanding look and a head nod. Wong Tang gave a silent nod back.

The ambassador looked to the secretary of defense and said with a large smile that displayed his willingness to listen to any requests, "It has been many years since we have had anyone of your stature over to our table. Why is this such a special day for all of you?"

The secretary of defense turned his head over to Terry Rainer to yield the opener to her. Terry sat forward and said with a gentle touch, "We are not sure if you have ever met Mr. Wong Tang, but we are aware that he is one of your leading

businessmen in Vietnam's cashew trade, one of your largest agricultural industries. Mr. Tang was taken into our custody after we traced to his warehouse in HCMC a large marijuana shipment that came into our port of Tampa, piggybacked in a routine cashew shipment.

"From informants we have credible information that he has made other shipments into our country in the same manner. Given the impact that our keeping him here would have on your national economy, and seeing that our government would for some time probably limit shipments from his warehouses here, until we can effectively stop the flow of marijuana. And, also bringing-to-mind, that America is one of Vietnam's largest cashew customers, we would like to negotiate a deal with your country for his safe and quick return."

The ambassador placed his hands on the table and mingled his fingers together and nervously said with a huge smile, "What type of deal are we proposing?"

Terry was now aware that the ambassador knew exactly who Mr. Tang was and went on with her demand. "We would like to make this as easy as possible and worry-free to your government and ours. We will first ignore the fact that Mr. Tang is here before you on drug charges and simply say that he is here for some problem related to cashew shipments: a price-fixing scheme that we will quickly resolve with the FTC and fairly settle with him. Next, we would like to trade Mr. Tang for all remaining POWs in your secret prisons."

The ambassador quickly questioned her logic on the POWs by saying, "What makes you think that we are still holding POWs in our prisons?"

Terry was relaxed and confident on her response to his question with the U.S. government official number, "We have eyewitness accounts that there are still POWs in captivity in your country; in fact, two of our FBI agents photographed a POW in a cage at one of Wong Tang's cashew farms. Our intelligence has confirmed a figure of forty-seven still in captivity.

"We are also aware that you have held them, for such a time as this, to use them as a negotiating tool with our country, should you ever need something from us. We are hoping that Mr. Tang is a big enough *something* for your country to trade for."

The ambassador looked down at the table momentarily and back at Terry and said, "I will talk to my superiors, and we will

fax your government an answer within forty-eight hours.”

With that, everyone stood up, and gave greetings between the delegation and the ambassador. Wong Tang stood and took a customary bow to his ambassador and was escorted out to the waiting van, while the secretary of defense and the rest of the delegation exited and boarded the waiting black government SUV for a debriefing meeting with the president and his staff who were waiting at the White House.

The media at every perch was taking photos and shouting out questions for interview opportunities as the dignitaries departed; it was scrambletown! The media put runners on motorcycles who followed the SUV and van directly to the White House; they knew something big was up and now the focus was on an expected statement from the Dearden administration.

The media also stationed reporters around the capital and Pentagon, asking any high-level person as they left if they knew anything about “Vietnamese negotiations.” The delegation was taken into the green room of the White House to meet with the president, while Wong Tang and the MPs went off to the Pentagon to keep Mr. Tang in safe custody.

The president and his staff walked into the green room and sat at the table with the POW delegation. The president was frank and factual by saying, “This is one of the most historic negotiations that has taken place since the 1973 Paris Peace Accords. With a successful agreement between our two nations, the wounds of this war can finally be healed.”

The secretary of state then went ahead and briefed the president on what was agreed to at the meeting, with an exact trade deal of Mr. Tang for the forty-seven POWs and not to let the public know about the marijuana shipments, which could be a public relations disaster for both governments.

He said, “There will be a forty-eight-hour wait until we can get a firm agreement from the Vietnamese capital. They will have to call together an emergency Politburo meeting and brief the top members of the Communist Party and get a quick decision.”

The president agreed to the terms and said, “Well, I suppose that this will be a long two days. If we get a negative from them, the American people won’t sit back again and take it, I can tell you that much; it could get real ugly. My staff tells me that the

media has picked up on the negotiations and are now stationed at every congressional exit in the capital looking for a story. I will have to talk to my staff about a possible reaction if Vietnam says *no*."

Hunter Bannister opined some comfort with, "Sir, Mr. Tang is one of Vietnam's leading businessmen. If we keep him here and then shut down trade with his cashew company to our shores, their economy will go into an immediate recession. Cashews are a large part of their GDP. I think we have a good chance for a positive agreement."

The president looked directly at the whole delegation in one head movement and said, "I hope that is the case. I talked to the ITA [International Trade Administration] people, and they say that the cashew industry along with Mr. Tang is a definite negotiating tool. We might just pull it off. I sure would like to see all those boys, our lost POWs, come home. Just so you all know, a positive decision from the Politburo would mean one heck of a good year for the Republicans.

"I mean, just think of the media attention on forty-seven POWs being released at the same time. They would come in on red carpet, and we would walk right behind them on that same red carpet into the next election! Thank you for everything you have all done today. I have instructed my staff to make all of you as comfortable as you can be on your stay here in Washington over the next few days. If there is anything else we can do to accommodate you, don't hesitate to talk to my secretary. Her card is on the table in front of you."

With that, the president and his staff exited the green room and went back to running the strongest free economy in the world.

Sitting in a musty three-by-six-foot cell was the SRO (senior ranking officer) of all the remaining forty-seven POWs at the Ho Mansion, as they called it. This facility had once been an underground bunker for the infamous Ho Chi Minh during the war years.[22] The United States military was never able to pinpoint it; although even still after forty years, it was still used as a government facility. It is located just north of Son La in the foothills of the Hoang Lien Mountains, just over the Da River. The Americans were aware of a former French prison at Son La,

and their intelligence during the war showed it to be inactive, so American bombers leveled it to the ground on return bombing raids into the heart of North Vietnam to make sure that it was never used for POWs.

This activity, however, played right into the hands of the Vietnamese government to hide the real bunker just twenty-five or so miles north of Son La in the mountain foothills. Major “Chip” Forester, now sixty-three years old has sat rotting in this prison bunker since the supposed last trade of all POWs in 1973, following the Paris Peace Accord rd agreements. The wording in the accord agreement was that *all* POWs would be released, and, as these last forty-seven are aware, that occurred only unilaterally. They were also cognizant of being held as political poker chips, waiting to be traded for a future negotiation that the Vietnamese government would find important enough in the coffee table game of world politics.

Conditions for Chip and his men improved greatly in one condition; there had been no more physical torture, but the food and living conditions were still considered torture anyway.

“Just waking up every morning and not being able to see or talk to your family was painful enough,” Chip would say to his men.

They were allowed, after they showered, once every five days to congregate in a commons area and discuss whatever news leaked into the prison, usually by overhearing guards complain about politics. Most of them by now had mastered the Vietnamese language and used it as a second language. On occasion, they were allowed an evening of playing cards in a larger prison room, where a “treat” of fresh water was served. But besides that, as a luxury, all they had were two pairs of pajamas, two pairs of socks, homemade shoes created out of recycled car tires, an aluminum cup to drink from and a steel pot to poop in.

Dinner was served by a guard through the small window in the steel door from a bucket, featuring a menu of rice, sometimes lentils and seaweed. Bread never improved and always had little beetles (weevils) crawling around in it that had to be picked out. Up to thirty or more beetles was not uncommon in a slice of bread.

The rest of the time in the cell as they slept, they picked off all types of vermin from their skin; the most disdainful of course

was the pesky flies by night and the hornets by day. There was never any rest from the vermin.

“Just survival is a daily responsibility,” Chip used to share with his men. “Someday we’ll survive our way out of this mansion!” The rest of the men under Chip’s shepherd watch did just that; they took each day one at a time, never knowing if suddenly the U.S. government might finally find them by possibly believing a live- sighting report. They were aware of the possibility that a tourist or maybe someone in the intelligence community might catch a glimpse of them from one of the surrounding farm pathways. Some of the local farmers were aware of their presence, and eventually the truth would someday leak out to the general population, at least in Hanoi, which was just down the main highway by 120 miles.

Meanwhile, it was still Chip’s responsibility, even though he was occasionally tortured, to make sure that someday his men would make it to the grand opening of the Ho Mansion, where all the world could visit them over a cup of watered down green tea.

Chip was once tortured mercilessly for organizing a church service after one of their baths as they congregated for the usual social time. He recited half of the Twenty-Third Psalm from memory when he was hauled away to the torture chamber. The guards beat him so bad, he didn’t recover for two weeks.

At the heart of the torture sessions was a prison warden who would sit on his stool and give the orders to proceed. The prisoners called him *the Dispenser*. He had evil eyes and seemed to enjoy seeing the pain the guards inflicted on the prisoners, at his directives. He got the name Dispenser because he would deal out his orders for “more” in evenly distributed portions.

One man, another SRO, was tortured every day for months until he was near death. When the Dispenser realized that one more whip of the belt would kill him, they finally stopped the distribution. At the next bath-time social, another prisoner stood fearlessly and quoted the rest of the twenty-third Psalm and was likewise tortured by the guards under the supervision of the Dispenser, the Dispenser killed him.

Amazingly at the next bath and social, the next prisoner in line by rank, took the stage and said the whole Twenty-Third Psalm from memory and was left alone. The Dispenser decided to let them win! From that day forward, the men had a brief

prayer and reading from the Bible (from memory) and sang a hymn at every bath and social time.[23]

Chip recovered from his beating encouraged of his men more than ever. "We have to have church, or we die," Chip kept saying. "There are just some things that even the Communists can't change!" These church services started about a year to the day before JSOC took Wong Tang into custody on their night raid to his home. Chip never would have guessed that their prayers were being answered, following their bath and social times where they kept quoting the Twenty-Third Psalm: "*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.*"

Half a world away, negotiations came into full swing with the Vietnamese ambassador, and as the POWs gathered again for their next bath and social time, the Politburo was at loggerheads. But the log jam was about to be broken by one Politburo member who was willing to put all the war years behind and move the country forward to more friendly relations with the West, and the U.S. government; his name, Ly Quoc Su.

As the meeting was well under way and it was clear that most of the staunch Communist leaders would never bow Vietnamese style again to the West, Ly Quoc was wiser than what the present status quo picture described; he stood among the Politburo, grabbed the mike off the table in front of him, and said, "Great leaders of the Vietnamese people, we have persecuted our Western friends long enough for their incursions on our sacred temples. I know that many of you will never forgive them for the desecration of our sacred sites as they tramped through our temples with their army boots on.

"But this we must come to terms with, we live in a different day, being surrounded by a whole new world that has grown up all around us. Our country and economy has improved greatly since the U.S. lifted the economic embargo in the early '90s. And, the CIA men also helped us to develop the cashew market, showing that we could sell another high-income crop by piggybacking it onto the cashew shipments; our prized marijuana yield. Without their help, we would still be sitting here counting beads and growing rice as our biggest income crop.

"Thus, the same people who bombed our cities and destroyed our temples helped us to rebuild, buying the marijuana

from us to illegally sell on their streets. Many of you have become fat and rich and have forgotten that by the assistance of the CIA, you now have your homes and palaces. I think it is time for us now to break down the walls of war and carefully consider returning to them a favor for helping us to at least rebuild our economy.” With that, Ly Quoc sat down, and there was a strange silence.

Ly Quoc took a big chance to speak out in a Communist environment; others in the past who did so were secretly poisoned and disappeared from public view. The next several moments would determine if he lived as a hero for breaking the log jam or die as a traitor for sounding too “Western.”

But Ly Quoc was about to live; as a sign of support, each agreeing Politburo member started to stand—all but one. But when he saw he was clearly outnumbered, he stood trembling in anguish as if he was about to pass a kidney stone. It was not a surprise to all of them that this member had so much trouble standing as his whole family was blown to smithereens by a stray U.S. bomb that landed square on top of his home during the 1972 Christmas bombings of Hanoi. The rest of the Politburo started to clap as he stood bravely, and the meeting concluded as all the men gave the still trembling man a formal bow.

Word from the decision of the Politburo meeting was faxed to the Vietnamese ambassador in Washington the next morning. As the paper was placed on his desk in front of him, he choked on a gulp of tea. In military fashion, he called his secretary back into his office and ordered her to fax the same document to the White House secretary; of whom, as her machine reacted and the paper rolled out, she quickly hit her call button to the Oval Office, noticing the letterhead on the cover sheet labeled “Urgent, Vietnamese Embassy.” When the president acknowledged her prompt, she said, “Mr. President, I am e-mailing you an important document marked urgent.”

He cleared his throat, saying, “Thank you, Lillis.”

The White House secretary then e-mailed the president a copy of the important document. The president was just beginning a meeting in the Oval Office with some high-level representatives of the U.S. auto market when he viewed the e-mail and suddenly jumped up and excused himself to go into the secretarial suite adjoining his office.

As he stood there and read the original printed fax from the

embassy, he spoke a directive to Lillis, "Cancel all my meetings for the rest of the day and get the secretary of defense and the secretary of state over here immediately! I will take my meeting with them in the situation room as soon as they can get here!"

The president walked back into the Oval Office and dismissed the auto leaders by saying, "We have a national emergency that just arose. Would you please excuse me?" He exited, walking down to the situation room and ordered "a full lunch and plenty of refreshments" from the White House kitchen for him and his top secretaries.

Within ten minutes, servants from the kitchen brought in sandwiches and ice tea and sodas as the two high-level secretaries entered the room.

"What's up?" Denise Milner asked as she sat down in front of the huge TV screens.

The president placed the original faxed document on the scanner, and it appeared in all its glory on the big screen. The text was written in English, except for some of the other small print at the bottom of the page, which would be analyzed later by the president's staff. What could be read said,

The Socialist Republic of Vietnam upon approval of the Politburo has agreed to the release of forty-seven remaining U.S. prisoners of war in exchange for one of its leading citizens held in custody by the U.S. government, Mr. Wong Tang. The prisoner exchange will take place at Hanoi's Noi Bai International Airport in exactly seven days. No American media will be allowed at the exchange site, except for one selected by the president of the United States to represent his country. Mr. Wong Tang will be given to us upon the exchange of the forty-seven POWs.

Sincerely, Ly Quoc Su Representative of the Politburo of the Vietnamese people

"Looks like we have some work to take care of," Ronald Fabian pointed out.

The president looked at both of the secretaries and said, "Let's make sure that there are no flaws in this one. I could use the votes!" As they all began to have lunch together, plans were made for the media press releases and the military transport plane to be on the tarmac and ready to fly with all selected U.S. representatives in the "historic" delegation.

"This is to be quite a day and quite an exchange," the president said. "I'll call a press conference for this afternoon and make the announcement to the public. The media is already beating down the door, so the sooner we work with them, the better."

Denise Milner congratulated the president with, “This is probably going to be the high-water mark of your presidency, sir!”

The president nodded affirmatively and took another bite of his sandwich as he pushed the page button on the desk phone and notified his secretary Lillis to call his press secretary, Ginger David, to summons the press to the White House press room.

Within hours of the fax to the ambassador regarding the trade of prisoners for Mr. Tang, a delegation of top Communist officials showed up at the Ho Mansion, or as they called it, the Ho Bunker. They brought with them a host of military personnel and several empty army trucks to transport the prisoners to an army base not far from the Noi Bai International Airport at Hanoi.

The prisoners were loaded under the supervision of the Communist officials and were immediately trucked to their new temporary heavily guarded shelter. They had some new amenities here for the last seven days of their captivity: toilets that flushed, instead of the old metal bucket, and new army-issue clothing, instead of the pajamas they had worn for forty years that were now washed out rags. Fresh water out of the tap instead of the mosquito- larvae-polluted well water they had been tolerating from buckets. And new shoes, in place of the old, worn-out tires sandals they had been stumbling on top of. They all were given medical care from the best doctor the Communist Army had to offer and were cleaned up with haircuts and shaves at a makeshift barbershop.

For the moment they all said, “We entered into heaven! It could be heaven. There is no more Dispenser!”

The SRO, Chip Forester, was told that they would be held here in the army barracks until the trade deal was completed on Thursday of the next week. As the men entered the barracks, they were all given a bunk bed to sleep on, and all but the SRO lay down on the beds and went fast to sleep. Some of them slept all the way through to the next morning, not moving a bone! By now most of them were beyond the stages of exhaustion; they had learned the art of daily survival, one minute at a time. Now with most of that behind them, many of them simply collapsed into the comforts offered.

At dinner call, those who could rise were treated to the first real food they had seen in decades, steamed rice along with

chicken, real vegetables, and something they forgot had existed in the world, a fruit bowl! When real milk was offered, some of the men drank until their guts were swelling and were told not to overdo it, or they would get sick, of which a few did.

Forty-seven men were now released from hell with most now around the age of sixty or better. The Americans on the other side of the world were now just hearing about their plight and sudden release. The president had just walked to the podium in the White House press room; the room packed from end to end with a host of cameras and news representatives, all wearing their White House badges. The scuttle in the room came to a complete silence as many of them had a guess of the subject he was about to announce.

The president looked down at his notes and then up to the cameras with a smile and said, "This is one of the most historic announcements I have ever made to the American public. As of eleven o'clock this morning, I have been informed by the Vietnamese ambassador that there are forty-seven POWs in a Vietnamese prison that are about to be released back to our shores. Recently we received confirmation from our intelligence sources that they were still there and our government, along with the help of some people in our military, the FBI, and some Florida law enforcement representatives, put together an agreement for their release.

"At the height of this agreement is a trade deal; we have in our custody a Vietnamese businessman Mr. Wong Tang, who was being held on corruption charges due to price fixing on trade with American distributors concerning Vietnam's leading cashew crop. He was here on business, and we arrested him and have held him to use in trade for our POWs. The Vietnamese government has agreed to the trade of Mr. Wong Tang, one of their leading cashew producers, for the remainder of our POWs. The trade will take place next Thursday at the Hanoi international airport where the remaining forty-seven U.S. POW Vietnam War veterans will be released to our safety.

"We apologize to all the POW families who have a loved one in this group of POW men that we didn't contact you first before this announcement was made on television. However, we hope you will understand that we only have seven days to fulfill this deal and make the transfer. It would have taken most of the seven days to get ahold of you-all, so we decided to make the

announcement publicly and then send our military representatives to your homes if you have any questions.

"I have a list of the 47 men soon to be released here." The president holds up the list. "A copy of this list is now available on the White House website, and I have copies available at the door for the media that is present here in the press room." The president went ahead and read all the names on the list for the media.

"This is once again a historic day in America as we can finally rest and let our wounds heal over a war that was fought long ago. Let us look now toward next Thursday for the time of release of our POWs, and the celebrations that will follow at Dover AFB in Delaware, as our POWs return to our soil eighteen hours later; we estimate that time to be Friday morning at around 0600 hours. "The president took a step back to open up the assembly for questions.

The first two questions came from a media representative of a leading news outlet. "Can you tell some more about Mr. Wong Tang and fill us in on how the POW's have been treated?"

The president was ready for these questions, saying, "Ah, Mr. Wong Tang is one of Vietnam's wealthiest businessmen. Some refer to him as the Cashew King, and he literally runs most of the cashew production from seed to transportation, and he trades worldwide; he's an important asset of their government. Most of Vietnam's GDP is dependent on the cashew trade with the United States and other nations. As far as the treatment of the POWs, to be truthful, we will find that out when they return to our shores. Although I could probably conjecture that forty years in a prison would not be a comfort to anyone, and we as Americans will be mindful to give them whatever they need in help and assistance when they return."

Questions came rapid-fire for the next twenty minutes where the president's press secretary occasionally jumped in to let the president catch his breath. The president had a country to run and concluded the press conference, turning to walk through the door into the hallway of waiting White House aides. Without knowing it, his statement to the cable news representative to "be mindful to give them whatever they need in help and assistance" mobilized almost every person in the United States with a heart of charity to give something to these returning veterans and their families. Bank accounts were soon set up in every city of which

a returning veteran POW made their home, and the funds were to be distributed for the care and recovery of these veterans and their families as they rebuilt their lives together. It wouldn't be impossible to think in terms of tens of thousands of dollars raised in their favor.

Later the veterans themselves would give some of this money over to other veteran charities. And although the government had its own celebrations being planned, one to be scheduled in the streets of Washington a few days after the veterans had a chance to recover somewhat after their long trip, local cities where the veterans called home were gearing up for parades and opportunities for the veterans to give speeches. Many "keys to the city" were being prepared to be dispensed at city welcome events under ribbons of red, white, and blue.

Back at the White House, the president's staff was in full swing, planning the exchange of prisoners and the celebrations at Dover AFB and down Pennsylvania Avenue a few days later for the veterans who could attend. Due to health reasons being discovered, some couldn't. The number one directive now was the Thursday exchange to take place around noon Eastern Standard Time. The news media would be allowed one representative at the exchange, but his camera would be affixed via satellite to all the networks. The whole world would be watching this historic moment!

The president called out orders to his staff like a football coach during a championship game. "Call the air force and get Air Force One ready and rent a 747 from one of the airlines, unless they might want to donate the plane for our use in exchange for the positive publicity. And tell them to stock the plane with plenty of food, snacks, and wine! Also, make sure they put their *best* flight stewards on board and the *best* pilot they have! Don't forget to make sure that all the people who have shaped this exchange-the Florida task force, the colonel at JSOC, the government secretaries and the Vietnam ambassador-will all be on board my plane. And tell the people over at Dover AFB to get a large area on their tarmac ready for the celebration of the return next Friday. Everything should be shrouded with red, white, and blue!"

"Yes, sir!" one of his aides shouted as they went to the

phones to prepare everything.

As the date for the exchange neared, the news media was going wild; every talk show had commentary on the coming event. The president was asked to speak on one of the leading talk shows, which he did so he could address the American public.

The talk show host greeted the president as the show began. “Congratulations, President Dearden, on your sensitivity to look deeper into the POW issue than any other president since Richard Nixon. You have finally brought to the nation an opportunity for closure over an ugly wound that has haunted us since the Vietnam conflict. Can you share with the television audience how you were able to see through all the smoke to get to the bottom of the POW mystery?”

The president smiled and said, “All we had for a long time were what we called *live sightings* of POWs that were confirmed by our intelligence community. Some of these sightings were second nature, in that maybe a local farmer saw a POW and shared it with someone from our intelligence. This created a possibility. Then, over time, we did a deeper review some of the files.

“Since 2005, our intelligence indicated that at least one agent confirmed a personal live sighting. This set the alarm buttons off, and we sent in people to get closer and take photos, if possible.

From some of these stronger confirmations, with photos, we located the forty-seven POWs that were being held in a mountain facility once known as the Ho Bunker, believed to be the place where the Communist leader, Ho Chi Minh, hid from American bombers during the war. Some of this facility was underground and had large covered walkways and outbuildings that made it difficult to observe anything from the air. Once it was located by our intelligence, we sent in agents to photograph the activities there and confirmed the POWs being held.”

“Wow, that is quite a story, Mr. President. It’s just too bad that it took our country so long to locate these men and confirm that they were still alive! Is there a reason why these men were held so long by the Vietnamese government?” the host questioned.

The president responded in a very somber note. “A lot of the reasons were political. It was in a way a security blanket for them to hold the men. After the war, they used them as an insurance policy for any future negotiations with our country. And conditionally, if negotiations didn’t go the way they liked, they would then be able to pull out the POW card and have something to trade with. It sounds horrible, but they are just a small country and wanted that insurance, and unfortunately, the POWs were their guarantee.” The president looked down at the floor and anticipated the next question from the host.

“Ok, what is the card that is being played here to get the POWs back?” the host asked.

“The card is Mr. Wong Tang, one of their leading businessmen who we are holding here in the States on price-fixing, corruption charges. He represents one of their most profitable agricultural industries, the cashew trade. We negotiated with the Vietnamese ambassador to release him back to their country in exchange for the POWs. They have agreed to the exchange as they cannot afford to lose a man who is responsible for much of the growth of their GDP. So now, after forty years, we not only located our POWs, but at the same time also have the card to play to get them back, Mr. Wong Tang.

“The good news now is that the exchange will definitely take place next Thursday morning, and our POWs will be back here in the States at the Dover AFB for a ceremony next Friday morning at 0600 Eastern Standard Time.”

“Thank you, Mr. President!” the talk show host said as the network shifted to commercials.

The president and his staff shook hands with the network staff and exited to the limousine parked out the back door of the studio. When the networks returned from commercials, all three of the major networks interrupted their regular scheduled programming for ongoing commentary from the “experts” on what the president just shared. Their staffs had been quite busy preparing and had footage from the Vietnam War forward to the present. Photos were shown of the Paris Peace Accords and of as many of the POWs that were to be exchanged.

One network went to interviews with the family members of the POWs. Most of this coverage would continue for the next several days up to the exchange and several days following, to conclude with the Pennsylvania Avenue parade planned a week

after the exchange. America was now focused on this event 24/7.

34 Nation's Most Historic Trade Deal

Mid-March 2013

The day finally came for the trade and repatriation of the POWs from the prison cesspool of Vietnam. The president and his A team of representatives, including the Florida task force and the two high-level secretaries, all climbed aboard Air Force One, taking off for Hanoi with a commercial jumbo jet 747 in tow, donated for use on the special occasion by World Pacific Airlines.

On this plane were the colonel from JSOC, six MPs fully armed, a media representative with sophisticated satellite link equipment, six nurses, the Vietnamese ambassador and his team, and of course the prized poker chip, Mr. Wong Tang.

The Vietnamese government was ready for the exchange and had erected a tent on the tarmac with tables set up for a quick, easy trade. Following a long luxurious flight, the planes landed and taxied to their places near the tent on the tarmac, the Vietnamese team rolled out the mobile stairways and red carpets as the president and entourage exited to the reception area.

The Communist leader, the Politburo, and military representatives from Vietnam all greeted the Western leader and his team. There was little time for discussion, other than some negotiating between President Dearden's staff and the Vietnamese over procedures for documentation and release. Two tables were set up, one for the Vietnamese to sign off on departing POW prisoners, and the other for the colonel and his staff to double-check names and register the prisoners for repatriation to the United States. When this slight confusion was settled, the POWs were released, and the media representative started rolling the film of the event, also being connected via satellite dish to a live feed to world networks; the whole world was watching with anticipation the final release of the POWs.

The first POWs started toward the tent from an aircraft hangar close by. As they reached the table and began to line up to sign off on being a pawn of the Dispenser, Mr. Wong Tang was brought to stand behind the U.S. table. When the last prisoner signed, Mr. Wong Tang was to be released to

Vietnamese custody, as agreed by the staffers. One by one the prisoners signed the document at the Vietnamese table and crossed a couple of feet to the U.S. table to be received.

As they passed from the U.S. table to the waiting World Pacific Airlines plane, the president gave them a handshake and a nod. The air was tense. President Dearden didn't want to attract too much attention to himself by giving any patriotic declarations.

After a long half hour, the last prisoner was brought to the table by two Vietnamese guards; he was too weak to walk on his own. He signed the documents at the two tables with obvious pain and was handed over to U.S. MPs, who carried him to the waiting 747.

Mr. Wong Tang was then allowed to walk on his own into Vietnamese custody and was quickly led to a waiting limousine, which sped away at full speed, chirping its tires around curves! The exchange was completed. All forty-seven prisoners were present. Some final handshakes were made between the president and the Vietnamese officials, and the respective parties separated and began to depart.

Before leaving, the president sent one of his staff aboard the 747 and had them bring the SRO Major Chip Forester over to fly with him on Air Force One. The rest of the POWs on the World Pacific plane prepared to depart. As soon as everyone was seated, the planes made no bones about lining up for takeoff. There was no danger of the Vietnamese changing their minds at this point, but it was like being at a dysfunctional house party, getting as many miles between them and the Dispenser was a good feeling for all the POWs!

The enormous engines of the two planes throttled up, and to the sky they went! The two planes pointed their noses toward Hickam AFB in Hawaii to make a refuel stop and then on to Dover AFB in Delaware.

On the World Pacific flight, as soon as the plane was airborne, the stewardess brought out a tray full of America's finest wines and a tray of American sliced sandwiches. As this was done, it became obvious that only a few of the POWs were strong enough to self-serve, and the steward had to help them with almost every function. The nurses were alerted to the condition of some, and began to concentrate first on the weakest members, taking their vitals and temperatures. It was quickly

evaluated that at least ten of the men were too weak to make it beyond Hawaii. A phone call then was made by the head nurse to the president's staff on Air Force One that some of the men would have to go immediately to the hospital as soon as the plane stopped for fuel in Hawaii. She said, "Some are dangerously malnourished, two have viral infections, and one is so weak he can't even talk."

The president quickly granted the request, and these very sick men were made as comfortable as the nurses could make them with blankets and plenty of hydration until the plane landed at Hickman AFB.

On board Air Force One, the SRO Major Chip Forester was honored to use the presidential suite to clean up and was given respective military dress to match his rank as major. After a good long shower and a shave, he joined the president and the entourage in the lounge.

The president asked, "Do you feel strong enough to give a short speech to the media when we reach Hawaii?"

Chip responded, "Perhaps I will, after I have something good to eat."

"Oh yes, of course." The president gave a head nod to one of his staff.

And within a short time, hot soup and sandwiches were served to everyone. One staffer made sure that Chip had a full glass of fine Washington State wine and a personal tray of hors d'oeuvres within hand reach.

In the conversation between Chip and the president, Chip outlined a torture session by the Dispenser. "He once had me beat so silly with the tire belt, I couldn't sit down for two weeks. I could only lie on my side."

More concerned for his men though, he highlighted the fact that most of his men were severely malnourished from the disgusting diet of the prison system. "They sometimes would mix gravel in with our daily rice portion to confuse and bewilder us. The gravel, if not spotted, could break a tooth while chewing the food. Some of the men shaved off many a tooth from undiscerned rocks!"

He spoke a little of his plight when he was shot down over enemy territory. "I was on a top-secret mission, far into the North Vietnamese mainland, looking for troop movements just before a major offensive. As I crossed over what I thought was a

no-man's land that had never been defended before, a SAM surprised me and took off my wing. I had to eject as my plane went into a spin and was injured from the ejection with a broken arm and foot. I was shortly taken prisoner by locals who turned me over to a passing military column, the same column I was sent into the area by plane to try to detect and pinpoint.

"I found them on the ground instead of from the air! I was incarcerated into the worst hellhole any soldier could ever imagine, complete with a prison official we called the Dispenser who tortured all of us continually until we were released. There is so much to tell, but the main thing, sir, is that my men were tortured. We managed to stay alive by scants of food, given medical treatment fit for animals, taunted, jeered, disrespected, stomped on, some lost their lives, some are crippled for life. You rescued us just in time. We were all reaching sixty-plus years of age and were on the last ounces of our strength. We would have all died of old age within months from now. Thanks sir, for coming, we will always be grateful to you and your political party for responding!"

The president put his hand on his and said, "You just sit here and enjoy your lunch. We will do whatever we can to help your men heal. I am so sorry that you had to endure such treatment as a representative of the U.S. Military. You and your men will never be forgotten again; we will make certain that you get everything you will need to rebuild. I got word that your wife is waiting for you at Dover, and she is excited beyond belief of your release. We have reserved a hotel room for the two of you there. Your family will also be present."

Chip showed strong evidence that he was holding back tears, and the president could see that too, so he said, "Go ahead, it's okay now to show emotion. You're among friends."

Some of the staff also started to weep with tears. The president motioned to some of the people in the lounge with his hand. "Let me introduce you to some people who wanted to meet you. This is the secretary of state, Denise Milner. Over here is Ron Fabian, the secretary of defense, and our Florida task force members whose investigation made all this possible: Terry Rainer, Hunter Bannister, and Lisa Bogadeen. The rest is my staff: Jill, John, and Julie. I call them the three Js! Make yourself comfortable, and I'll be back to talk to you after I talk to the pilots about getting some of your men to the Hawaiian hospital

ASAP. I'll tell them to put the pedal to the metal!"

Chip looked up to the president with red eyes and said, "Thank you, Mr. President, thank you so much!"

The rest of the people in the lounge sat forward ready to start asking their questions of Chip, and through a quivery voice, he answered each one with as much accuracy as a military veteran could. A few hours later, the two most important planes in this part of American history were taxiing down the runway of the Hickman AFB in Hawaii, not far from Honolulu. A host of media being permitted to film the scene as ten of the now-repatriated POW prisoners were taken by ambulance to the local hospital. A string of ten ambulances were all lined up as nurses and emergency personnel used gurneys to load the men and quickly rush off to the Honolulu's main hospital, with a full police escort!

The media was expecting a speech from the president, and he gave them what they wanted by having Chip join him at the base of the mobile stairway. Everything was extempore, but that didn't matter to the media; they just wanted some quality footage of history being made.

As Chip and the president walked into the midst of the media crowd of reporters and cameras, the president began to speak in his well-polished media person. "Today I would like to introduce you to a miracle of our times, a miracle of American history, and a man who represents the continued healing of two nations, Major Chip Forester, the leading senior ranking officer of the POWs."

Chip stood forward and offered a short speech that the president's staff helped him with before they all landed. He had it sketched in four simple lines of notes. "I was a prisoner of war for many long years in a hellhole of a place and thought I would never get back here to my home. All I had on my mind the whole time was America and the family I missed. My greatest grief was not being able to see my wife and my children. Then one day I was informed that we were to be traded. We were being moved to a new place, where additional food was made available and new clothing distributed. I knew something was up, but after so many years of captivity, you learned not to be too quick to believe anything they told us until after you saw it happen.

"Well, it happened. I am here before you and will forever be grateful to the president, the Florida task force, and the

government secretaries that made this historic trade. Altogether, forty-seven of us POWs thank you, the American people, for making this possible!" The media began to ask questions about the condition of the other prisoners who were just wheeled away by ambulance and Chip looked to the president for an answer.

The president stood forward and said, "The men you just saw go to the hospital are too weak to make the plane ride back to the States at this time. We have brought them to the hospital for evaluation, and they will be reunited with their families as soon as they are in better health. It is possible that some of them caught a virus and just need some time to rebuild their immune systems.

We will make sure that they get the best possible treatment that our medical system can offer; we will not lose any of them, I will assure you!" With that, the president turned to board Air Force One for the trip to Dover AFB along with Chip and the rest of the delegation still seated on the airplane.

On Friday morning, the World Pacific flight and Air Force One landed just before the planned media event at 0600 at Dover AFB in Delaware. There was a grand total of twenty satellite trucks and around thirty media representing almost every major news network; they all lined up three rows deep before the stage and podium placed on the tarmac, where the planes were planned to park and unload their human cargo. The two planes taxied to a stop, side by side with Air Force One the first to offload. A line of full dress military guards stood at attention on the tarmac as the president and his full entourage walked down the mobile stairway to the media reception area, just behind the stage.

Major Chip Forester stood proudly against the backdrop of the high secretaries and the Florida task force members. The president Spike Dearden stepped up to the podium and began a stump speech in the same manner as if he was on the campaign trail.

"Fellow citizens, family, and friends of the POWs and military personnel, it is my pleasure to introduce to you the senior ranking officer of the POWs who were held for over forty years in the Vietnamese prison system. A man who was just repatriated back to our country along with his other faithful

POWs, who all endured a life of extreme hardship and undue punishment for the crime of representing America in a war long ago.

Major Chip Forester was one soldier who would not yield his honor and was sometimes made an example of by the Vietnamese prison guards, being punished sometimes to the point of death. Chip made sure that beyond extreme pressure to break, he would not compromise, and became instead a supreme example to his men-to uphold the military code of conduct.

“As reviews are made of their incarceration and the long-term effects of all they had to endure, the truth will soon be made known to the American public that there is a strength that runs through the veins of the American military system that will never be compromised, never broken. Chip and the men under his watch have shown that strength is not always in numbers, but in the training and individualism of our brave men and those who teach them the principles of this great republic.

“America is great because of men like Chip, and America is strong because of those other POWs who were willing to follow his brave leadership. Will the American republic please welcome back these forty-seven men from Vietnam who sacrificed their all to stand before you here today?”

As Chip walked to the mike, POWs started to appear on the stairway of the World Pacific Airlines mobile ramp. They were, one at a time, helped down the stairway by assisting nurses and walked over to the reception area for the cameras. They were still dressed in Vietnamese army fatigues, a faded brown. Most were beyond anorexia in appearance. They resembled a WW2 concentration camp scene, severely malnourished. Most had lost more than fifty pounds of their original body fat and appeared to the American cameras as mere skeletons.

This glimpse alone would spell the truth of what they endured, without even the discussion of torture. To the eyes of the public, they resembled a chain gang of tortured unfortunates; it would take the public days to sort out that these were once men of extreme talent and pride, now reduced to tears. It was also this photo, this snapshot, that would mobilize the entire American community to give generously to the local charities who were raising monies for the now released POWs and their families. This snapshot would also mobilize the government to

give out whatever it could to the men; some would receive long-dreamed-of promotions.

Chip was soon to discover that he would be promoted to the rank of colonel! This was a nice way for the military establishment to say, “Your forty years in prison camps were not in vain, well done!”

As the last men lined up to face the cameras, Chip began his short speech to thank everyone involved in their rescue and release. Unbeknown to him, his speech would be one of the most printed and debated speeches in America’s military history, even though it was somewhat of a stump speech made by a man who had not even had a chance to recover, other than a couple of good meals and some pampering by a beautiful army nurse who couldn’t take her eyes off him.

As most Americans would soon discover and as soon as his face appeared on the television screens, there was a flint like inner strength they were not used to seeing. There was a fire in his eyes that burned right through the micro-resistors of the digital computer light-wave machines at TV control centers. Men in television control rooms inside the media tower farms thought there was something askew with the color control of the digital equipment; they quickly tried to refocus the color spectrum to control the redness in the whites of Chip’s eyes. His voice also needed adjustment at the media master controls, it was raspy, but firm enough to make a signal.

Americans became suddenly gripped by the sudden spectacle of his face and voice; and then, when his words started to form sentences and they heard what he was trying to say amid a broken voice of emotion, network control managers immediately ordered rerun copies of his speech segment to be polished for the network news that evening, even before he said five sentences!

As Chip spoke, he showed deep emotion, of his feeling of being forgotten and then suddenly remembered and released. His first words uttered were strong yet remarkable and would never be forgotten.

“My dear friends, family, military leaders, and President Dearden, for forty years as myself and other POW veterans lay rotting in a North Vietnam prison labor camp, we were told repeatedly by our prison guards and the warden, whom we called the Dispenser, that you all had all forgotten us.

“The Dispenser of our pain often played American news clips to us, that supported their theory, that there was not even a distant memory of our existence. One of the tapes they played frequently was of a senator, a Dan Terry, who came to visit Vietnam, who had been a former POW himself and now had been willing to restore relations with the Vietnamese people, being ignorant of the fact that we were still just miles away from where he made his speeches. “The guards would play his speeches and laugh at us. Another tape that played continuously over the loudspeaker system was of how our government had followed the senator’s lead and went ahead with economic trade restoration with Vietnam, again being ignorant of our existence in the cell cesspools of Uncle Ho’s old bunker. “After my release, I was accompanied back here to the States by the fearless members of the Florida task force, whose relentless drive for truth discovered our existence. We are also thankful of the many reports from CIA operatives who filed live-sighting reports of us after interviewing local farmers who had passed by us on the many trails running near Uncle Ho’s Mansion. These CIA agents put their reputations on the line by telling their government about us, knowing full well that some would think their reports to be skewed and bogus. But as the American people can now see, their reports were *not* skewed and *now* are more than believable!

Americans should know *why* we were held so long by the Vietnamese government with no rights or recourse. In their eyes we were not military men, but criminals.

“They had a different interpretation of the Geneva Convention, in that since America had not declared war in the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, they could keep us or treat us any way they pleased! A great mistake America made in our case was that by not officially declaring war, we became pawns at the whim of the enemy’s system. I would hope that in the future for the sake of all military men and veterans, when America goes into a war and commits itself and its resources and men, the Congress would do its duty to *declare war* in the classic sense of the term and go into it with a full commitment. “War should not be a partisan policy. It should be fought with the full support of both political parties. What happened was that this war became so distasteful to the liberal side of the aisle that support waned, and had it not been for the conservative thought

of the then acting president Richard Nixon to do what was supportive and right for the POWs by bombing the hell out of Hanoi in the 1972 Christmas bombings, the Paris Peace Accords and release of most of the wars POWs, would never had taken place! We were held back to be future pawns in the art of geopolitics. We were to be used politically for such a time as this, when America held one of their top businessmen on corruption charges, and at the same time found out about us and traded us for his release.

“I don’t want to belabor or mention the man who was traded for us. I am sure that in the coming days the media will tell you everything you need to know about him. But I will say he was one man that the Vietnamese couldn’t afford to lose in their economic recovery and new trade relations with the United States.

“Please allow me now to thank those who made our trade and release possible. First, I would like to thank the Florida task force, the FBI, members of the CIA, the president and his staff, the secretary of defense and the secretary of state. And thanks to the air force and World Pacific Airlines who provided the vehicles for our transfer from the shores of Vietnam to Dover AFB. Thank you all and God bless America.”

No doubt, Philip and Misty were a happy couple. One morning they came to town from the Kimberly outback where Gerry’s cabin was situated. They sat down at the local Internet cafe to update their e-mails and text messages from friends and relatives.

Philip scrolled through his usual list of friends to see one from home. It was from his mother. She said, “Thank you for the wonderful photos you e-mailed to us. We are so happy for you and your bride. You will probably get an e-mail from an old friend of the families, Mr. Baxter. I sent him a couple of photos, and he will most likely comment on them.”

Philip wasn’t sure what his mother meant about this Mr. Baxter, he had never met him before, but his mother had many friends, so he didn’t think anything of it until he scrolled the rest of his e-mails on page 2. He opened an e-mail titled “Important Documented Information.” Inside the e-mail was a brief note and a file download.

The note said,

Greetings. It has been many years since your grandmother Jenny's death, as you will see from the file page I sent to you. It was outlined in this part of her will to leave you \$50,000 in oil stocks. However, that was over thirty years ago, and this stock portfolio could be worth much more on today's market with increased value and some splits.

Enclosed is a document to sign so that we can expedite your reception of this part of the will. You will also note in paragraph 3 that we were not allowed to disseminate these funds to you, until you were married, as requested by your grandmother. Your mother informed me that you were not told about this part of your grandmother's will until after the day you were married as outlined in paragraph 3.

Your grandmother wanted it to be a wedding surprise, and your family honored this request by not saying anything to you until now. Congratulations on your wedding and new bride! Please sign the document on the line indicated and fax it back to me, so I can disseminate your stock portfolio to you.

Sincerely yours, Robert Baxter

Attorney at law, executor of your grandmother's estate

Philip immediately downloaded the precious paperwork and showed it to Misty on his computer screen. Misty was stunned.

"What do you think the present value of all this oil stock might be?" she said as Philip went to an investment sight that had a stock calculator.

"Well, let's see what the general value would be with a standard growth percentage. That might give us some idea," he mused as he redirected his computer.

"Let's see," Philip calculated, "with just 7 percent growth over thirty years, fifty thousand would become in today's value, conservatively then, about 1.2 million dollars. Now this doesn't include stock splits, which can significantly change the number of stocks owned. The 1.2 million dollars is a rock-bottom figure!"

Misty had an excited look in her eyes. "What are you thinking we might do with such a figure?" she said.

Philip looked her directly in her beautiful eyes and suggested, "Let's get a nice home to live in, forget about apartments!"

Misty clapped her hands and laughed. "It looks like we just hit the jackpot!"

As Philip sat and drank down the rest of his coffee, he reflected on how much more financially balanced he would appear in the eyes of Misty's relatives, as they all knew that

Misty was worth millions from the dispensation of her husband's estate. Now it wouldn't appear so much to them that Philip had married her for money; they were now mutually rich.

"It couldn't hurt. It could only help," he reasoned. Philip said to Misty, "We need to stop at the package and mail shop to fax this document back to Mr. Baxter on our way home."

Misty nodded and said, "Let's get some groceries too!"

Philip e-mailed a request back to Mr. Baxter that he update him on the portfolio account and what investment firm was handling it. It would be a few days before he got his answer returned.

The next time Misty and Philip were in town to answer e-mails was almost a week later. As they once again enjoyed coffee at the Internet cafe, Philip scrolled through his electronic messages, and Mr. Baxter's name appeared again with an e-mail titled "Transaction Completed." Philip read the message, which said,

You are now the holder of your grandmother's oil stock portfolio now valued with splits at roughly five million dollars. There will be some taxes to pay for the transfer. You will need an accountant to help you with that. Our firm will also bill you for the transfer, a minimal charge to finalize the will. Attached is a file download of the portfolio and an agent at the investment firm Harkness and Andrews. You can contact for consultation on your account.

Sincerely, Robert Baxter

Attorney at law, executor of your grandmother Jenny's estate

Philip jumped up and hugged Misty as he told her the amount. "Five million dollars! Let's celebrate tonight!"

Misty started to come up with ideas. "Yeah, we'll go out for dinner and buy a boatload of groceries on the way home, or maybe we'll just buy a boat to carry it all in!"

They both held each other for a long minute. Philip spiked the conversation with, "We have job security now. I can just write books for a living, and you have your artwork. We don't have to punch a time clock!"

Misty just giggled. "I can spend all my time in the arts!"

They were now a happy couple and had more money than some corporations have with all their employees. The two of them walked across the street to Broome's main shopping center to shop and catch an early dinner at the fish restaurant. Now as soon as their work visas came through, they would spend the rest of their lives on the western shores of one of

Australia's premier resort communities. After the honeymoon, they purchased a fine home in the heart of town and planned to raise a family of adopted children. Misty was getting up in the years, at age thirty-nine, and was on the borderline of being just a little too old to bear children. Philip started his adventure/spy-book based on his personal experiences with the Backwater society, the CIA, and the syndicate.

Philip spoke to Misty one day about the wonder of writing. "Writing this book has been like a personal adventure for me. It helps me to sort and figure out what life is truly about; without writing it all down, my mind would just process and forget most of it. At least this way it might be of some benefit to others who have had to deal with sudden twists and turns."

Misty added her perspective with, "If you hadn't made your move, we never would have met. You would still be in Florida, single, without an inheritance, and writing articles for local magazines."

"You're so right," Philip said. "I found the love of my life in the middle of my biggest faith move! I don't miss the old life. Meeting you was the best thing that ever happened to me, you know. It's amazing what God can do!"

"And what angels can do!" said Misty.

Philip was thinking in his mind that one day, after his spy novel was completed, he would have Misty proofread it and then tell her that "it's not really a fiction story, but a true-life experience!"

35 It's Time to Celebrate Freedom!

March 2013

One of the big stories of the day today flowing from the mouths of media heads was the opening of Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House in preparation for the POW parade. Plans were made for the parade to pass by the White House and down the full length of Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol building and spill out into the National Mall. Media heads were ecstatic about this relaxing change in security protocol, not seen since the days of nine eleven.

The president wanted to show the world that we had entered a new day of trust” with our neighbors. Some media heads were speculating if “this was just a temporary change in security procedures, or if the barriers would once again be placed up again on Pennsylvania Avenue following the parade.”

The assembly of POWs and political VIPs met in a large university parking lot at Washington Circle, a mile west of the White House, to organize the parade, to then have a planned pass before the White House and on down Pennsylvania Avenue. Eastbound traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue would be detoured as soon as the parade began.

The media was out in mega numbers; there were satellite trucks parked all along the thoroughfare near the White House and the Capitol and all around the National Mall. The president would join the parade when it reached the White House and would lead the charge to the Capitol in a display of black limousines and police motorcycles. The POWs were all given a horse to ride, as many of them were too weak to walk. This was all thought up by the whiz kid on the president's staff, Jobe. The thought was that they would all look too humble, and he thought they should capture the moment and have them all “look like a returning cavalry from a long, distant battle.”

When they got the veterans mounted, and the media started taking video of the event lining up on Washington Circle, the commentators just went to warp mode. It was clear that the whiz kid was right, and the president even commented when he viewed the marvel, “My heavens, I haven't seen such a display of

glory since the glimpses of the Revolutionary War; which staffer gave the suggestion for the horses? This is fantastic!”

With the POW cavalry in the lead, other open-top convertible limousines followed. The first had the Florida task force members, the second carried the FBI team along with Hunter Bannister, the third carried the secretary of state and the secretary of defense and the Vietnamese ambassador. Other limos followed with a who’s who of politicians of whom had some involvement in the trade and exchange of POWs, all waving and holding small American flags.

A lone rider on a white horse followed the group of limos. He was leading a large contingent of POWs who were all walking in full military dress. He was the man released in 1999 under a shroud of secrecy, Private First Class Tom Purdy. He was holding a large flag and displayed it proudly as he led the hundreds of POWs released in the 1973 Paris Peace Accords.

Behind the POWs was a full regiment of U.S. Marines in full military dress, followed by the U.S. Army, the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Coast Guard, and the U.S. Air Force. The whiz kid had another visible scenario planned when the air force regiment passed by the White House and the Capitol. He had to get all kinds of clearances to line it up, but it would be sure to “rock the day,” as he referred to it, creating wide-eyed responses by other White House staffers.

As the POW cavalry neared the White House front gates, the presidential group of limousines pulled forward, merging ahead of the procession from the White House main gate exit. The president waved to cameras as he entered his limousine at the White House portico and the limousine merged onto Pennsylvania Avenue ahead of the parade. Onlookers cheered the great display of power now moving slowly toward the Capitol Complex, visible about a mile distant. The sidewalks were lined six deep with people trying to get a glimpse of the presidential motorcade.

As the POWs passed on varied-colored horses, a great hush fell over the crowd. Mothers held their children, as everyone stood at attention. Veterans of the many wars stood in salute, and others waved American flags. The media caught on to this marvel and began a long commentary, just on this one phenomenon, along with snapshots of video shot of the crowd’s respectful response.

A major news network live commentator spoke in hushed tone to his audience, much like observing a professional golfer making his swing, “Suddenly the crowd has become still as the POWs are passing. The crowd seems to be stunned by their presence, much like history shows crowds reacted when the Caesars and the legions advanced, a reverent hush! Now we see the lone POW on a white horse, Private First Class Tom Purdy, who was released from a labor camp in 1999. The news of his release was a surprise to most Americans as they were unaware that any POWs were still being held in Vietnamese prisons until today.

“I am sure that there will be some discussion on Capitol Hill why we were not informed of Private First Class Tom Purdy’s release years ago! But let’s not speculate on the past. Today is a grand day on the streets of the capital of Washington. Following Tom Purdy is a contingent of most of the remaining POW’s released following the 1973 Paris Peace Accords. There are still over two hundred alive today.

“Next we will follow the U.S. Marine regiment with the famed marine band. So, for the next few minutes, we will see regiments of: the U.S. Marines, the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Coast Guard, and the U.S. Air Force. I am told that the air force has a special planned presentation for us.”

The U.S. Marine band then passed with patriotic music blasting, and the crowd began to cheer again. The other two regiments passed, and the air force neared the White House where the media was all positioned. As the air force regiment of finely dress soldiers walked into view, a slight roar was heard from a distance and it grew from faint to explosively loud in a space of just ten seconds. The news commentator broke from his usual commentary and looked to the sky along with a pre-positioned camera and caught the sight of six high-speed F-22 Raptor fighter aircraft passing directly over downtown Washington and the White House.

“The air force has sent us six fighter aircraft. They’re flying just five hundred feet off the ground and have smoke trailers coming off their wings. As they pass over the crowd and the White House, they have eclipsed and have shot straight up toward the heavens and now are making several barrel rolls with after burners blazing! Oh, this is quite a sight!

“I am told that they may return when the air force regiment

reaches the Capitol Complex. That was an incredible display of power from our proud air force fighter squadron stationed at our local Bolling AFB. We would like to thank the air force fighter pilot wing for a wonderful display of talent that has left us all breathless! It must have taken a presidential waiver to allow them to pass over so close to the nation's most secure property!" The news commentator laughs and transferred the commentary over to his colleague waiting at the U.S. Capitol Complex.

"Hi, Peggy, what are you seeing over there at the Capitol?" Noticing she was now live, the waiting news lady began her commentary, now looking directly at the cameraman who gave her the signal for being *on the air*.

"Yes, thank you, Gerry, I am standing here in front of the U.S. Capitol building where the parade is now seen approaching in the distance. We have one of the largest crowds ever witnessed in this area of Washington. The Capitol is surrounded entirely, and the National Mall is also full of patriotic citizenry waiting to see this historic display of released POWs. We can now see the presidential limousines approaching; the police sirens are sounding as the motorcade advances near us. Now the sirens have gone silent as President Dearden and his staff pass.

"There! We can see the forty-seven POWs on horseback, what a display of patriotism! I see many people crying and waving flags. A shift from the silent hush we witnessed at the White House, the whole crowd is cheering and shouting in support and admiration; I can barely hear anything else! The excitement here resembles that of a major football championship. I can see the expression on the POWs' faces, and they look very proud and relieved that they have been allowed to return home to their families. We now are witnessing the released 1973 POWs approaching. The roaring of the crowd has gotten even more pronounced! I am going to switch over to Heather at the National Mall as I doubt you will be able to hear my voice any longer."

There was a brief network switch of cameras, and a beautiful media babe entered the screen. She was on screen caught by surprise and adjusted her earpiece and began to ad-lib her planned overview of the mall events. "We are standing here near the stage at the National Mall. In just a little while, the president, his delegation, and the POWs will be here in front of this enthusiastic crowd. The entire mall behind me is full of

onlookers for the celebration speeches that will be given here on this stage. We are told that on the schedule will be words from President Dearden and the SRO of the recently released POWs, Major Chip Forester, who we have just been informed will soon be promoted to colonel.

“We will also see all the recently released POWs together and seated on the platform. We are looking forward to this event, as is the crowd behind me. You would have had to come very early this morning to get a seat here. Back to you, Peggy.”

The networks now switch back to Peggy at the Capitol Complex, and she is now able to speak over the noise of the crowd. “Okay, thank you, Heather, wow! It was only moments ago that the marine band passed, and we can see the other regiments approaching. We are told that the air force will be doing another surprise flyover as the air force regiment arrives. That will be just minutes away. The rest of the parade now is separating as it passes by the Capitol.

“The president and the POWs are going toward the National Mall, and the rest of the parade is being guided further down Pennsylvania Avenue to a disembarking point. The police presence here is remarkable. There are hundreds of officers standing by the street curbs preventing onlookers from spilling into the streets. The enthusiasm of the crowd is contagious, and now here comes the air force regiment, and we can already hear the distant roar of the jet engines somewhere off in the western skies. Let’s get our camera pointed skyward and see what kind of display the air force has for us.”

There was a quick switch to a sky camera and off in the distance is seen the silvery outline of a jet formation. Peggy sees the flying shadows and begins her commentary. “We are told that this first formation of jets will be the latest in fighter aircraft, six F-22 Raptors; following them will be six stealth F-117A Nighthawks, and hold on to your hats as the last formation of two B-52 Strato Fortresses pass.” The ground shook as they cleared over the Capitol. “We want to thank the air force for the wonderful display of air power that will help this to be a memorable day. Now let’s switch back to you Heather at the National Mall celebrations and give us an update on what is happening over there.”

The camera does a quick network switch to Heather at the mall, and she informed the viewers that they will break for

commercials as the president and his delegation come to the stage. Commercials filled the screen selling soap and toothpaste for a couple of minutes, while Heather was going over her notes and was getting instructions from the studio director, who was mixing all the video in the satellite van parked behind the National Mall.

“Stay facing the wind so your hair doesn’t blow sideways from the breeze, keep your eyes looking directly into the camera lens, and when we go to a break, get the makeup artist to powder your nose so it doesn’t shine on camera!”

Heather stood at attention as she was given the “on camera” signal. She segued directly into her dialogue as soon as the cameraman’s signal was definite. “Here we are at one of the most historic events in American history, and we share this privilege of being here with a record crowd of Americans who have come to hear from President Dearden and a senior ranking POW officer, Major Chip Forester. Sharing the platform are the forty-seven other POWs who spent most of their adult lives in a Vietnamese prison camp, being recently released. We are still not sure of all the details surrounding their unexpected release after so many years, but we, nevertheless, are here to share their joy of returning home.

“Also seated in the front rows of chairs before the stage are the hundreds of POWs who were released as part of the 1973 Paris Peace Accord agreements. In just a couple of minutes, President Dearden will make a speech and will probably bring us up to date on what exactly happened to secure their release and what we can look forward to in the future for all these men. This is a grand day here at the nation’s capital. Our chief network historian told me that such a celebration hasn’t occurred here in Washington since the return of troops in WW2! We are also getting reports from related charities that donations for these men and their families are coming in at remarkable rates. Some charities have been set up already in their local hometowns. This is encouraging news to hear as I am sure that these men have an awful lot of catching up to do. “Oh, the president has just walked onto the platform and is greeting the seated POWs. Well, get ready now to hear his speech as soon as he gets up to the podium!”

The cameras now switch to the stage, and the president shook half a dozen hands as he walks to the podium and begins

his speech with these words taken from a poem by Emma Lazarus called the “New Colossus” written in 1883 and also written on a plaque at the Statue of Liberty “Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.[24] We stand at the crossroads of a historic time in history between the Vietnamese people and our great nation, the United States of America.

“As many of you have heard, the final release of POWs has taken place from a war we fought over forty years ago. Many of us Americans were not aware that the Vietnamese still had some of our fighting men in their prison system. Most of us in Washington were unaware ourselves that these men were there, other than an occasional sketchy *live-sighting* report that may have trickled in from the CIA. Analysts for many years were just not sure that we should act on such reports as the information usually came from local Vietnamese farmers who had spotted Americans as they walked the jungle trails around what we know now as Uncle Ho’s Bunker. Sometimes a year or two would pass between reports.

“We just didn’t have enough data to move forward with. That is until around 2005 when the last live-sighting report came in. What we figured following that was the mental gesture, that *if* this report was true, these men were now in their mid-fifties. And if we forget them any longer, they will be senior citizens before they were officially discovered. What followed was that some of our CIA agents tried to get a closer look to where the last *live sighting* took place. Once we could have it confirmed then, by the eyes of one of our own agents, that the POWs were in fact there, we would move in. It still took few more years to get the direct confirmation of a live sighting that we needed. And, once we had that, we had to have something tangible to trade in a negotiation with the Communist Vietnamese government.

“Well, that all came together this year when we suddenly found ourselves holding one of their chief economic businessmen, here in the States on corruption, or price fixing charges. Now we had the trade item we needed and immediately contacted the Vietnamese embassy and brokered a deal for us to release their chief economic businessman Mr. Wong Tang, for the POWs we were now certain, were still being held there.

“Well, my fellow Americans, we have completed the trade,

and *they* are now here on the platform seated before you! Let this be a celebration that will continue, as *all of our boys are back home!*”

As the president left the podium and shook numerous hands on his way back to Major Chip Forester, the crowd erupted into cheers and applause. The president put his arm around Chip’s shoulders and walked him to the podium. The president leaned into the mike stand and said, “Ladies and gentlemen standing before you here today, Major Chip Forester, the senior ranking officer of the POWs released last week. He is one of the bravest men I have ever met, and I have asked him to speak a few words to you, for himself, and all of his men.”

The president shook Chip’s hand and walked back to be seated. Chip leaned on the side of the podium to speak in a way that he could share with the audience and his men behind him at the same time. There was a huge smile on his face, and he began with a prayer, to the amazement of the media networks.

“Our Heavenly Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name. We thank the Father of all humanity for guarding and protecting us through a maze of hell, that time and circumstance created for us. We pray for those today who are witnessing our release and repatriation to our respective military units and country, that you will help grasp an understanding of the pain and suffering we went through. Help us all to heal from the pain, help our families to heal, and help these men to heal. May we all put you first in our lives, Heavenly Father, for we never forgot you when we were held in the dirty, dank cells, and you on your part never forgot us.

“You showed us that it is never too late to hope for a miracle, thank you. We pray in your mighty name. Amen.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we first want to thank the American people for never forgetting us. You flew the POW flags faithfully for the last forty years to remind your politicians that we *were* there. You prayed for us and didn’t forget us after all that could have been quickly forgotten, following the Paris Peace Accords agreements. We *were* still *there*, and our families were still *here*, and this was a connection that could *not* be broken. Thank you *all* so very much.

“I look behind me to the men seated here, all forty-seven of us. I know of the pain they endured, the sacrifice they met. Yet in all of this, I say to them as their SRO, men, it’s not too late to

rebuild. There is still time to push for your dreams, those many dreams that we thought of and shared together as we sat rotting in a rat hole.

“I recall one of you saying that you would build your own house when you got home; it’s time to build. Another spoke of finding a wife; it’s time to marry. Another spoke of seeing his children; take a year off and visit them all! But for all of us, “he turned back to the audience, “it’s time to let the past go behind us and look to building the future. Let’s all move ahead together. Let’s also be thoughtful to correct any mistakes we made in the past so that they are not repeated as we move forward.

“We came back to help make America a better place and look forward to working with you-all to make sure that our children have a good future and a hope that can merge with our long-awaited joy of returning here!”

The crowd erupted in cheers and applause as Chip moved toward the back of the platform and shook many hands that were extended. Heather, the news anchor, took advantage of the moment to brief the network audience on what is happening. “That was Major Chip Forester the leading senior ranking officer of the POWs with a touching speech for our National Mall crowd. We are now seeing a contingent of people who are making their way up to the podium. It looks like the president’s press secretary Ginger David. She is followed by the secretary of defense, the secretary of state, and the three representatives of the Florida task force. Ginger David is now at the mike, so we will see what she has to say to the audience.” “Hmmm, what a great afternoon, everyone. I am Ginger David, the president’s press secretary; I would like to introduce to you several people of whom the president tells me were instrumental in securing the trade and release of the POWs you see sitting behind me. First is our secretary of defense, Ronald Fabian.” He nodded his head forward. “The secretary of state, Denise Milner.” She broke into a smile, waving. “And the members of the Florida task force: Terry Rainer of the St. Augustine Police Department; Mr. Hunter Bannister and Lisa Bogadeen both of the FBI.

“We in Washington would like to thank them for their tireless efforts to find out the truth, making it possible for our POWs to be here with us today. Let’s have a big round of applause to show our appreciation.” The crowd responded with a moderate applause and cheers as the assembly waved and made

their way back off the stage platform.

Ginger cleared her throat. “Hmmm. Now, we have a special surprise for all of you. We wanted to have some special patriotic music for everyone to enjoy, so we called the one group that could do it the best. Will you please welcome the Homeless Farm Boys as they sing ‘God Bless America’ followed by some of their most popular patriotic songs. Please give them a big warm Washington welcome. Here *are* the Homeless Farm Boys.” Ginger departed from the platform carefully in her high-heel shoes, and the Farm Boys took the stage on the three available mikes stationed before them. They will be singing to tapes provided by the master mixer at the mobile sound studio at stage side.

As the music began, the crowd started to move with the rhythm. Women are swaying, children begin to dance, and men grabbed for colas out of coolers. “It’s going to be a day of family fun at the park,” Heather broke in. “We will go to station break following this first song for a few minutes and will be back for more music, fun, and entertainment. Stay tuned, as I am told that there is another surprise for all the POWs and the record audience here at the National Mall, just following the Homeless Farm Boys, so stay tuned, and we will be back in a few minutes to let you know what is coming up.”

The music suddenly gets incredibly loud as the words of “God bless America” ring throughout the National Mall and the Capitol Complex. The network now has a ticker tape rolling at the bottom of the screen giving market updates and news headlines. As Heather promised, following the station break, she comes back on screen with her important announcement.

“The president has a special friend who at a moment’s notice was able to make it here to speak to you all, and he will be next up on the stage following the Homeless Farm Boys music set. I was just informed that he is a comedian of national prominence and who is also well known in military circles, as he often travels the globe to entertain troops in faraway places. However, since this is a surprise, we want you all to stay tuned until the music is finished, and then he will be introduced. Following our surprise comedian, all the POWs will be taken out for lunch with the president for a BBQ on the White House lawn. Now let’s go back to the music celebration and enjoy our special day here at the National Mall in Washington

DC.” After a forty-five-minute set of patriotic music and hit songs, the Homeless Farm Boys clear the stage and the president’s press secretary returns to the podium to introduce the next act.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have a surprise for you, at the president’s request, a personal-friend of his who was able to make it here to be with us at a moment’s notice. He is a man who has a special heart for our men in uniform and has traveled extensively to entertain them at bases all over the world. Will you please welcome a comedian after our own heart, Earl Butteman.”

Earl walked onto the stage dressed as an old woman, Esther HoOt (his best and most gut splitting of acts). He has a little purse dangling from his hairy arm, an Easter hat on his head, and a dress with petunias all over it; he boasts of being probably “the ugliest fiftyish woman you have ever laid sore eyes on!”

As he primps his or her way to the mike, he or she opens with, “What is this world coming to, with all this national security around here, police and helicopters, and bomb-sniffing dogs, I couldn’t even get up here without one of these men, who haven’t seen this *beau-tee-ful* of a woman in years, try to pat me down. Well! He just couldn’t stop his metal detector’s beeping as he waved it by my golden legs.” He raised his long dress showing off a bony, hairy leg as the crowd erupted in laughter. The POWs were also enjoying the sudden humor, something they hadn’t heard in decades.

“Well, when they asked me to be here, I had to stop all my chores, all the housekeeping, the watering of my plants, and I even left some homemade jam cooling on the stove; of course, I can never remember if I turned off the stove. I may have to cut this presentation short and rush back home to check the switch if it’s still there! It’s great to be here with you all in our nation’s capital, with all my friends.” He motions wide to cover the stage area with his arms.

“For the BBQ this afternoon, I did bring along some of my premier homemade apple cider; the hard stuff!” She snickers. “The last batch I made, I shared a little bit with my German shepherd. He’s the taste tester. I think I made it ferment a month too long, cause now he looks like a grizzly bear with a mow top! Well, if the servers think it’s too strong at the White House, just throw the rest in the bird feeder, the birds will love it! They

won't need the air force to do runovers for the rest of the day; the red robin's red glare, pigeon droppings exploding in mid-air, gave proof through their flight, my hard apple cider worked fair. It'll look just like a rocket display on the Fourth of July!

"No, seriously though, I just love to do talks before our men in uniform; I used to wear one you know. I started out with a green- colored one in the trenches, then it went to orange, and they finally let me out on good behavior." The crowd was almost flat on the grass laughing and watching for flying birds that drank her hard apple cider.

Earl, or rather Esther HoOt, didn't want to miss this opportunity to comment on the crowd's levity. "You know the last time I spoke before a disruptive bunch of people like this, I was in an officer's club in Texas where they served some of my cider. Suddenly there was a national emergency where they all had to jump into their planes and make circular flights around the Midwest. The more cider they consumed, the bigger their circles. Half of them landed at the wrong airport in Canada. You all be careful driving home now!"

The comedy continued for another half hour as Esther HoOt made headlines with her humor. The newspapers would have a heyday over the "hard" apple cider fictitiously served at the White House luncheon that made "birds into rockets, dropping their droppings!" Heather came back on screen when Earl Butteman was helped off stage by what he or she called a "cute officer gentleman with the perfect metal detector," and the festivities continued for the rest of the afternoon by a bluegrass group that was brought up on stage.

Heather made a few final network announcements before the networks switched back to normal daily programming by saying, "For the rest of the afternoon, This Side of the Fence Bluegrass band will entertain the crowd with some old-time hillbilly tunes; thank you all for staying tuned for our special network presentation of the returning POWs. I'm Heather Peterson."

The last thing television viewers saw was a lone rider on a white horse, Pvt. First Class Tom Purdy riding toward the White House, flanked by two motorcycle cops. As they were showing this footage, a news ribbon appeared at the bottom of the screen, "Important network update: reliable news sources now confirm, two senators and one congressman announcing retirement from

Congress as they serve out their final term. Senator Dan Terry, Senator George McKinney, and Congressman Ben Parington all have announced that they will not run for reelection.” The network TV screen switched instantly to commercials, and the National Mall celebration was now just a local event shared by those who were physically there. The president and his entourage and all the POWs were taken by bus and van back to the White House for the BBQ where some press were permitted photos for the newspapers.

Following all the celebrations, the Florida task force members sat exhausted in the office of the chief of police in St. Augustine, Florida, for a debriefing session. The chief was somber as he sipped from his official oversized coffee mug with a handle that resembled the grip of a handgun. The chief had just a few things to cover regarding the direction of their ongoing investigations.

“You know you troublemakers took our department all over the world. We’re still trading receipts with the Feds on who is to pay for some of the expenses. But beyond that, I just want to say that if you all were working directly for me, I would give each of you a promotion.” He gives Terry an affirmative nod and continues, “Every penny spent was worth more than any money ever spent by this department before. If it takes the city a year to figure out which fund to borrow from, it was all worth it! I just want you all to know that I am not getting any heat from the mayor.

“In fact, he has invited all of you to the city council meeting tomorrow night. He has a few words to say and wants it all to be recorded by the media that is always present at the meetings. So, if you can all make it, wear your best, okay?”

They all take a brief look around the room at one another and nod to the affirmative.

“Now,” the chief continued, “as far as the ongoing investigation, due to budget concerns, we will have to move more slowly now than we have been. Terry Rainer will personally take over the job of investigations moving forward, and I am releasing Hunter and Lisa back to their jobs at the FBI. Now please don’t take this personally that you haven’t done an excellent job on the work you have done. I mean, good heavens,

you all literally turned the world upside down on its head! What you did was fantastic! And if you ever need someone to give you a brandishing line of bull shoot mixed with a couple of true facts to get into some other major investigation, I am the man for you to reference. I will write the most flowery recommendation that my pen can muster.

“You are the *best* investigative team I have ever worked with and will be pleased to work with you all again, anytime! But now, I hope you understand it’s all about budgets, and Terry Rainer can continue all the rest of the work from her office, and we will continue to chase this bunch of scoundrels down. It all comes down to evidence and court appearances now anyway.

“So, Hunter and Lisa, thank you for all that you have done as representatives of the FBI. You put this department on the map, and the police magazines will be writing about us for a long time. I hope that when you both go back to your respective offices that your bosses will utilize your investigative skills. Again, if there is anything I can ever do to help you, just send me an e-mail, and I will be as supportive as a mother hen.

“Now, all of you, get some rest and don’t be late for the city council meeting tomorrow night. You can have the day off and go ahead and borrow one of our vehicles to see some of the sights around our city. I highly recommend the fort down at the southern end of the key, Fort Matanzas. They give a free boat ride from the park across the river to the fort, and it will help to fill up your afternoon. Then dine at one of our international restaurants downtown on us. Terry can show you all around. See you all tomorrow night.”

The Florida task force members arrived early to the city council meeting to find that other people were also there, the media. It became observable that the city had sent out a press release. As soon as the media spotted them walk into the council chambers, they were surrounded with microphones, cameras, and talking heads. One of the media feeds was live, it was 6:25 p.m., and the evening news was still going on.

The media babe broadcasting live stuck the mike without notice right into the face of Hunter Bannister with a lead phrase of, “We’re here at the city council meeting with the three members of the Florida task force who are scheduled to be honored here tonight by the St. Augustine mayor and city council. Standing before me is Mr. Hunter Bannister of the

Florida task force. Ah, Mr. Bannister, how did you all figure out that POWs were still being held in Vietnam prisons?"

Hunter, not being ready for an on-the-spot question about the investigation, did the best he could without compromising key foundations of the continued probe by saying, "This investigation is still active, and all I can say is that in the exploration of a drug bust that took place at a local St. Augustine warehouse, we had leads that led back to Vietnam. Once we researched the connections in that country, we found relationships that led all the way back to the Vietnam War."

The media babe then placed the mike to Terry Rainer's face and asked, "Did you ever expect the investigation to uncover a group of POWs?"

Terry was relieved by such a simple headed inquiry and responded immediately, "No, no, uh, we just went into Vietnam looking for a drug connection and found leads that we never dreamed were possible. We are so happy that we were able to not only stop a major drug ring from exporting marijuana shipments into our state, but also then to make history by discovering a group of POWs who had been forgotten."

They were all relieved when the mayor walked into the room to rescue them. As soon as the media babe saw him, her mike flew across the room, and he was the best person trained to handle such on-the-spot scrutiny. "Mayor! We understand that you will be honoring the Florida task force members at your meeting tonight. Could you tell our television audience what you plan to bring forth at this meeting?"

"Yes, of course, we have asked the Florida task force team members to be here tonight because of all they have done for our city in uncovering a major drug and, I might say, a prostitution ring that was also operating within our city limits and the adjoining county. We are so very impressed that their investigation put our city on the map as the police department that discovered our lost POW veterans. We think that these members deserve a public honoring and have some things planned tonight to show that. So, you will all have to stay tuned and see what we have in store." He smiles and walks to the city council's ring of seats where there is a comfortable wall of separation before council members, protecting them from the citizenry, especially the media!

At six thirty, the council chambers came to order, and the

mayor stood before bright media lights and a host of microphones on his podium, saying, "This meeting is called to order." He yielded the floor to the city clerk who read the last meeting's minutes.

After all the formalities were complete, the mayor asked the Florida task force members to stand and come to the front of the room to stand before the onlookers. The room was now full of people and media, and everyone waited to see what he might say.

"Council members, citizens of St. Augustine, and members of the media, we have before us three members of the Florida Task Force on Prostitution; Terry Rainer, the assistant investigator to the St. Augustine Police Department; and Mr. Hunter Bannister and Lisa Bogadeen, who are both of the FBI.

"The Florida task force is a marriage of law enforcement agencies at different levels, and some private citizens, working together as a focused team to investigate focus areas of criminal activity. In this Florida task force investigation, the team that stands before you started with an important prostitution ring investigation, where an undercover FBI agent had been murdered, and then moved forward from that case to uncover a major marijuana distribution network operating out of a local warehouse, and finally then, followed that to its source in Vietnam where the investigation led to the release forty-seven POWs who were still being held in a Vietnamese prison labor camp.

"This is one of the most visible investigations ever to take place in our country's history, as most of you know the results have already been celebrated in our nation's capital. These investigators deserve an honor from our council and city, and we are here tonight to do just that."

The mayor handed to each of the task force members a certificate and a key on a plaque, reading the inscription on the plaque to the audience, "Whereas, we the citizens of St. Augustine do hereby show our appreciation to the Florida Task Force on Prostitution and the FBI for making our city and its environs a safe and secure home for our people and our prosperity. We hereby present to you this day the key to our city."

The mayor continued to adlib, "These certificates outline our appreciation of their investigation in making St. Augustine a

better place to live and represent how we will always be here as civic leaders to support them in any way. Whenever they are here, we will open the city to them and will help them achieve any endeavor they desire in their hearts. This concludes this city council meeting, and you are all invited out to the lobby for refreshments and snacks!”

With that the media went to “operation get news” with photos and video as the Florida task force members stood publicly with certificates and keys in hand. Terry, Hunter, and Lisa were stars for the rest of the evening and had to answer many more media inquiries of their investigative activities. Terry wasn’t aware of a private meeting going on between the mayor and the police chief about her as they enjoyed chocolate chip cookies.

The police chief asked the mayor for permission to put her up for a promotion. “The title of assistant investigator doesn’t work for her any longer. With your permission and a little bump in pay, I will put her up to equal level with her old boss Richard O’Malley. They can simply work as a team until he retires at the end of the year, when we’ll have her take over and get *her* an assistant!”

The mayor approved of the idea by saying, “I’ll discuss this with the finance director and will get back to you by the end of the week.”

Now that Philip and Misty were married and back from their honeymoon, they wasted no time moving into their newly purchased home in the old, historic district of Broome. It was an old-style, two-bedroom bungalow with a veranda on the front, with a backyard that had an area for Misty to grow a vegetable and herb garden. The house came mostly furnished, which was a plus, since the two of them arrived with only suitcases in hand.

On his first day at their new home, Philip began work on his new book, deciding he better get right to the documentation of his recent experiences before he forgot any of the important details. In the works was a fiction spy, adventure novel, where he planned to document everything that happened to him from St. Augustine forward.

Philip spoke to Misty as they shared a moment together in their new kitchen over coffee. “I am starting the outline for the

new novel I plan to write, the spy novel.”

Misty looked curious and responded, “You seem to have a strong interest in the spy world.”

Philip, still a little cautious since he hadn’t yet shared with her the true reason he left St. Augustine, continued, “Oh yes, my interest sparked when my old friend Kort came to the wedding as my best man. He has a lot of background in intelligence and spy stuff and is willing to help me with some information for the book. He is going to stay here in Broome for a while, and I figured as long as he is here, I’ll pick his ear for information.”

Misty smiled and said, “I am glad that we decided to stay here in Broome. I can see that it is a perfect atmosphere for writers.”

Philip bumped her foot under the table and said, “For artists too!”

Misty’s eyes just lit up. “Yes, absolutely. I need to get downtown and buy any art materials I can find in this small town. I suppose I could order some over the Internet too. The scenery here for artist’s imaginations is prime! The warm and moist air, the palm trees, the white beaches, I can’t wait to get started.”

Philip said, “I hope you don’t mind, but I told Kort that I would meet him down at the coffee shop for our first working meeting on my new book. I’ll keep an eye out for any art studios you can visit.” Philip stood up and, leaning over gave Misty a kiss on her cheek, grabbed his laptop, and headed out to the street.

Their new neighborhood was within walking distance of the downtown district, so he hoofed it to the Internet cafe. Kort was there on time, as expected, and after Philip ordered up a tall imported coffee from Guatemala and sat down to join his secret spy friend, of whom he would never divulge his source, even while being waterboarded!

“Hey, my friend, how’s it going today!”

Kort looked up from the newspaper he was lost in and said, “Those bastards back in Washington are still running the country like a runaway train. I’m glad to be here, eight thousand miles away from all that bull dung! Anyway, how did the honeymoon go?” Philip looked angelic with an instant response. “Like visiting a beautiful mountain scene with a warm beach to sun on! My wife, Misty, is the greatest! We had such a

wonderful time up at the cabin. It was so private and rustic. The Kimberly flat-top hills and the crystal streams running through the valleys were so refreshing. We purchased a house in the old section of town and are just getting set up there. You're invited to come over and meet with us there anytime."

Kort smiled and said, "Have you started the book yet?"

Philip took a long sip of his coffee mug and said, "Yes, let me share with you some ideas; I think I have a full novel in the making with all my experiences in St. Augustine and on to here. I feel the American public has a right to know that the CIA and the underworld are a much bigger deal than is publicized; their working relationship should be outlined so people know how married they really are. The only way to do it effectively is through a fiction spy novel; they would stifle and shut down anything factual!

"There is no doubt that this will be a full novel. I have so much material, and they wrote the book for me. Everything they tried on me, much of it I still need to get updates on from your perspective: the murders, the intrigue, the people following me and photographing me, the sudden appearances of thugs who tried to corner and kill me and the frame-up. It's a novel equal only to the best of spy novels. Oh yes, and I will have to hear what you have to say, how *you* protected me in tight situations without my knowledge."

Kort looked pleased. "Oh yes, there is a lot that you would be surprised to find out about. They were following you pretty close there for awhile."

Philip went on, "I am thinking of basing the novel in the St. Augustine area, right in the heart of their operation, and then showing how they followed me to Bend, Oregon."

Kort reminded Philip, "They followed you here too, you know." Philip looked sobered, "I guess they did."

"Yep, I took care of it. I doubt they will show up here again any time soon, but you can never be too sure. But even if they do, all they can do is photograph you as this part of Australia is off limits to them for any operational purposes," Kort confirmed.

Philip got his laptop ready to write and asked, "For the book can you tell me again why they can't operate here." Kort watched Philip as he started to take notes on his computer and began to tell one of the greatest secrets of the underworld. "The CIA has had too many dealings with the underworld over the years since

JFK's death that it has to honor certain turf agreements. The Chinese Mafia controls Broome, its environs, and the Kimberly region, Mainly because of the huge pearl industry And gold an' uranium deposits. The Chinese Mafia won't allow *any* other spy operations on its turf-period. And they don't care if it's the CIA or MI6 or any other spy agency.

"The Chinese control the underworld activity in this area, and that is that; So, they also don't care about who I am or who you are.

Conditionally, if we don't try to do any espionage here, we're both safe in Broome. It's our safe house."

Philip stopped taking notes and looked stunned. "This is factual, isn't it?"

Kort acknowledged, "Yep! Enjoy your coffee and get your green card as soon as possible; you are safe here. It's all about turf and who is controlling what," Kort said as he sat back and took a sip of coffee."

Philip probed a little deeper, "Are there other places in the world then where I can be safe from the CIA and their operations?"

Kort nodded affirmative and went on, "There are many other countries or regions where you can walk around as safe as a hummingbird in a field of tulips."

Kort knew Philip wanted an example, so he offered after a pause. "Take Chile, for instance. It's common knowledge that the CIA once toppled their president and did more harm than good. So today, they are not welcome there, and the present government does an active resistance against any further CIA espionage activity. Many people who have fallen out of favor with the CIA in the States find out through word of mouth that Chile would be a good option for a new home, especially in the south near Patagonia. There are other places in the world too, and if we ever have to leave here, I'll let you know what some of the other options could be."

Philip took a sip of his four-dollar cup of coffee and said, "The loneliest place on earth is what Broome, Australia is known as. The original name for Australia back in the days of the conquistadors was Terra Australis Incognita, and I like the whole concept of being in the land of incognito!" They both share a laugh.

Following his meeting with Kort, Philip spent the rest of the

afternoon running errands, researching more about his book at the library, and walking the pure white sands of Cable Beach. Life was primo at the Loneliest Place on Earth! On his way home, he made a mental note of an artist-like studio where his new wife, Misty, could spend some time meeting new friends. His days started to become more routine as he now knew from Kort that the CIA and their underworld friends couldn't run any new schemes against him here.

He became one of the first customers daily at the local Internet cafe, drinking usually two or three large mugs of coffee. On days that Kort didn't show up, he would sit and plan his next chapters carefully, and would tap away on his computer for two to three hours until his wrists, fingers, and mind were exhausted. He would then take a walk on the beach and stop home for lunch with his beautiful bride.

Misty would spend the afternoon working on her artwork, while Philip did another two- or three-hour writing session in their home office.

"It's a wonderful thing to have some normalcy back in my life after leaving Florida!" he said to Misty one afternoon.

She smiled and reminded him, "I am wondering about whether or not we should go down to the government building to get our extended visa paperwork?"

Philip agreed, "Oh yeah, that's right, I'll check to see if I can get that off the Internet tomorrow morning. I'll check it out. I'll probably at least find out what government office to go to."

Misty shared, "I don't ever want to leave here if we can work it out. I love it in Broome! I mean, look at my painting, this one of camels on Cable Beach in the reflection of green ocean water. This is way ahead of anything I ever did back in Oregon!"

Philip smiled and put his arm around her shoulder. "I hope we can both grow old together, right here."

The general came to work one day after having another disagreement with his wife and was in a stressful mood. He often would make open comments about her around the Pentagon's break room to other employees that "when I married her, WW3 began in earnest!" What really irritated him was not the disagreement itself, but her skillful way of reversing espionage behind his back. She would pick up the phone and call the wife

of one of their mutual friends and paint him to be the brush man from Mongolia, close kin to Genghis Khan! Instead of having dinner served when he arrived home, she would leave a steak bone on the counter! “Get the message?” She would laugh uncontrollably. Then, she would hide all his favorite snacks in a secret place.

It was following one of these incidents, while the general was chewing his mud cup of coffee, blowing through his mind came the conclusion. *Blast, I can't stand sitting in the doghouse.* Philip's image came into his weakened consciousness, and he suddenly felt very irritated that the Dreamer had successfully evaded their nets. “That blasted Dreamer! How did he know that Broome, Australia, is a safe zone from us? If we can't touch him physically, maybe we can get to his computer.”

Placing a call to Giorgio at the CIA, he had a new idea to harass Philip. “Hey, Giorgio, is there any possibility of getting to this Dreamer, Philip McKenna, through his computer? I mean, do you have anyone who can send him a little gift via e-mail? Are you following me?”

Giorgio laughed, “Ha! Yah, we can probably arrange that. We sometimes scheme with an outfit called the Cold War Terrorists. They can send out some of the most sophisticated viruses. We are not allowed here at the CIA to harass our own citizens, but we can hire a third party, like the Cold War Terrorists, under the table of course.

“They have one virus that we use frequently; it enters through an update that looks official and then buries itself into the computer's control panel, under a title that looks official like, Chipothink. It has several functions then. It sends the computer's address list and browser activity back to the Cold War Terrorists e-mail box. Then, it shuts down the browser's ability to fend off pop-ups, effectively making Internet usage useless.

“Another feature is to slow down the computer's activity to a point where it may take an hour to boot up the computer for regular use. I will contact our main man over there who refers to himself as the Computer Killer and give him Philip's computer records that we have on file. We'll knock this Dreamer's computer into another galaxy!”

Shortly following this phone call, the Computer Killer at the Cold War Terrorist sent Philip an update that appeared official. Not knowing that it was really a cyber virus, Philip went ahead

and gave permission for it to update. Suddenly his computer went into a sleep mode for an hour. When the computer finally updated, and his browser lit up, the screen filled immediately with pop-ups. Philip became aware that he had been given a virus. Now it was a time game to get rid of it.

Fortunately, he had just signed up for a virus protection service and gave it a command to find the virus. After a few minutes, it indicated that there was, in fact, a virus inside the control panel. Philip gave the command to have it removed, and the antivirus program moved it to a control chest. Following this being done successfully, he began to analyze his files. In his address file, he noticed a new name in his e-mail favorites list. The e-mail address had enough information for Philip to trace it back to a website that touted itself as being experts in cyberspace, the Cold War Terrorists! Philip was now aware that the Cold War Terrorists probably had his entire personal address list. *Well, what else is new? If it's the CIA, they already have enough information about me to fill a family photo album, so what's the difference?* Philip justified in his mind. The next thing Philip had to do was to replace his fried computer browser. Fortunately, he was with Kort the next morning at the Internet cafe and mentioned his computer problems.

Kort informed him, "Just get on the Internet and download a free browser service. There is one that is a nonprofit who will give you full browser service at no charge. You may consider though, to keep your computer offline while you are working on your book, so they can't view your computer screen remotely. There are a lot of dirty tricks that the CIA can do to gather information."

Philip would continue his daily routines of writing and taking notes over coffee with Kort, either at the Internet cafe or privately in his kitchen when the subject matter was of dangerous operatives and deep. He noticed that when he went to writing his novel in the comfort of his living room that Broome offered the perfect setting to plan and concentrate.

Kort was instrumental in providing key background insights in how the intel community operated; he had spent much of his career in military, CIA, and intelligence circles, and there wasn't much of it he didn't know something about. He revealed to Philip some of the spy activities that were occurring around him, like the orders of Giorgio and the general and their agent that

cased him in Broome. Without Kort's input, the novel he was writing would have been nothing more than an adventure, but Kort made it a thriller!

After a few months of steady and dedicated planning and writing, the spy novel was complete, and a publisher in Sydney, on reading his manuscript, offered to take his book to a worldwide distribution. As soon as the spy novel was published, local and international agreements were customarily set up, through the publisher's publicist, for him to participate in the marketing of the book with book signings at major bookstore outlets and college circuit lectures in two countries.

Philip became concerned about an e-mail from the publisher's publicist informing him of travel to one country specifically, the United States. Also included was a list of the cities he would be traveling to; one was Washington DC, only a few miles from the CIA headquarters of Langley and the McLean office complex. Before answering the e-mail, he had to sit out at a picnic table on Cable Beach and watch the waves and digest all the possibilities of what it would be like visiting the very city of OG; OG was an evil biblical king, a giant. And the term had duality; it is also used in underworld to speak of someone who has achieved notoriety. It means "the original gangster"!

From that moment on, and until Philip had a chance to set his feet on the land of OG, Washington DC, as he defined it; he would wonder if he might run into one of the people who had chased him down. After several hours of contemplating the consequences of returning to the land of OG, he decided that spreading his story through the distribution of his spy-adventure thriller outweighed any fears, and he should go ahead with the marketing project.

He thought, I have come this far, I have gotten what I wanted in a publishing contract, and I must finish what I started; whatever the consequences! My faith will help me to stand, and hopefully my dreams will inform me of any further attempts by the underworld to frame or snuff me out.

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Late Summer 2013

It was now a new season in his life; with the publishing company publicity contract, he would travel to the United States and visit several cities in his new home country of Australia. And, seeing the problems he had in the past with the CIA and their underworld contacts, he decided that he would need a bodyguard of exceptional qualities. The publishing company would allow him to take along one other person in his travels.

“Oh goodness!” Kort exclaimed as Philip asked him to travel with him to a book-signing marathon of twenty U.S. cities. “That is just the most ridiculous thing I have heard in years! After all that has happened, and now you want to go visit your old buddies; don’t tell me, but did your publicist schedule a visit to Washington DC?”

Philip cleared his throat. “Well, not exactly, just Northern Virginia, the city of Arlington. That’s close, isn’t it?”

Kort looked sobered. “Yep, right across the Potomac from the Pentagon and just down the river from Langley. You’re going to need protection all right, and they won’t forget me forever. But I can never let an old friend down, so I can do it on one condition.”

Philip looked curious. “What could that be?”

Kort leaned forward and whispered, “They won’t let me fly with my piece [gun]. I am going to have to look up an old buddy to get one when I get there, if you don’t mind.”

Philip laughed. “Oh, of course, as they say in New York, ‘I know how this city operates; forget about it!’”

Kort and Philip then began to make plans for their trip to the States set for a month ahead. Presently Philip and Misty would travel for three weeks around Australia to all the major cities for the publisher’s promotion of his novel; there would be book signings at major bookstores and a few college assembly lectures on the art of writing a novel. This part of the grand book tour was the most interesting for them both. There was little danger of harassment on the smallest continent in the world from the CIA, but they both enjoyed the all-expense paid tour of Australia’s

geography and city centers.

The publishing company in Sydney had a special meeting planned for them when they arrived at their office, and they were treated as celebrities. There was a luncheon with the publishing company staff and an evening of opera, combined with a scenic boat tour of the Sydney harbor. They also had a book signing at a major shopping mall, and Philip made a university lecture.

The best compliment to Philip on this part of his tour was Misty; everyone loved her! And being as beautiful as she was, she seemed to legitimize to the publishing company Philip's potential as a solid, committed writer who could be in partnership with them for a long time; they especially liked the idea of working with Misty, and of course, Philip too! Misty stole their hearts, and the hearts of the public as they toured together; they were no doubt to everyone who met them, the perfect book promotion team!

Philip knew he had something very special in Misty. As he had dealt with the public before in his journalistic career, he knew it took time to build people's trust in your abilities or product. But with Misty, it was instant, the same day! People just knew they could trust her! Their Australian tour took them to most of the major, smallest-continent-in-the-world cities: there was Darwin with all its history, Perth and its unique closeness to the forests of the southwest, Brisbane near the northern mountains and the capital of Canberra.

Upon their return home, one evening during dinner, Philip thanked his wife for everything she did. "You have a way of making everyone so at ease and comfortable; you are a wonderful gift to everyone, including me."

Misty gave him one of those side glance smiles with a squint of her eyes, stealing his heart too for the rest of the evening. Then they went for a long walk on the white sands of the Cable Beach. They were so powerfully in love; for them, it was almost as close as you can get to bliss on earth. With the publishing of his book, this marked a new season in Philip's life; no longer would he have to be a freelance writer and write target-market articles for institutional magazines. He had planned on exploring the mining industry locally, in the Kimberly region, to cover mining-related issues. But that was all pushed off on the side

since he had written his first novel.

He now began to plan the outline for a second novel; this time it would deal with dreams he had about an apocalyptic future world and what that would be like. It would have the sort of flavor of the clash of superpowers and populations as they struggled to survive the aftermath of the release of modern weaponry and out- of-control biblical plagues. Included would be lurking missile- carrying submarines, the release of nuclear fire, the crippling of the economies, the citizenry of American cities in breadlines for food, mass graves, the invasion of American streets by Chinese and Russian troops, and insects becoming the dangerous missiles of worldwide sickness.

Overlapping would be the intervention of intelligent angelic beings, who are standing presently at bay, until the last days when they suddenly participate directly to prevent mankind from total annihilation.

Yes, this next book will be a huge future revelation based solely on numerous futuristic dreams. It is sure to open a lot of eyes, Philip designed in his mind as he began the outline it one morning at Broome's Internet café.

The day had now come for Philip and Kort to make their twenty- city book-signing and university speaking tour of the United States. Their first stop on the itinerary would be Seattle, Washington.

Kort informed Philip that they would be safe there from *the company* as this area of the United States was under the control of the Asian underworld. The CIA could only send in observers, no active operatives, to prevent tripping over of territorial agreements. Kort gave him a little background on how to determine which underworld group controlled an area. "Just do a computer search on the Brother City program to find out which world cities had the Brother City relationship. Whatever country that city musters from, represents your current underworld control source."

Philip was also planning on taking a side trip over to Bend, Oregon, for a couple days to get his and Misty's important personal belongings and valuables moved into a storage facility. He would also initiate a local real estate agent that Misty knew to prepare her Elk Lake property to be sold.

Kort and Philip somberly climbed aboard the airplane that would take them back to enemy territory. It would be an eventful trip of twenty cities in three action-packed weeks! A bookstore and a university speech would be planned for many of the days. His university speeches were geared to inspire young people to go beyond the creative, learning to use their own recorded dreams to glean writing ideas from, as he had done.

The book publisher was excited about this aspect of Philip's writing experience, in how he could show young people to launchpad their creative strengths by using their own recorded dreams as a catalyst to capture new ideas, a hidden source, to move their writing in new directions never accessed before.

It was eclectic, new, and temptingly innovative and could be very popular among younger writers who had trouble tapping into the creative. Philip's publicist would explain over the phone to the university speaker's bureau that his form of writing, "with recorded dreams as a source, could enhance creativity and give students an unending source of rich subject matter to choose from."

The offers poured in, and the speaking tour was set up across America in just a matter of days. The interest in his authorship was direct and intense. There were also no problems for the publicist to sign up a local book signing if he was already scheduled at a university, a perfect match. The publishing company would gain huge publicity from these two sources on every stop that Philip and Kort as his bodyguard made.

They were safe in Seattle, with the Asian underworld as a backdrop, about as safe as a bumblebee on a flower petal. But when they went to other regions, especially back over the Rocky Mountains going east, they would be back on the turf of the OGs from Washington DC; their underworld network runs to Chicago in the Midwest and South to Texas, and they *own* Denver, Colorado, with also a strong presence in California's Bay Area.

After a long plane ride over the Pacific Ocean, the plane entered Seattle airspace in a usual thick fog. Seattle was a city with a strong oceanic influence; fog and rain were more normal than sunny skies, especially in the cooler months of the year. The Seattle-Tacoma International Airport was also a very busy operation, and Philip and Kort would go through the usual crowds to get anywhere.

They were instructed to take the airport limousine to the

hotel and found it waiting, as planned, just outside the baggage claim area. They jumped aboard for what they figured would be a routine ride to the scheduled hotel. The limo pulled out and into traffic to make it to the freeway entrance.

As they headed north on Interstate 5, it would have to intersect another major freeway in downtown Seattle, Interstate 90. This was a very busy interchange and usually required drivers planning their lanes long before they embarked on the major lane merges that took place. This could also be a perfect place for the underworld to perform some hanky-panky with any vehicles they were targeting. There were many accidents at the freeway intersections, and the underworld could plan and carry out an action easily, making it look just like an “accident!”

Kort and Philip were completely at ease after Kort’s report that they were safe in Seattle. But what Kort failed to plan into the equation was the fact that sometimes, control area underworld agencies bent to the pressure of outside crime agencies through a technique called “arm twisting.”

A conversation had taken place between Giorgio Garlini in Washington recently, when they intercepted Philip’s itinerary e-mail sent by the publicist. They knew exactly when and where Philip would be as he entered Seattle airspace. A sting operation was set up following an agreement between Garlini and an Asian Mafia representative.

“The Asian Mafia stood down,” Garlini reported to his Pentagon general friend. “We got the bastard! We contracted a stunt driver to crash the Dreamer duo!”

The general sounded pleased. “This will be our welcome-back- home committee! Ha!”

The airport limousine neared downtown Seattle and the busy interchange, with a CIA operative highly trained in vehicle acquisition following close behind. He was in a white rental van and was prepared to do his dirty work with the precision of a doctor working on a patient’s cataract surgery.

As the airport limousine neared the dangerous interchange, the former cop in the white van who had lived a life of danger pulled into the left lane and began to pass the limo.

Close enough to call, he thought as he saw the traffic lanes start to merge together off to the right of the limo. He hit the gas

and floored the engine, and as soon as his rear end became even with the front of the limo, he cranked the wheel hard to the right and careened off the limo's front bumper. This was supposed to break the traction of the limo's front end and send them sailing into merging traffic lanes, causing a horrible and potentially fatal accident.

However, the limo driver himself had some experience of his own that Garlini and the general had not planned for. He, too, was experienced in city driving, as a former NYC taxi driver, and had spent too many hours on busy freeways in the pursuit of turning fares to make the maximum USD! He essentially was warned of something wrong when he heard the roaring of the other van's engine. He had heard that tactic before by impatient drivers in New York, wanting to cut him off and had anticipated that the van would pull in front of him.

When he equated that the two bumpers would meet, he cranked the wheel to the left slightly to match the force, correcting the limo from jerking into merging traffic. There was, however, a horrible *bang* and a jerking of the limousine and some fishtailing as the former taxi driver controlled the quickly merging energy forces; it was his quick response that prevented what would have been a serious collision with other merging vehicles on his right. He barely managed to keep in the lane as the offending vehicle dove in and out of traffic up ahead to get away without exposing his license plate number.

Kort looked over at Philip and whispered, "They're here. That was the welcome mat!"

Philip said, "We're going to have to keep our eyes open for anything now."

"Yep." Kort agreed. "It looks like they mean to be present and accounted for. Let's get some rest though. They won't try anything else tonight."

The hotel was one of the premier Seattle downtown landmarks, and they would both be expected to be up early in the morning to meet the local writers' guild representative who would bring them to the bookstore for a 10:00 a.m. book signing, and then off to the university for a speech. The next day, the book signing started out going well as people inspected Philip's adventure/spy novel off a large display, lining up at his table for signatures.

Kort was standing at attention behind Philip's table and

observed a man across the mall's wide hallway loitering and talking on his cell phone. Philip also noticed him and pointed him out to Kort, who kept a close eye on him from then on.

After a quarter-hour, the man came into the bookstore and selected one of Philip's books off the display table and walked over to the table for a signing. As the man neared the table, he just stared at Kort until it was his turn for a signature. Philip greeted the man as he stepped forward, and the man said nothing but held his book out for a signature.

Philip went ahead and signed it and thanked him and the man said to him in a sneering guttural voice, "Nice shoes!" He then walked to the front of the store and made his purchase and disappeared in the crowd of the mall.

Kort then leaned over and told Philip, "The reference to your shoes was an underworld acknowledgment of your presence and sometimes can be taken as a minor threat. They have never gotten over their fetish with shoes. It's a common underworld signal."

Philip shivered and said, "This is going to be a long trip. We'll have a couple of days off though after this, and we'll go to Bend, Oregon, to rest. There we can stay out of the public view."

Kort stood back up to attention and watched for any further underworld activity. Following the two-hour book signing, they were whisked off to the university by the lady from the writers' guild. Here Philip was propped up in front of a room full of mostly English majors and was given a full class hour to expound on the art of writing a novel.

The room came to a full hush after the writers' guild representative introduced him as the author of the latest adventure/spy novel. Most students were waiting for the question-and-answer session at the end of the presentation, when they could ask him where he got his information from, but when Philip started out his presentation with his focus on getting information from recorded dreams, he now began to answer their questions.

He went on then to give them several examples of how he planned to write a new apocalyptic novel. "Years before I even wrote the novel, I had recorded hundreds of visual dreams that gave me not only the outline of the book, but the catalyst for many of the scenarios that take place. From the dreams, I not only got the character outlines, but also their names,

personalities, and personal motives. Also received, some of the locations of the activities, the different countries involved, and a host of other details; all from recorded dreams!

He then went on to outline for them what one of the basic dreams looked like. "The glimpse is much like a photograph of something you see. It's a snapshot of an activity and usually occurs right before you wake. What you want to do is record the details of this photo within thirty seconds of waking, or you will begin to forget a lot of the important details. Once recorded, get the dream onto a usable computer format. I like to use a program that looks a lot like a calendar where I can write the information in a small square, one square for every day of the month.

"This way I can do a quick review and know exactly what day the dream came in. The dating of the dream is important as sometimes you want to go back and use a dream. To locate the dream, you may recall that you had it, for example, in the fall of last year. With the calendar format, you can simply go back and look at a month of dreams in just a few minutes. Before I began the writing of my novel on the apocalypse, I went back and reviewed three years of dreams and highlighted a dozen that seemed to fit the format of my new book."

Kort stood at attention at the side of the stage and didn't notice anything unusual or strange; most of the audience was transfixed on every word that Philip was saying. When the question-and-answer time came, students were very respectful and just wanted to know about other types of dreams.

One girl stood and asked if he ever heard anything speak to him in a dream vocally, as she had experienced.

"Yes, I sure have. That is called a vocal transmission. It is when a spoken word or short sentence comes to you just before you awaken. You want to quickly write down every word you hear, just the way you heard it. Make sure you don't add any of your own thoughts to it. Write it down just the way it came in. I can guarantee that you will be able to use it in just a couple of days. It usually takes time to figure out exactly what it represents in your life. That is because you just got a transmission from another dimension, and our cognitive minds need time to sort out what the meaning is. Be patient, the meaning will come, and you might be able to use it for your next writing project," Philip explained.

Another student stood and asked for an example of a

“spoken term” that he had used in writing. Philip was quick to return this question. “Yes, I received one that became part of the backdrop of my latest adventure/spy novel. The spoken term *Backwater Society* came to me in a dream, and it became a perfect lead for the book’s city of choice, or location.

“After doing the research on this spoken term, I found it fit perfectly to the plot of the novel. A Backwater Society can be a town that is controlled by political thugs. And that is another factor when you receive a name or a word in a dream: do a computer search on it and find out exactly what it means; if you define it, you can more easily use it, or fit it into a writing project. Thank you, that was a good question.”

As the end of the hour neared, the writers’ guild representative graciously transitioned the meeting to thank Philip and get the students off to their next class sessions.

Kort and Philip made their way back to the airport and off to Bend, Oregon, where Philip would have a couple of days to get Misty’s home ready for sale and move all their important possessions into storage. Kort was a blessing in that he helped him get everything packed and moved, not only from Misty’s home but also from Philip’s old trailer apartment, which he returned the key for.

The whole time they were in and around Bend, Oregon, suspicious vehicles would pull up and sit anonymously at odd angles across the street.

Every time he spotted one, Kort would say, “Heads up, another visitor.”

For the most part, and presently, they were only observing. Their next book signing was to be down the road in Northern California. Philip had recently had a dream where he saw a rockslide come down onto the highway, where he had to stop to warn oncoming vehicles not to go near the piles of rock on the road.



Rockslide on California roadway.

Philip shared with Kort his concern about going into California. “There are some dangerous passes we will have to navigate through. There are probably hundreds of areas where a dangerous rockslide could be encouraged by a roadside charge.”

Kort was still new to the accuracy of Philip’s gift, and his sense of caution wasn’t as acute. He said, “It’s hard to pick a route from here to Redding as all the roadways are riddled with high massifs.” Without further discussion, they went ahead and rented a car and headed south toward danger. All Philip said as they headed out was, “Watch for any sudden movements. We may get near high ridgelines as we enter California’s mountains!”

Most of the drive through Southern Oregon was a beautiful display of God’s creation, and after around three hours, they were in Klamath Falls where they stopped for lunch.

Now just eighteen minutes from the border, Philip was starting to hold his breath. “Now, let’s just say that if someone is planning a rockslide, where would you look for something like that to start?”

Kort looked forward, holding the steering wheel, thinking for a moment, and said, “I guess that they would start it up high on a steep ridge with large boulders; the charge would be set underneath them to start it all moving. They would carry a lot of

other dangerous boulders down the hill with them. The charge would be set around a quarter mile ahead of your car's position to wipe you out as you passed underneath their line of demarcation."

Philip looked relieved. "Oh, you mean we will have a warning?" Kort nodded and said, "If you spot the charge going off up above, we'll have plenty of time to stop."

It wasn't long after they entered California that the roadside ridge lines grew steep. A sign indicated that two mountains were advancing, the Gooseneck and Mount Herd. As the Gooseneck approached, the roadsides turned into high cliffs with piles of rock up to several hundred feet. Falling rock warnings were posted as they neared a dangerous pass.

Suddenly Philip spotted a burst of dust a hundred feet above the roadway, about five hundred feet ahead of their position, just as Kort warned. He immediately said, "Hit the brakes!"

Kort responded in kind and immediately pulled the car off to the side of the road as a pile of boulders slid across the roadway, within fifty feet ahead of their position. "Whew," said Kort, "holy cow, those dreams of yours are accurate!"

Philip jumped from the car and started to wave down other traffic that was approaching the pile of rocks and boulders. Some people were so impatient that they slowly moved ahead and tried to traverse through anyway only to be stopped as they neared the pile. Philip jumped back in and said to Kort, "Let's turn around before we get caught in a traffic jam and find an alternate route! Ten minutes back, I saw another side road that may get us there."

Kort responded in kind, and they turned onto the alternate roadway, Route 3, that took them over to the main freeway and down to Redding. Their book-signing appointment and university speech weren't scheduled until the next morning, so they still had plenty of time to get the adrenaline back out of their systems from another close encounter with the powers of the underworld, and the OGs of Washington DC.

The next morning's book signing was more than pleasurable for Philip and Kort; life seems to shine even brighter after close calls with death. Viewing from the size of some of the boulders that rolled onto the roadway north of Redding, they both knew that just one of those through the windshield would have spelled hospital time or gravestone markers.

Philip was equally impressed with the high intelligence of

the people visiting his table, as many of them had already read samples of his book on the Internet and knew the direction that it would take, and as one lady said, "Exposure is the only way to deal with the criminals in our government!"

Philip smiled to her as he signed her book with an extra-large signature and praised her on "being awake." She went on with the usual patriot verbiage. "I woke up on 9/11. I saw all the videos of the planes hitting the buildings and then heard of building number 7-no plane hit that one! Building number 7 went down later in the afternoon as an obvious controlled demolition, strange that the press never mentioned its fall!"

Philip added a little more of his own knowledge, "Yes, that was a forty-eight-story steel building. It had a few small fires, but it was very apparent that it *was* a controlled demolition, probably planned months ahead of the event. Buildings that size just don't fall on their own; they must think that all of the American public can be fooled, but the truth is that there are many people like you and me that can see straight through the darkness!"

The lady agreed and yielded the line to the next signature seeker. After the signing event, it was off to the university where Philip was to share nuggets of knowledge about his book. He was introduced there after lunch with faculty to a full auditorium of enthusiastic young adults.

Philip gave his usual introduction into "writing with a creative mind" and went right into an example of how to link dreams into the journalistic work. "One of the most useful types of dreams is the visual video clip. I sometimes compare it to a motion picture. In it you have the movement of characters and scenery. When you awaken after such a dream, you want to record its content within about thirty seconds, or you will start to forget key symbols. It's important to record as much as you can recall from your visual memory. Every detail is a kind of symbol, so all the details are vitally important.

"In one of these dreams, I saw a beautiful mansion that had a driveway that went underneath it from front to back. Now this was excellent, in that it was used in my novel as a most unusual type of structure. This is exactly what you want for creative writing, scenes that your readers will never forget!" He then asked for a show of hands as to how many in the audience had ever recorded a dream.

Three hands went up, and he asked each of them. “Describe a dream that you might be able to use in a future book.”

The first girl said, “I saw gangsters in one dream slipping down into a manhole.”

Philip shouted out, “That’s excellent! That is just the type of scene you need to make good action sequences. If it wasn’t for the dream, I’ll bet you never would have thought of that. The truth is, criminals sometimes do use the sewer systems as an emergency escape route. How about the man over here that had his hand up?” The man stood and said, “I saw people going down into an elevator shaft where there was a huge store of silver coins in the bottom, and they were filling up gunny sacks and stacking them like loaves of bread in an adjoining room.”

“Fabulous!” Philip shouted. “This is a scene for a book of the great robbery and hiding place, where the police find the stash in the bottom of an elevator shaft! Let’s see, we had one more lady over here who had a dream.”

The lady shared, “I saw a deputy sheriff stopping cars on a highway leading to a city near Denver, Colorado. The next thing I saw were boats floating down city streets. There was a huge flood. Then a week later, there really was a flood in a city near Denver.”

Philip looked directly at her and said, “You have a prophetic gift. Any time that you notice that your dreams can come true, you are a seer. One of the former prophets from the Bible said, ‘Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets.’ You have a hard road ahead, in that you will see things coming, and you won’t know how to warn others. You need one good friend whom you can trust, and of whom you can share your visions with.

“On the other hand, you have a gift that can make you a very successful writer. Anyone who can ‘see ahead’ can write stunning, time-effective novels. For example, you may consider writing a futuristic novel and include many of your visions as a backdrop for your characters, scenes, and situations.”

The time went quickly by in his presentation, and after the session, Kort and Philip returned their rental car to begin a whirlwind tour by air of several large cities across America and on to Washington DC. On their itinerary was Los Angeles, Denver, New Orleans, Atlanta, Tampa, Jacksonville, Charlotte, and the land of OG, Washington DC.

“Okay, you little bastard. Ha! I got you in my sights,” Giorgio Garlini said as he monitored his computer with Philip’s live cell phone location. “Ha! Reagan International. Well, we’ll make sure you don’t slip from our hands this time, you Dreamer!” Garlini hit the Call button on his cell phone and was suddenly connected to the general.

“Yah, what’s up?” the general asks.

Garlini then updated the general with his new information. “We got the little bastard in our sights. He is right here in Washington! He’s in our backyard.”

“Well then, let’s make sure we use every available resource this time. Let’s try to bury him in our backyard,” the general suggested. “Well, there is one hitch, in that our old hit man Kort is with him,” Garlini informed him.

“Oh — — ,” the general exclaimed. “How did that happen?” Garlini went on, “We suspected that they probably met up in Broome, Australia, and are now traveling together. Apparently, Kort is his bodyguard.”

“Do we have any agents that can stand up to this, Kort?” the general enquired.

“We’ll do our best. At least they are close to our home base here where we have more agents to draw from the pool. I will see if I can find anyone. I’ll let you know,” Garlini finalized and hung up.

The general put his phone down and took another white pill from his top desk drawer. His eyes responded in kind within a minute, turning to slits.

Philip and Kort departed the Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport in the hotel limousine and made camp in the heart of Washington DC at the Washington Balmoral Hotel. The publisher wanted to make a huge statement in the nation’s capital, so they were scheduled that very night for an evening on a large yacht with the who’s who of area writers and publishers. This was basically a marketing tool of Philip’s public relations firm to get the maximum amount of publicity. To Philip and Kort, “maximum publicity” in this city, the city of OG, was like pulling the fire alarm at CIA headquarters.

“We will awaken the creepy-crawly operatives and all their

electronic bugs!” quipped Kort.

Philip responded by adding, “You don’t have to worry about electronic surveillance here. In this city, there are *no* secrets!”

They both entered their respective rooms and started getting comfortable. Kort took the room next to Philip’s, and at 1830 hours, Philip knocked on the adjoining room door, reminding Kort that at 1900 hours they were scheduled to be picked up by the lady from the local bookstore to be brought to her home on the Choptank Creek on the eastern side of the Chesapeake Bay.

They departed a few minutes before 1900 hours and made the hour-and-fifteen-minute trip to Denton, Maryland. Philip and Kort were more than impressed by the gala atmosphere of her multi-million dollar mansion; it was about a block and a half long with white stucco in the early Spanish American tradition with a driveway that went directly underneath the center of the structure to a parking area in the back. The Choptank Creek was to the rear of the property, and their large sixty-foot-long yacht was parked at the dock. This would be the feature of the evening.

As they arrived at the Denton Maryland mansion, they noticed a red sports car that parked near the door. Its market value was at least a million dollars! Two very beautiful ladies exited it, and Philip noticed that the air seemed to lift with the smell of expensive perfume.

Introductions and hors d’oeuvres with expensive wines were served as the crew of the ship made-preparations for their sail up and down the Choptank with a brief circle around Chesapeake Bay. Musicians were also warming up on the back of the yacht, and after conversation seemed to drop off, the matron of honor whisked everyone onto the boat for the “ride of the night.”

Philip looked to Kort as they made themselves comfortable near the band. “This is going to be just painful sitting here looking at two of the most beautiful women that I have seen in a decade, while drinking the best refreshments and dining on whatever they may be cooking up!”

Kort agreed, “Yeah I think we can relax. The OG masters probably won’t have time to mix anything into the brew out here on the water!”

As the last guests boarded the vessel, the ropes were cast, and they began the four-hour tour of the Choptank Creek and the lower Chesapeake Bay. People of all publishing persuasions made their rounds to meet the new author of the latest spy novel.

Philip shook many hands and made many conversations of his new method of using dreams to glean book scenes from. One large man seemed to stay in the shadows and never approached Philip at all; Kort also noticed the oddity. With the other guests, he seemed to be courteous, but most didn't seem to be able to carry a conversation with him long and continued their mingling with others.

Finally, Kort caught the body language and became suspicious that he was keeping an eye on Philip, giving occasional glances with what looked like an evil eye that revealed his possible intentions.

Kort whispered over to Philip, "The large guy hanging on to the rail over there may be an operative. Watch him!"

As the ship neared the deep waters of the Chesapeake Bay, suddenly all mayhem broke loose. This large man started walking toward Philip and Kort. A waiter was in his way with a cart full of buffet portions to hand out, and he pushed the cart and waiter aside, toppling the cart with the plates, creating a huge crash. The large man lunged at Philip, and Kort went into action.

Kort was a trained black belt in karate and blocked the man's path with one quick arm action and sent him sailing headfirst into a speaker by the band. This large moose then stood up and shook off the shock wave of having his head jarred and came back again at Kort. That was his last big mistake as Kort flew into the air with a classic karate sidekick, making advance-reservations for this man's next stay at the Washington district hospital.

You could hear bones snap as Kort's foot connected to the man's chest cavity. The man just stood there, stupefied, and Kort came back with two hand jabs and knocked him to the deck. That concluded the boat ride as the matron of honor rushed to the cabin to tell the captain to "park this thing at the next port!"

The captain replied, "The nearest port would be Cambridge." And the ship made a quick turn and got the man off-loaded to an ambulance, along with many guests who took cabs back to Denton where their vehicles were parked. That left Kort and Philip mostly alone, who stayed to enjoy the rest of the boat ride back to the Spanish-style mansion.

The matron of honor was very apologetic, and for the rest of the evening, all their needs were taken care of. She said, "I don't

know what happened. That man was a well-known writer. We just assumed he would be good company.”

Kort explained to Philip, “He was probably from the class of MK Ultra, or people who the CIA can influence by keeping them drugged up. They get the person under their control by convincing them that they are being recruited for a special operation. Then they hypnotize them and get them hooked on psychotropic drugs. As they enter this level of control, the twisted controllers install a code word into their mind that when spoken to them through a planned phone conversation will make them do anything their controllers ask them to do.”

As they departed the yacht and made their way back to the parking area for their ride home, the matron of honor again apologized and reminded Philip that he had a book signing the next morning at two downtown Washington DC bookstores. And then again in the afternoon, he would be speaking at the McClellan University in Arlington to students about his new writing technique.

Philip thanked her and said they wouldn't be late for their pickup time. Following the usual dealing with the public at the bookstore and a stellar university speech where students were enraptured with his new approaches to writing, Philip pulled out a sample of a dream that would speak directly to any CIA operatives who may have been present, and to the benefit also of the students listening. He enlightened this Washington area audience, some of whom would find careers in the intelligence field, by highlighting, “There is a type of dream that many of you may find of interest. Until you plunge deep into recording your own dreams, you would never know that some dreams deal directly with what would be called Intel, akin to the Intel that analysts use in the offices of the CIA or NSA.

“For example, in one dream it was outlined to me that there were spies in the United States Congress. What I saw in the dream indicated this: it was a scene in the congressional office building, where I saw young pages rummaging through the purses and bags of visitors, and possibly congressmen. In another scene, I saw them listening in on the discussions of a private meeting, and then one of them slipped into a closed session of Congress. It was a small, skinny kid who crawled on his hands and knees to get into a meeting, and others were slipping underneath benches. It wasn't hard to find an

interpretation of this Intel dream.

“However, to make sure that I understood the full interpretation, I did further outside research and found that these young pages were part of a program that was headed up by the office of the clerk who appoints and interviews these youthful pages; there being seventy-two junior year pages in the House of Representatives and thirty in the Senate, I deduced that it wouldn’t be a long assumption to say that whoever is interviewing and appointing these youthful snoops could be the real culprit, or the REA.

“Some of you will be going to law school, and you will need to know what *REA* stands for. Does anyone here by a show of hands know what *REA* represents?” Philip got several hands from the audience and then asked if one of them could stand and give the definition. “And tell us what is your major.”

One bright young lad with perfectly groomed hair and a businesslike suit coat stood and explained perfectly the law school definition of *REA*. “*REA* is the Latin term for “the guilty party,” or “culprit.” In most legal proceedings, it is necessary to determine the guilt of the defendant before a sentence of punishment can be determined. My major is criminal law.”

Philip thanked the young lad saying, “That is absolutely correct! A person is innocent before REA can be determined. However, you should all be aware that there is now a move in major Western countries to make someone guilty before he is proven innocent under the old Napoleonic ethic of law. This is incorrect, and we should always resist such subversion to the law. A person is always *innocent* before he is proven *guilty*! Thank you all for your time.”

Philip and Kort had one more night in the city where OG lives and then were expected to catch a puddle jumper plane the next morning to visit a couple of hinterland towns in Virginia and North Carolina: Williamsburg and Elizabeth City, as both were famed for a high concentration of writers’ guilds and authors of famous novels. But for their last night in DC, Kort suggested they rent a car and see some of the sights. “There is no sense in sitting inside. Let me show you some of my old haunts. I know of some tourist secrets, I know every crack in the road!”

Philip and Kort took a long drive after securing a full-size rental vehicle. First, they dined at one of Washington’s best

Italian restaurants where Kort used to have lunch every day. "It's strange to be back here where I used to dine with some of the best of the secret government. I feel like eyes are watching me from almost every painting on the wall," Kort noted as they waited for their first entrée.

"You see that full-size portrait painting on the wall over there?" Philip pointed to it. "Look at his grayish eyes. Don't they seem to follow you?" They both laughed.

"After dinner, let's go visit the Capital Mall and maybe the Lincoln Memorial. Then we'll do a drive by of the Pentagon. The CIA in Langley and the McLean office complex is where all the people whom I used to rub shoulders with work," Kort suggested.

Philip smiled nervously, noting the brashness of Kort's suggestion. "Are you sure we should get too close to the offices of the people who are still following us around?"

Kort just laughed. "We made it this far. Let's cross over the Rubicon to the Promised Land!" Kort's tour after dinner was energizing.

"The power and mystique of Washington is one of the seven wonders of the world," Philip said as they entered the great hallways of the Lincoln Memorial.

Kort pointed out to Philip that they were being watched by a couple shadowy operatives. "Let's get back into the car and take our drive around to the main centers of power!" Kort said.

Philip agreed as the air was filled with a sense of evil that his cognitive gift began to pick up on. He admitted to Kort, "The night before, I had a dream that a sniper was aiming a rifle at me from some bushes on the side of the road."

Kort admitted, "That is a definite possibility; the bastards who are tailing us have many different options on how to waste us. Let's get on the road. A moving vehicle is pretty hard to hit."

After driving by the Pentagon and then over the bridge to Virginia, they fell into a freeway traffic jam near the offices of the CIA at Langley on the George Washington Memorial Parkway. Philip drank too much coffee, so he convinced Kort to slip down the emergency lane to take the exit going to Chesterbrook. As they approached to the first intersection, Philip noticed a city park and said, "Maybe there are bathrooms there?"

Kort said, "No, I need some gas anyway. We'll go to a gas station down the street I know of."

As he pulled up to what looked like a run-down gas and convenience store, he looked over to Philip and said, "I'll go ahead and fill up, but be cautious when you go inside to the restroom. This place is run by the CIA."

"What!" Philip said.

"Yup, this is a cookie-cutter business. The CIA needed a local office, so they purchased this gas station and set up a main entrance through a door in the back hall of it. It leads down to the cellar and through a tunnel underneath the alley to the basement of an office building behind it. You're safe to use the bathroom but don't wander down the hall to the right.

"Keep your eyes open for any quick movements when you come back out of the bathroom. If you stay in the public shopping area with other patrons, you are safe."

Philip looked at Kort like he was crazy. "Should we do this?" "Let's just show them that we're not afraid of them. We can walk right up to their door and pee in their toilet!"

Philip followed Kort's orders to a T, and Kort went ahead and filled up the rental car and paid cash for his purchase at the counter. On the way out, there were several operatives clearly displaying their curiosity at different perches around the station. As they entered the car to drive away, Kort caught the glimpse of something quite dangerous. In a white passenger vehicle parked on the side of the street, he noticed the reflection of light off a rifle's muzzle.

Kort whispered to Philip, "They got a bead on us. I have to neutralize this guy before we get onto the main roadway." Kort drove the car back to the city park they had passed on the way in and ordered Philip to follow his directions. "Let's get out of the car and take a walk through the park. You stay put when I go into action!"

Kort and Philip walked to a central pond walk bridge and stood in the center of the bridge until they saw the white passenger car pass by and park on the main road. Kort pointed to a clump of bushes by the side of the bridge, and he and Philip camouflaged themselves there until they saw the man enter the park. He had on a long trench coat to cover his weapon. Kort told Philip to stay put as he crawled along the cloaked vegetation along the pathway. As the man came down the path, Kort came up behind him and put a handgun into the center of the man's back.

“Drop the piece now or rest in pieces!” Kort whispered to the man from behind.

The man let the rifle drop to the ground. “Now, take off all your clothes!” Kort ordered.

The man slowly dropped his trench coat and took off his shirt. He hesitated to drop his trousers, and Kort ordered him again, “Drop pants!”

The man unbuckled his belt and let his pants drop and bent over to remove his shoes. He hesitated again when he got to underwear, the last to come off. Kort coached him again, “Drop pants!” The man completed the charade and stood naked as a jailbird.

Kort gathered the rifle and his clothes and told him, “You will find all your clothes and belongings in your car.”

Kort motioned to Philip to come out of the bushes, and the two of them left the naked man on the trail and walked back to his car. Kort used the man’s keys to open the car door, throwing his clothes and the rifle on the front seat, and then pulled the man’s wallet out of his pocket. Removing his driver’s license, he threw the wallet back inside the car, making sure to use the electronic key feature to set off the car’s blinking light and horn alarm, locking the door by hand.

Then Kort walked to the center medium of the roadway, in the sight of the naked man, and dropped his keys in the center of the roadway while Kort and Philip, giggling like a couple of high school students, jumped back into their rental car and drove off to another gas station.

Here, Kort jumped out and made a phone call to the police, “There is a naked man running around Central City Park with a rifle. You’ll probably find him in the bushes. He scared my wife half to death!”

Kort pulled out the man’s driver’s license and gave the police lady on the phone an exact description of the assailant. “He drives a white sedan, a white male, weight is 170 pounds, height is five seven with black eyes and brown hair.” Kort hung up the phone, and off they went.

All kinds of activity began to take place behind them at the Central City Park as they drove back to the hotel in downtown Washington DC. First, the naked man couldn’t resist the possibility of getting his car keys off the central medium of the roadway, but this was a high traffic roadway, where he had to

run in front of oncoming traffic, naked as a plucked turkey. More calls from other drivers were made simultaneously to the police about a naked man crossing the roadway at Central City Park.

Police dispatch was now sending all available vehicles to the shocking activity, with priority given to the rifle! Police interceptors went full speed to the site of the activity. It was no problem at all for police to spot a naked man now trying to open his car door amid the blinking lights of his car's alarm system on full alert! Three police cruisers slid to a stop on all sides of his car leaving him standing in the middle of the roadway in-all-of his glory! Because of the rifle report, officers came out of their cars with guns drawn barking definitive orders to "freeze!"

It was a cold night for this now-neutralized operative; his CIA handlers would play a skillful game over the next few days to get a bail set for this naked turkey! Kort and Philip laughed all the way to downtown Washington. When they neared the hotel, Philip asked Kort what he planned on doing with the man's driver's license.

Kort said, "That's the next bit of justice for this naked jailbird." Kort drove on awhile until they were on the eastern side of the city where the neighborhood had a more downtrodden look.

Kort turned to Philip and said, "This neighborhood should do. It's one of the worst in the city!"

As they pulled off to a side street, Kort drove up a few cars ahead of a classic *pimp* mobile: a full-bodied luxury Cadillac sedan with purple paint; large, oversized chrome mags; pomegranates hanging from the back window; tinted glass; and a low rider. Kort parked, got out, and walked up beside the expensive Cadillac, dragging his car key all along the driver's side, deep into the classic-purple paint job.

It was a silent crime, but pointed, very specific, and deliberate! Kort took the operative's driver's license and slipped it like a calling card under the windshield wiper of the pimp's mobile. Off into the wild darkness, Philip and Kort drove in the silence of the night, knowing full well the sudden mess that the operative would have on his hands when these obvious police report made its way to the Chesterbrook police station, where the naked man, now dressed in an orange jumpsuit, was being held.

The next day when Kort found an article in the local area paper about the naked man running around the park with a rifle,

he said, “This is one article that I am going to have to save.”

Philip admitted, “It must take years of training to think up all the scenarios you got that man in trouble for! Let’s have it framed.” They went on laughing uncontrollably about it until their sides hurt.

Misty sent Philip an e-mail, saying,

Miss you, I went to the only health and herb store in town run by a Chinese man today. He was so helpful, so nice, and even special ordered all my natural health medications for me that he didn’t have in stock.

Then I called the only *real* charismatic church in town today, and the lady on the phone invited me to a Bible study at her home up on the beach road. She was also very nice. I was surprised that she didn’t invite me to church first. She seemed to think that as a new person in town, I would be more comfortable meeting some of their members in a smaller setting. I tend to agree.

Hope you are enjoying your trip to the States.

Your love always and forever,

Misty

Philip returned her e-mail with a text: “Everything with the book tour is going well [he couldn’t tell her of the spy activity], will be home soon, miss you more than a mother bear robbed of her cubs by a hungry pack of dogs! Love in barrels, Philip.”

Kort and Philip made their way to the Reagan Washington National Airport the next morning by cab. Their next assignment on the book tour itinerary looked to be a pleasant morning in historic Williamsburg, Virginia, home to a huge writers’ guild, one of the largest in the nation.

Many retired writers have made their home in Williamsburg, and the bookseller wanted to make sure that this influential group of writers had a chance to meet Philip in person and ask any questions about his new form of *dream*-inspired writing. For them this was a definite new phenomenon, as only sporadically in the past had creative people claimed that their inspirations came from the heavenlies through dreams.

Undoubtedly in the past, writers couldn’t claim such inspiration, or they would have been thought to be idealistic. This was a new world, though, and since the success of some of the science-fiction books, the community of writers was open to new ideas.

Philip and Kort were peaceably able to board onto a puddle jumper, a regional airline that would take them directly to Williamsburg where they would be picked up by the gregarious Annette Puzzo, the socialite head of the local writers’ guild. It

was a quick flight across the state of Virginia, just forty-five minutes by air to the Newport News/Williamsburg International Airport.

Kort had only one subject on the flight that he wanted to share. “For the first time in my life I had a dream last night that really shook me up. I am taken aback that I can remember almost every detail. I was standing in the boarding area of an airport and was watching an airplane taxi down the tarmac for take-off, when all a sudden, a huge ball of flame blew out of the side of it! That’s it, then I woke up, and I can’t get this dream out of my head; is that how you get your dreams?”

Philip laughed and said, “Yah, you had a visionary dream, but don’t worry too much, I didn’t get anything last night, so what you saw probably won’t happen today. It must have been hard for you to have placed your feet through the entrance door of this flight!”

“Oh yeah,” Kort agreed, “if it wasn’t for that pretty attendant greeting us at the door, I would have run for cover!”

“Relax, we just landed and are almost to the gate. We’ll grab our luggage and be in one of the most beautiful cities in the country in minutes,” Philip reassured Kort.

Annette Puzzo, the local socialite, was ready and waiting at the luggage area. She recognized Philip from his promotional photo and introduced herself as his ride to Williamsburg’s writers workshop. Philip was a little amazed as he was only told by his tour itinerary that he would be giving a speech; he wasn’t expecting a full workshop.

Suddenly the thought went through his mind of the time frame of the workshop that was scheduled and asked, “Do you have my scheduled meeting time for the workshop?”

Annette perceived his time-conflict concern and put her hand on his shoulder and said, “Don’t worry, we’ll work with your schedule. We know you are on a tour. You just let us know what time for your presentation will be acceptable, and we’ll make the adjustments.”

Annette now was showing her skill as a socialite, and why so many people identified her as the one to represent their guild.

Philip said, “We have to be back on the road by 3:00 p.m. with a rental car. We have a meeting in Elizabeth City tonight at

the state university and then have to catch a plane back to DC to connect for an evening flight to New York City.”

Annette again assured him that she understood. “We’ll have you up at 11:00 a.m., we will take a brief break for lunch, and you can answer questions after that for a half hour. Then I will get you over to the car rental company.”

Philip thanked her, and then walked to the parking area to her full-size SUV and off to Williamsburg. She took them to a community center, decked out in the period architecture of the city; many of the buildings in Williamsburg are in the tradition of vintage antebellum, early-nineteenth-century colonial.

Annette took them into the private office off the main foyer and made them comfortable while she went into the meeting hall and greeted the audience where other local writers were sharing brief excerpts from their works along with discussions and questions from the audience.

It was now 10:45 a.m., and Philip was skimming through his notes and highlighting things he wanted to discuss with this experienced audience. Annette went forward after the last scheduled writer’s speech before Philip and introduced him as the next speaker in their workshop.

“We now have the pleasure of having a new, popular writer of adventure and spy novels in our midst. Will you please welcome Mr. Philip McKenna.”

Philip heard his introduction, and he and Kort walked into the meeting hall. Kort didn’t take a seat reserved for guests at the front and instead stood up against the wall and off to the side, where he could keep an eye on the audience-much like the Secret Service would for any high-level official.

Philip walked to the podium, cleared his throat, and took a sip of the water provided, looking out over the curious and hungry minds who were about to hear the newest innovation in writing techniques. “I am not here to try to impress anyone but just to be honest and sincere. I am humbled over the opportunity to speak to such a distinguished group of writers. As I sat and examined your lineup of contributing speakers this morning, I became even more humbled that I would be talking to such an accomplished and successful group of colleagues. I first would like to thank your public relations representative, Annette Puzzo, who has made us as comfortable as family.

“Many of you have by now had a chance to read my novel and have noticed that I allude to dreams as a guiding force behind my writing style. The book is a fictional novel, but in some ways, it is autobiographical and true at the same time. I used my own experiences and dreams as a framework and added some fictional thoughts to create the main character’s walk through the book’s adventure pathway.

“The truth is that dreams can guide us if we become familiar enough with them, their patterns, their symbols, and even sometimes their spoken words. That’s right. Dreams can speak information for our books directly to us in the form of what I call a vocal transmission. For example, in one dream I received a spoken word, a vocal transmission that said, ‘Company coffee!’ I knew from this dream that a lot of my book, the secret meetings between the main character, the CIA, and underworld operatives, would take place at a coffee house. That would be a perfect setting. “It’s innocent, an easy place to meet and mix with people and just relax and do some office work. Thus, the dream’s vocal transmission set the framework for the meeting place, where the main character would spend many of his mornings in private discussion with members of the underworld.

“In another light, dreams can be visionary in that you see something that stands out that you can remember when you awaken. I call this type of dream a glimpse. It’s like a photo snapshot of something tangible. Whenever I have such a dream, I record into a digital voice recorder as much data of the snapshot as possible within thirty seconds after I awaken, even if I don’t immediately understand the vision.

“Then, at the end of the week, I transfer these visionary snapshots onto my computer into a program that resembles a square for every calendar day. Usually, when I am doing this, I recognize material that I can use for my books. I said books because I, like the rest of you, am planning more than one book at a time.

“In one of these visionary glimpses, I saw Broome, Australia, from the air. In this vision, I was hovering high in the air, over Western Australia, looking down on the coast. When I awoke, I did a computer search of the area where I looked down from above, and I came across some tourism photos, where I saw the red cliffs of the Kimberly next to the sea; this caught my eye

as they had a distinctive shape and color. The cliffs I saw near the ocean in the tourism photos were the same 'red' cliffs I saw in the dream!

"This was significant. I knew that I had found the exact area that I saw in the dream, and, I might say, this area is the town of Broome, Australia, which became one of the key settings in my book! And this is what is significant about dreams. If we can get over our fears about seeing something that might scare us, we can use dreams as an unlimited source of creative input into our writing careers. I can guarantee that you will never run out of material if you use your dreams to guide your work. You will in no doubt become more creative; the heavens are a big place.

"Have you ever tried to comprehend the distance of the stars? They say the nearest star is trillions of light years from us. Now with that in mind, just imagine the number of ideas for a book that could lie somewhere beyond a galaxy that might stretch from star to star." The room was silent. Philip could sense that they had gotten it; well, almost! He then took this old scenario and rode it a little further. "In the ancient book of Job, the writer grasps a thought in speaking of the handiwork of God. He writes, 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion. Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?' What the writer Job outlines is the infinite work of God in the universe. He not only is at work in our immediate environment, but He is also at work in the heavenlies. The universe is a big place, and God's thoughts are here as well as out there somewhere, so far away from us that it is impossible for us to comprehend.

"His thoughts also come from another dimension, philosophers claim there to be around ten different dimensions. Just imagine then the content of information that is available to us through a connection to the heavenlies. Our dreams are a highway to Pleiades, one of the greatest of the galactic star systems!"

Annette came forward to dismiss all the writers' guild members for lunch and announced that they should all get their questions ready as Philip would "be available after our half hour break for a Q and A session."

Philip and Kort joined many of the writers at a head table provided for the speakers of the morning session. Many wanted

to know who this man was that joined Philip to the meeting, human curiosity was expected to surface.

Kort, being pleasantly cynical, had no problem fielding their curiosities. "I'm one of Philip's biggest fans," he told one curiosity seeker. "I came at my own expense upon request. After reading his novel, I decided that I wanted to experience the same life of adventure."

Most of them smiled, and women giggled at his humorously guarded questions. Kort knew from extensive secret government training never to answer a probing question direct. It was always better that the general-public never be given an informative answer about secret activities; they would be uncomfortable if he told them the truth that he was there to protect Philip's life!

After the wonderful lunch of finger sandwiches, coffee, and cookies, the people meandered back to the seats. At the front of the meeting hall and under a low rumble of conversation, Annette stood at the podium and asked if they had any questions. Those who did lined up at the silver microphone posted halfway up the aisle.

The first man forward was a man who looked quite distinguished and spoke with a low baritone rumble, not looking directly at Philip or anyone, just staring at the floor and his notes.

He cleared his throat, and said, "I had a dream last night and was wondering if you could interpret it for me."

Philip, unsure if this was a trick question, nodded affirmatively. The man continued, "In the dream I saw a large convention center surrounded by police. Then I saw the speaker who was to speak at the meeting get out of his car and walk toward the police line. When the police recognized that this was the speaker for the meeting, they gave him an escort into the basement of the convention center. In another scene, I saw the same man walking onto the stage and grabbing a microphone in the presence of a large audience."

Philip stood silent with his finger pointing up to indicate that he needed a couple of moments; after all, the gift that he has, listed in the book of Daniel, an Old Testament prophetic book, as an interpreter of dreams, sometimes takes reflective time.

Philip suddenly looked up and said, "Thank you for your courage to share your dream. First, of all I would like to say that you have an incredible amount of insight, as you are illustrating

to this audience the reality that some people *can* interpret, or translate, decipher, and unravel dreams; usually by decoding their own dreams first, and then when they get good at that, they can help others to interpret theirs.

“Your dream is twofold: either it is talking to me, since you just shared it with me, or it may be talking to you. The police line and escort into the convention hall indicates that the man you saw is a celebrity. The fact that he stood on stage in front of a large audience shows that he is somewhat accomplished in his profession and has something to say that is recognized.

“Another possibility is that this dream could be referring to the future, that one day you may accomplish a work that will attract a lot of attention, requiring police escorts. This could mean that your work may be controversial in nature. Many will appreciate the investigative exposure that your work illuminates to a wide audience, and, on the other hand, others may be disturbed by your obedience to get out the truth, which explains your need for police at your meetings.

“Now, for further clarification, are you working on something presently, that could be controversial in nature as far as publishing to a wide audience?”

The man quit looking down at the floor and said, “Yes, I am just finishing a nonfiction book on government overspending, lost monies, cooking the books, and corruption on Wall Street.”

Philip clapped his hands and said, “That’s it! I want everyone here to support this man when his book comes out. The dream- world has just enunciated your work as being a sword for the truth! This dream is an encouragement to you to continue-on. Large audiences will agree and want to hear your book promotions. Usually, authors get invitations for university speeches, but your book will require bookings at convention centers with police protection! Congratulations!”

The man nodded in appreciation and humbly went back to his seat, and others suddenly could be seen rewriting their questions. The next several people at the mike asked for clarification of their own dreams! Annette had to stop the questions to allow Philip and Kort to have time to get their rental car, apologizing expressly, but promising to re-invite Philip for another workshop.

Annette drove Philip and Kort to the car rental agency, and shortly after 3:00 p.m., they were headed south toward Norfolk

to the Hampton Roads Bridge and Tunnel on the freeway, just an hour and a half 's drive from Elizabeth City for an evening's talk at the downtown Christian University. They had to pass through Norfolk to connect with the main highway, taking them to Elizabeth City, just south of Norfolk and over the border into North Carolina.

Phone lines were already lit up between Williamsburg and Elizabeth Cities writers' guild leaders, positive information travels fast, and leaders were more than exited to meet Philip and have a chance to hear his new approach to creative writing. Philip and Kort were hoping for clear sailing through the busy six-city metropolis of the Tidewater.

As they approached the Hampton Roads bay and the entrance of the underwater tunnel, the traffic was committed to moving south; there were no exits anywhere near the tunnel. Kort was driving, and he noticed that the traffic was slowing suddenly to a stop.

"Shoot," Kort exclaimed. "Tunnel traffic is down to one lane! Must be an accident up ahead somewhere, with no exits. We could be here for a while. I hope we can get to the university on time for your speech."

Philip just continued eating his bag of granola and chocolate nuts saying through a mouthful of chewy goodies, "We got till 5:00 p.m. to get to the auditorium. I'll text the lady there and let her know we've might be a few minutes late."

He begins to type on his iPhone while still talking. "You know, Kort, sometimes roadblocks can have spiritual connotations too. If I run into two or three in one day, I usually make an ascertainment and assume that heaven may be trying to warn me about something. That dream you had about the exploding airplane is starting to concern me. You know we are flying tonight?"

Kort was getting impatient and was probably just listening with one ear. He was focused on the one lane open ahead and the usual traffic bait and switch going on; they were on the far right of three lanes going into the tunnel, and he would have to merge to the far, left lane to get to the only open one.

"There is only one option in this scenario. The emergency lane is open to our right. If I take it, I could get a ticket, but we don't have time to dicker about possibilities. Besides, I have this."

Kort reached into his vest pocket and pulled out his wallet. Inside was an official government security card.

"I used to carry a level 4Q top security clearance, and I kept the card." He shows the card to Philip and then places it conveniently in the dash cup holder and pulls their car into the emergency lane and drives unflappable past all the waiting traffic into the tunnel, not being aware of what or who may lay ahead of them.

Philip looks over at him and says, "This is raw guts, you know."

Kort just smiled and continued his almost-illegal progression into the deep underwater land of the unknown.

As they reached the lowest bow of the roadway, red blinking lights became visible up near the tunnel exit. As they approached the scene, emergency workers were directing tow trucks to pull wreckage off the roadway. The emergency lane was kept open. For Emergency Vehicles Only signs were indicated, and as busy as one of the highway patrol officers was, he steps in front of Kort as he approaches with his hand up to indicate a stop.

Kort stopped slowly a few feet away from where he held his hand, and the officer walked over to Kort's driver-side window.

"This lane is for emergency vehicles only, and you are in violation!" the officer said curtly to Kort. "Can I see your ID and insurance information?"

Kort reaches down and picks up the security clearance plastic card and hands it to the officer. The officer reads the clearance code out loud, "Level 4Q!"

Suddenly the officer straightens up, hands the card back to Kort, and waves him ahead, saying, "Just stay to the right until you pass the emergency vehicles and drive safely!"

The officer went back to his work directing other traffic, and Kort looked over to Philip and smiled as he passed the wreckage of the accident. Philip responded to the incident with, "What does 4Q level clearance mean?"

"That was the highest clearance the government offers in your nation's capital, and around any military bases. Norfolk is a huge military town, and the officer was up on the codes. If I was in the back country of Utah, this card wouldn't mean cow poop to a county-mounty!"

It was looking like they would make their meeting by the thread of the clock, so Philip sent another text to the lady at the

university: "Traffic now clear. Will have to make a stop or two. Should be there around the time the meeting begins. Can you cover for me if we are late?"

It only took a couple of minutes for a reply: "We got you covered, come to the back-stage door of the auditorium by the loading dock. Leave car there. Destiny."

Kort and Philip made a potty-break stop at an exit on the south side of the big city and got something to eat. Kort made an observation they were being cased, informing Philip when they got back in the rental car, "The company has a certain protocol. You dress a certain way. It's not a written rule, but it's like when you are in college, there are certain social dress codes: nice, casual, always a baseball cap, expensive tennis shoes. They even carry themselves with a certain amount of pride as they get used to playing the part of a secret club member.

"I saw a man near the counter waiting for his food that fit the description. He was staring at me with a glare that gave me the chills. When his order came up, he grabbed the bag like a barbarian. They can't control their basic urges sometimes; he was definitely one of them!"

As soon as Kort mentioned basic urges, it reminded him of an occurrence that took place just after WW2 involving the CIA and their clandestine European operation headquartered at Camp King in Germany. Kort began to tell one of his stories to Philip, which he could have never mentioned if he was still in the employ of the United States government. "After the war with the Nazis, the army had a leading Nazi operative who was the former head of the Nazis' intelligence operation against the Soviets, a major general Reinhard Gehlen.

"Army intelligence in cooperation with the CIA decided to make Gehlen the head of anti-Communist intelligence, under the code name Operation Rusty. With Gehlen at the head of over six thousand other spies and operatives and the group being dominated by mostly former Nazis as an extension of the notorious Operation Paperclip, it became unearthed that the Gehlen-led organization was a murderous bunch. It was freewheeling and out of control. Gehlen himself was making over a million dollars a year, and who knows where all that Roman dough was coming from.

"The army become fed up with the Gehlen organization, but it was almost too late to stop it. Most of the operatives were

already trained to be liars, cheaters, and double-crossers while many of them had been war criminals. It wasn't long before the CIA took control back of this area of their theatre of operations. [25] I don't know what ever happened to this Gehlen character or of all the money he was pocketing.

"But that's the way things can go when you got the wolf guarding the henhouse! This bunch we're dealing with from Florida is running their camp of operations, at least in North Florida under the same type of umbrella, and they must have some powerful friends working in Washington at the CIA and the Pentagon too! Only some of what they are doing is *official business*, the rest is monkey business, done under the table, where they are making millions off -of probable illegal imports.

"They would say, 'Well, that's just something that we do, our thing, and for the rest of anyone else involved, it's *need-to-know*! After reading your book, I can see why they thought you knew too much. Nobody lives who gets too close, unless they are one of them. It's obvious that they are a bunch of ruthless businessmen with some major arteries to protect! You should have never sipped coffee with those bastards, but then, how could the average person know or suspect? They dress like decent businessmen, they act polite, they'll even buy you a drink."

Philip saw an opportunity to ask Kort about something that has puzzled him since the Coffee Club meetings at the Towne Buzz. "X1 did something to me that was curious. If you say these people have a lot to hide, then why would he show me a photograph of *his* family on a motorcycle trip? I recall that the scenery behind him in the photo also looked like a Western state."

"Oh, good grief! That explains why he came after you so hard. He was the one connected to the underworld! You never see his family and live! He did that deliberate, so he could have an excuse to pop you. He needed something to convince the other Coffee Club members of a good reason to get rid of you; he showed you his family photo on purpose, so you could be targeted," Kort reasoned.

Philip looked like he was in deep thought. "Oh! I remember now. First, he gives me a book to look at on my favorite subject of dreams, so naturally I flip through the pages. And then, toward the middle of the book is this photo, and I pull it out and

look at it. My glory, so that was how he convinced the other Coffee Club members that I should be eliminated!

“X6 was the CIA man whom I thought would stand up for me if X1 ever got too suspicious. It always seemed so backhanded that they all suddenly turned on me! Thank you, Kort, for your knowledge. It helps to know the *why* sometimes.”

As the highway miles flew by, they came upon a sign that announced the outskirts of Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

“One of the best one hundred small towns in the United States,” the sign said.

“I did a little Internet reading on this town, it’s full of historic homes, has a quaint downtown area, and a Christian university where I will speak. And the airport is on the south side, where we are scheduled to fly back to Washington at 8:30 p.m. for a transfer flight to the Big Apple,” Philip commented.

Kort found the turn for the university. It was 5:33 p.m. as they pulled into the only parking space available at the stage door.

A lady dressed in a formal outfit of red velvet greeted them as they parked. “I am Destiny. We’re so glad you were able to find the meeting okay. I will take you down to the basement dressing room. We have someone on stage now covering for you. It’s one of our local authors having the time of her life, telling an overflow audience about her latest book on the history of Elizabeth City. You don’t have to worry. She said she could talk all night.” She giggles.

Philip and Kort followed Destiny to the dressing area, and she said, “Take five or ten minutes to get ready, and I’ll send a stagehand to lead you up backstage!”

Destiny went upstairs and gave the stage manager the thumbs-up, and they gave the author at the podium the five-minute signal. With that, the lady jumped right into telling everyone where they can purchase her book. When her time concluded, Destiny went to the mike and told the audience, “Our speaker has arrived.” And began Philip’s flowery introduction.

Philip and Kort were greeted by a stagehand who really looked like a professional stewardess, beautiful and bubbly and presenting herself as if she were in the presence of a royal prince. Philip and Kort both accepted a bottle of water from her, and she took them up to stage side, waiting for the stage managers signal, who was sitting in the control booth above the

main seating area.

A green card was raised, and Destiny gave her final words. “And now without further ado, ladies and gentlemen of Elizabeth City, we at the writers’ guild proudly bring you America’s latest author, Mr. Philip McKenna, who will be sharing with us a whole new idea of information gathering, gleaned from your dreams.” Destiny held out her hand to greet Philip as Kort stayed in the shadows, and Philip made his grand entrance, embracing Destiny’s hand as he walked to the podium.

“There are many ways to gather information for a novel, but all of us need a springboard. I have found that by recording my own dreams, I get an inexhaustible source of video clips, spoken words, photo glimpses, codes, and intelligence. This last feature is what I would like to discuss with you tonight. On occasion, I have a dream where a small bit of intelligence, or *Intel* for short, is given to me. I think one of the best examples of this type of dream, where a small bit of information became a huge springboard for my writing, was a dream I had about an assassination plot against a third world leader’s wife.

“In the dream, I saw all the details of her being at a hotel, and near a balcony, two men came up behind her and threw her off the second floor. I also received her exact name. When I went to do a computer search, her name came up as the wife of a third world prime minister.

“Humbly, I called the CIA and gave them the information that I had and never heard back from them again. However, after giving the information, the lady in my dream was never attacked, so perhaps my call helped to prevent a major catastrophe! Anyway, I am saying this specifically, that *you can* receive intel-related information in your dreams. This will begin to teach you about the underworld and the world in general, how it operates underneath the surface. It will show you in some cases of the underpinnings of the secret government and its clandestine operations. This type of information can be extremely useful if you are planning a spy/ adventure novel.

“I have even seen things going on in other countries of the world. I once was in Saudi Arabia in a visual dream and saw Americans being held prisoner there! Once I saw the Ural Mountains in Russia, pinpointing an area where they probably have an underground operation; I saw something similar in Northern Iran. All these photo glimpses in dreams have pointed

out to me that there are interesting things going on beneath the surface of society.

“One dream subsequently showed me an underground river with many tributaries. This gave me the best understanding of what the underworld looks like as it operates on a sublevel of society. The streets above look so peaceful, yet underground is a river of illegal, criminal activity. This is the way dreams can help you refocus to see the world as it really is. Our tax dollars pay to have our streets secure, but not much is done to prevent what goes on beneath the city.

“Dreams will show you that the activity beneath the surface is well-ordered by ruthless criminals who will stop at nothing to protect the tributaries that feed their huge underground rivers of billions of dollars in illegal-gained revenue. If you are to be a successful adventure/spy novel writer, this is the way you will need to understand the underworld.

“The world is not really how it appears! Dreams got me to wake up and see what it really is! There is no number of other spy novels that could have shown me the truth, but dreams with intel-related bits of springboard information turn the lights on; your dreams, if you learn to record them, can turn the lights on for you.

“I have been given other intel-related information in dreams on occasion that creates a springboard for subject matter in books that I am writing. Intel can come in the form of local events too! In dreams, I have witnessed what looks like local murders that have taken place, past and present, and have used this type of information as a model for criminal activity in future books.

“Dreams can even give you details of what a car accident or a boat sinking looks like. They can give you specific insight into what an animal attack may resemble. I even have been given the name of crooked politicians, both local and national. When I look up their legislative history on the Internet, I can see they are the best that money can buy! There is really no limit on how much intel-related information that can come to you when *you* dream.

“The best way to get started is to buy a digital recorder, pick one up at the dime store, and keep it on your bed stand. Then, when you wake up, just take ten seconds to record vocally what you saw. Then at the end of the week, sit down and record the

information in a writing program; time and date it and give it a title.

“Months from now when you are writing something, your mind will automatically recall the dream, and you will be able to go back and find it in your record. Now, you have a powerful bit of intel direct from the heavenlies, and another dimension, that will add *spice* to your story!”

Philip paused and looked to the side stage, and Destiny walked out to join him. Destiny leaned forward into the microphone and said, “Are there any questions for our guest speaker tonight?” She then acted as an intermediary as Philip drank down some water from his water bottle.

One student stood raising his hand. Destiny asked him to come forward and use the microphone stand at the front of the aisle. The student walked forward and said, “What makes dream information different than using old newspaper clippings of criminal activity when writing a murder mystery?”

Philip leaned into the microphone, offering, “That is fine if you want to spend hours going over old, bloody sadness like that. That is up to you. But really, how much time would it take to get enough of that type of research for a novel? However, dreams are springboards! They don’t use up any of your time. In fact, you can do all your research on murders while you sleep. I can confirm that you will get ample material from dreams that will be useful to you without having to spend hours going over microfiche.”

Destiny, like a Swiss watch, stepped into the mike and asked for the next respondent. A young lady stepped forth and confidently came to the microphone, asking, “How do I even know that I will dream? I don’t recall dreaming last night.”

Philip responded with, “You are correct in your doubt as some people do dream more than others. But then there are some who dream every night and can fill a diary with useful dream information in a short order. You may be one of those people and could be a highly successful dream-sourced writer. All I am here to share is that this is an area of creativity that has been scarcely tapped by writers. “In the past, and I have personal experience, writers had to sit for hours sketching outlines, trying to come up with story lines, plots, characters, and adventure. Now, all you need to do is capture a dream, analyze it, outline it, match it to other dreams you have had, and

finally compare it to life situations you are aware of. Now you have a system that will work that will never run dry.”

Destiny had heard of Philip’s dream interpretations at the previous meeting and asked if there was a student who wanted a dream interpreted.

A young man stepped forward and spoke with a nervous tone into the microphone. “I had a disturbing dream recently where I saw a wrecked train pull into a station. The side of the train was completely torn off, and all the passengers were gone.”

Philip leaned into the mike and said, “You have two things going on here: first, this could be intel, and second, it may be futuristic. You could have a prophetic gift where you can see into the future and may be able to see key events that we could consider having high intelligent value. As far as reporting such an event like this to your local sheriff or law enforcement before it happens, well, you would need to know exactly where it happened, and you probably were not given that information.

“But do take this information and use it in an adventure novel. It’s rich; it has intrigue. I like the part of an empty train pulling up to a station with the side blown off, and all the passengers have vanished. It’s hugely shrouded in mystery, and people reading would want to know “how did this happen?” Now you have a story line in your novel: how *did* it happen? Now you may have other dreams that could fill in some of the other information.”

Destiny stepped forward and thanked Philip and told the audience that he had a busy travel schedule to keep. Philip and Kort left the stage area amid a huge applause and caught some dinner on the way to the airport. At dinner in a local downtown restaurant, Kort, after hearing Philip’s university presentation of intel, kept referring to the dream he had about a plane blowing up on the tarmac. Philip being so tired from speaking in front of over a thousand students just kept to his plate of chicken cordon bleu and an overflowing pot of hot coffee.

Kort just kept saying, “It was this huge ball of fire that came out of the side of it!”

The waitress stopped dead in her tracks and looked at him when he spoke as she filled his coffee cup. Kort smiled and said, “I watch too many movies!”

Giorgio placed a call to the general. "We got him at the airport. It's all set. This is one time they will never be able to escape our net. Just keep the cable news station on at your office, and you'll see what we have planned."

"Got it!" the general said as he picked up his remote control and switched on the television and surfed through the channels for the main cable news station. The general then figured it was time to celebrate and get ready for his emotional release from the Dreamer and Kort, so he poured a tall, chilly glass of his favorite burgundy wine, on the rocks, and sat back to enjoy the latest news.

It was just a short drive to the Elizabeth City Regional Airport. Kort and Philip needed to return their rental car and catch a plane from Elizabeth City back to Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport. They still had plenty of time to cover all the bases of checking their baggage and getting to the boarding area.

There was a strange feeling present that couldn't be explained. It was now fifteen minutes before boarding time, and they were sitting in the waiting area for Smooth Glide Airlines.

Kort looked over to Philip and cautioned, "I got a bad feeling about this flight!"

Philip gave Kort a look of agreement and stood up to walk around the room and try to get a handle on this strange feeling he shared. He stood at the large window looking out over the tarmac area and let his spirit man inside of him speak anything to him, in the quietness of the empty seated area where he meditated.

Still unsure of any cautions from the spiritual world, he turned to walk back over to where Kort waited and caught the glimpse of a woman standing in a crowded area, who was staring at him.

That looks like Barbara the angel! he thought, but people walking back and forth through the main aisle blocked his view. Philip quickly walked over to the place where he thought Barbara had stood and noticed that she was now gone, simply vanished! He looked to all corners of the large waiting area and didn't see a trace of her.

Suddenly, he reviewed her stare in the short glimpse he had of her face and noted that she had looked concerned.

Comprehending that this could be an angelic warning of some kind about their flight, he went back over to Kort and whispered, “I don’t think we better take this flight. I’ll tell you why later; let’s go over to the car rental company and get a rental instead!”

Kort looked up and whispered, “I was about to suggest that myself. I never felt right about this flight from the start, but what do we do about our baggage?”

At that moment, calls were being made for people to step up to the gate to board the Smooth Glide Airlines flight.

Philip surmised that the bags were already loaded and commented, “We’ll make a stop at Reagan Airport and pick them up when we get back to Washington.”

Kort obediently walked along with Philip through the hallway back to the car rental shop, and they used a credit card to secure a car to drive back to the city of OG.

As they drove out of the secure rental agency garage and drove down the road that led back to Weeksville drive, the main highway back to Elizabeth City, Kort, out of his trained curiosity as a former government spy, looked one more time at the Smooth Glide Airline flight that could have carried them to Washington; it taxied into position to take off, not far from the spot where they turned to get back to the main highway. Without warning, a huge fireball blew through the side of the plane about twelve feet back from the nose. This would be the location of the stewardess station and the front bathrooms.

The plane sat motionless, and flames were now dancing out of the eight-foot-wide black hole now created in the tangled aluminum skin. Sirens went off immediately, and the scene suddenly came to resemble a red ant farm that had just been disturbed by someone’s footprint. Fire trucks and ambulances were on the scene within a minute. Helicopters also lit up the sky and seemed to be searching the perimeter of the airport.

Kort stopped on the roadside and took several photos out his window with his iPhone, slammed the car back into drive, and commented, “Let’s get out of the country as fast as we can! These bastards mean more than business!”

Philip just sat and said, “Thank you, Barbara, wherever you are!”

Kort looked over at him like he was confused but didn’t have time to discuss Barbara, so they drove off toward Washington. Kort suddenly realizing that they wouldn’t be

getting their luggage back any time soon, if at all, spoke softly, “We will have to make a stop at a shopping center to get some new clothes. I hope you didn’t have any valuables in your luggage.”

Philip said, “Nope, I never pack anything I would miss.”

Their drive back to Washington was routine, except for a stop at the shopping center where they refit themselves with new underwear, shirts, and toiletries. While they were there, Philip and Kort used the Wi-Fi of one of the restaurants to check reservations on flights back to Perth, Australia.

Philip looked over to Kort who was chucking down a big beef burger and said, “I can put in the reservation now, but we’ll have to drive on to Baltimore. This flight leaves there at six tomorrow morning. We’ll have to drive until around 4:00 a.m. to get there, but we can catch a nap at the airport before the flight.”

Kort gave his approval with his hand up between a huge gulp of coffee and said, “I can drive all night, no problem!”

So now for the persecuted duo who just gave up their chance to go on to New York City, the Big Apple, they were ditching the madness of the city of OG and its environs and taking no more chances. Philip texted Misty back in Broome and let her know of the change of plans. His next text went to the public relations agent of the publishing company: “Personal emergency, cancel New York appointments, going back to Broome tomorrow. Philip.”

Kort noted to Philip after an hour of driving that there was a truck riding behind them at a distance. “If I speed up, he speeds up. If I slow way down, he stays back. We’re definitely being followed.” This brought even more nervousness to their trip to Baltimore; however, it was nighttime, and there was little traffic, so there wasn’t much the truck could do but follow; and that was probably all he was planning at this time to-do, but hold his position for another attempt up the road!

Kort planned to bypass Norfolk, Virginia, and all its traffic problems and had taken a divided highway to connect with the main Interstate 95, which would take them directly to Baltimore. Just a few miles before this juncture, a pickup truck flew by them and cut back in tightly to their front bumper. Kort’s eye caught a man crouched in the box of the pickup who was rolling something off the lowered tailgate. It was long, round like a log and had a black color. As it toppled off the tailgate onto the

roadway, Kort's high beams illuminated the imprint of fingers of two frozen hands stretching up on the black material from the inside out. Kort only had a brief second to put his car into the emergency lane to swerve around the object dropped practically in front of his wheels. The body bag with its contents bounced by the side of his vehicle with only fractions of an inch clearance, and the truck sped off recklessly at high speed in front of him and vanished in just seconds.

Philip was jarred out of a nap and asked, "What happened!"

Kort, now with hands frozen to the steering wheel in disbelief and short of breath, said, "Those dirty turds just tried to frame us with a dead body, good grief! These people know no shame."

Kort explained to Philip what had just occurred and commented on the motive for their attempted frame. "What they were attempting to accomplish was that they wanted us to hit the dead body. By doing so, we would have spent the rest of the night in the local sheriff station answering questions. This would have given them time to plan one of their silent stings to finish us off. They need time to plan their hits. They can't just drive by and shoot us. They need to make everything look like an accident. They hate police investigations just as much as criminals do.

"They saw through break lines, fly by and cut you off into other traffic, roll rocks down hills, shoot out tires, stage mock suicides with you as the victim, bake you with high-frequency radio waves while you sleep, which they can do standing outside your house.

"Then they have sophisticated delivery systems, a real hell's kitchen for poisoning people, including fountain pens filled with poison projectiles, briefcases that can spread bacterial aerosols, poison candies, invisible powders, and the non-discernable microbioinoculator, a high-tech dart gun that injects a tiny poison-tipped dart into the bloodstream without leaving a mark on the body.

"In other situations, it was necessary for the CIA to develop poisons where death came after a time delay, after eight to twelve hours. That would allow an assassin to get away and deflect any suspicion." [26]

Philip shot in, "Can you imagine how hard it would have been for us to return the rental car at the agency with a *dead*

body sheriff's report in our hands for their insurance company?"

"Exactly," Kort murmured, "they play dirty. We also may have been told to stay here in the country until the investigation was completed. That's what they really were after. We would just check in at the hotel in downtown Washington and put out the welcome mat for them!"

Philip was curious about something, "Where do you suppose they got that dead body from anyway?"

Kort laughed. "Oh, that's an easy one for the mob masters. People who live on the streets often carry no identification, they are easy targets for them. Nobody probably cared about who that was, no family will check up on it, and the crooked coroner will just process the body as a missing person and send it to the crooked mortuary to be burned and placed in an urn."

"If you don't mind, let's make some good time getting to the airport. I'm going to keep the speed at three miles per hour above the limit!" Philip asked. "We're going to have to take a rest break sometime. How are we going to do that?"

Kort nodded, "What you do when you are being targeted is only pull in where there are cameras posted. That would be most major interstate gas stations. If you pull into a private station, you're toast. They will try to jump you when you are in the restroom. Highway rest stops are too dangerous even if they have guards posted. They have a lot of dark, shadow areas."

Philip looked over at Kort. "Man, am I glad that you came. I would already be Swiss cheese! How did you avoid hitting that body anyway? They dropped that thing almost in front of your bumper."

"It's an old trick they teach you in law enforcement school: you touch the brakes and crank the wheel at the same time, putting the car into a slide where it briefly stops the forward momentum transferring the energy into the direction of the slide. Don't try this at home though!" Kort mused.

"Whew! We live by fractions of an inch. I can't wait to be back in Australia with my wife. This makes me miss her like I never had before!" Philip shared.

"Well, we have about two more hours left of fuel. Richmond, Virginia, is up ahead. We'll fill up somewhere between it and Washington. Don't drink too much coffee. We can't afford to make any extra stops. You may have to pee in a bottle if you have to go in between," Kort ordered.

Philip smiled and said, "What if I have to go number 2, Daddy?" Kort tilted his head back, saying, "You might get some brown britches. You'll be right up there with Lord Nelson and the British navy when they met the full French fleet!"

It was a dark night on the highways of Virginia. The clock was ticking, and the CIA was tracking. Kort noticed that a new car that had been following them was now gone, for now they were all alone, except for an occasional eighteen-wheeler.

The lights of the evil city of OG were on the horizon. It was after one in the morning, and Washington DC traffic was light this time of night, so they could take the main freeway directly through the heart of OG's spying eyes. Baltimore's Washington International Airport was within their time frame, just ahead another hour.

As soon as they arrived, they would turn in the rental car and head right to the secure boarding area of the airport where Kort was sure they would be safe until departure. They had to make one more fuel and rest stop just on the other side of Washington, and Kort was planning-ahead from his previous big-city years there, as to which of the interchanges had the best camera coverage.

The ride through downtown Washington was tense, but strangely vacant of any signs of casing by CIA operatives; the road was still clear behind them. Kort was beginning to wonder if perhaps the last card they were going to play might be closer to Baltimore's airport. The time came to fill up the rental car on the north side of the capital city and merge off the interstate. Kort pulled into a well-lit gas and tummy station and told Philip to get in and out of the restrooms ASAP. Kort filled the rental car and paid with his card at the pump, and then went in to use the restroom. This business catered to truckers, carrying a selection of clothing, which the two travelers grabbed a few items of; especially undergarments. Philip paid for everything they needed, including food.

When they returned to the car, still parked at the pumps, a business van had pulled into the off-street parking area adjacent to them. Kort sensed the possibility of a tailing vehicle and didn't say anything until he could see if they would follow. He put the car into gear and drove to the freeway entrance, checking

his mirrors. Surely as fate would have it, the white business van began to follow their trail. Kort gave it ample gas and got back on the freeway and kept a vigil watching the white van trailing. They now had just thirty-five minutes until they would enter the safety of the international airport. Kort kept up a steady speed and noticed that the white van was closing in on them from behind. "If this dork hits my rear bumper hard enough, the airbags will deploy, and we're done! I better keep him from getting too close-hang on!"

The white van did exactly what Kort expected. It came right in, full bore, for a direct hit from behind. Kort put down the gas pedal, anticipating the hit to prevent the van from connecting with more than a love bump, with his foot to the floor, their speed now exceeding ninety miles an hour. The white van was gaining slowly, and Kort kept the speed increasing, knowing that the van couldn't hit him at this high speed without itself rolling over.

Kort and Philip were one of the first cars ever to drive to Baltimore airport from Washington DC on the main freeway in excess of ninety miles an hour! What would have taken a leisurely thirty-five minutes was by the minute being reduced by one-third! The white van gave up after ten minutes of high speeds and took the Beltsville exit.

"Woooooh!" exclaimed Philip as Kort finally took his foot off the gas. "I did buy some new underwear but wasn't planning on changing my pants that soon, I'm with Lord Nelson now!"

"Yeah, I know, that was quite a ride. That rock head couldn't hit us directly if I kept the speed over eighty-five, or he would have flipped when he connected. That was close though! Well, we only have around twenty-some miles left, so hopefully that's the last of 'em. Wait, oh, here we go!"

Coming directly up behind them was a full-size souped-up yellow semi. It was a beautiful creation with a huge chrome bumper and mag wheels and highly visible steel pipes going straight up. It was a most intimidating figure of a machine on the road and was closing in on Kort's bumper.

Kort watched carefully until he was sure that the semi, a truck with no trailer, violated the reasonable cushion of air between them. The semi's bumper was now just a foot from the back of the rental car, and Kort pushed the pedal down to keep the semi from closing in any closer. This game went on for a

mile or so, and Kort said to Philip, "Get out your iPhone and get ready to GPS the airport. As soon as the next exit comes up, start to call off to me any alternate route options. We're going to have to go cross-country to get away from this beast."

Philip began directives with, "It's two miles. Take the Laurel Race Course Road."

Kort nodded and put the pedal all the way to the floor. With the needle now buried, it was hard to tell the exact speed they were going. The semi was now five car lengths behind and gaining slowly. It only took a minute to cover two miles at their speed, and as the Laurel exit closed in on them, Kort didn't indicate a turn with his blinker.

He kept up the top speed to the last possible second for the off-ramp lane. He hit the brakes and merged the speeding vehicle to the off ramp, just barely holding the road and breaking as hard as he could without going into a total slide. As he approached the coming intersection, he locked the breaks for the last hundred yards.

The semi behind him was fooled. They thought he would go straight and had to come to a full stop on the side of the freeway, reversed, and pull onto the off ramp. This gave Kort and Philip a little time to get ahead to the next turn. Philip read off the next highway number to Kort. "Turn on Highway number 1 north."

Kort followed suit, and they were now headed north on a four-lane access road with no semi yet in the rear-view mirror until they were almost a mile up the road.

Kort told Philip that they could keep "this monkey" off their bumper if they took some more side streets. "Give me one more option off Highway 1 that will connect to the airport."

Philip did some searching with his GPS map system and found one. "Take a right on Jessup Road and then a left onto Clark, which will take us almost all the way." The semi was closing in on them through moderate traffic. Kort had to keep the forty-mile-an-hour speed limit, but there were a few cars between them. Kort kept swimming the roadway between cars to keep as many cars spacing them as he could.

The Jessup Road was a quick turn. The traffic was still moderate, so he kept swimming and Clark Road was just another three miles ahead. Once they turned on Clark Road, a two-lane city parkway, the traffic was more spread out, and Kort was able to pass cars at will. This made it even more difficult for the semi

to close in. There were now five cars between them, and Kort used every opportunity to pass anyone he could.

They came to a stadium at the end of Clark Road, and Philip gave the final directives to the airport. "Take this four-lane road north a half mile, and then take a right on Dorsey, and we're there!"

The rest of the ride was direct, and the blue lights of the airport runways were one of the most welcome sights of the whole trip.

"Blue lights-we're saved!" Philip said as they entered the security gates of the airport and drove past the guardhouse. "Car rental returns to your left," Philip urged Kort.

Kort pulled the rental car into the return lot, and they both departed with just their computer bags and bagged items from their quick shopping stop. After dealing with the car rental agency and the new scratches on the bumper, they were waved off that it wasn't too bad, and they almost ran to the ticket-counter, so they could go next to the secure boarding area. There they would use the bathrooms to clean up and get some of the clean clothing that they had just purchased on.

The flight was scheduled for departure at 6:00 a.m., with no delays expected. Until the flight, they would catch a nap on the lounge chairs and then depart Baltimore for Chicago, fly to Hong Kong, and then on to Perth, Australia, the terra incognita of the known world. Philip sent on a text to his wife notifying her of his flight schedule and his expected ETA.

Misty was so excited and at the same time had no idea of the dangers that he and Kort just had been delivered from. It's unlikely that either Kort or Philip would ever set foot on the mainland of the United States again. Terra Australis Incognita would be their new home for the future.

Perhaps Europe could be our next possibility for travel with the publishing company, Philip thought as they waited to board the plane, there are so many places there that have such rich history and good coffee shops!

Until Kort and Philip heard the call for boarding and walked through the gate, there was this sense of split-second timing, a knowledge that if there was one more delay, or perhaps any glitch with their tickets, their chance to escape the men from OG would be foundered, much like a ship in the storm that is blown into the rocks.

Fortunately for them both, the lady checked the printed codes on their tickets, tore off the stub, and handed them back the folder customarily, with a big smile. As they walked the one hundred yards down the elevated walkway to the airplane's entrance door, every step meant freedom, *from OG!*

Kort whispered to Philip as he entered the door to the plane, "I feel like I am on a moon walk, and all the world is a million miles away!"

After the plane taxied to the takeoff position, and the engines began to roar with the power of the liftoff, pushing them back into their narrow seats, they both looked at each other and began to laugh. The release from the grip of OG was most relieving to them both, and they couldn't keep their feelings private any longer. They felt like two mad scientists that had just discovered a serum to bring the dead back to life.

Philip looked over to Kort and grabbed his forearm and just couldn't stop laughing. Once they were at the top cruising altitude, the pilot came over the public communications speaker and gave an update on their altitude and ETA to Chicago. He also gave the temperatures for Chicago and flight travel conditions. "Skies are partly cloudy for most of the trip. There will be a couple of storm clouds that we will have to fly around, but conditions will be fair as we land in Chicago."

The stewardess began to visit individual passengers offering drinks and free bags of peanuts or party mix of which Kort and Philip both needed after laughing their throats almost dry. After things settled down a bit, Kort began the long eighteen-hour flight with some thoughts that he had about the future. "You know, we are going to have to stay in Australia for a long time and will have to convince the government that we need to stay there. One of the best ways I know from working in intelligence is that when the secret government wants to keep a spy in another country for a long time, they have them start a business. It's known as a cookie-cutter business. Some are warehouse operations that resemble a produce delivery service, or something like that, which gives the undercover operatives trucks and routes to run to do their espionage activities unobserved. It gives them a foot to operate from, which makes their stay legitimate."

Philip offered, "That is interesting because I always wanted to start a coffee shop. I have always been a coffee aficionado and

have some other ideas too that could go along with making a coffee shop a community magnate.”

Kort’s eyes lighted up, and his curiosity was piqued and had to ask, “Okay, tell me more.”

Philip then gave almost a full business plan in just a few phrases. “First, the coffee has to be fresh. If it sits around more than a half hour, even in a coffee thermos, it settles and gets acidic. You will lose customers in a flash if your coffee gets old and bitter. Next, you must have the correct roasting equipment. It needs to be state-of-the-art where it suspends the beans in the air, in an oven roaster, and must be computer controlled.

“Then, you let the beans cool and rest for at least twelve hours before it is packaged, and then it should be double sealed! Serving the coffee, you need to have timer numbers by every thermos to make sure it doesn’t sit in the thermos more than a half hour. After it exceeds the time limit, the coffee left in the thermos should be poured down the drain. Having some waste is just part of the business.

“Next, to keep customers coming, you need to be international. You should have three different blends of coffee offered every day for them to choose from. Two should be from around the world, and one should be the house blend. There are many different areas of the world that produce tasty beans: Guatemala, Arabia, Ethiopia, South America, the United States, Africa, and Australia.

“And don’t forget the tea. Not everyone who comes into a coffee shop drinks coffee, especially if they are a guest meeting a regular there. In kind, a full line of herbal English teas and chai tea are a necessity!”

“Wow, sounds like you are ready to go into the coffee business?” Kort laughed.

Philip agreed, “But there is more to make the whole business a community success. Some restaurants in Bend, Oregon, have caught on to having a comedy night to bring people in on the slower evenings. I went to a couple of these when I was there; Bend is known to a lot of locals as being the comedy capital of the region. Having comedy nights can be a big draw for many restaurants and coffee shops.

“I have noticed though that it probably could be quite expensive for the business owner to bring in, week by week, big-name comedians from the big cities. I think the answer is to have

your own *in-house* comedian.” Philip looked directly out the corner of his eye into Kort’s eye.

Kort laughed out loud and said, “You think I could be funny?”

Philip nodded his head positively and said, “You have a natural bent to be funny.” Remember when we were in Williamsburg with all those curious people and the quick answers you gave them? You could see that they were amused by your wit!”

Kort looked down at his drink and said, “Well, I always have enjoyed being different, but never actually wrote anything on paper.”

Philip encouraged him, “Well, here is your chance to be employed and be as different as you desire to be.”

Kort cocked his head and said, “Okay, I’ll give it a try.”

The rest of the plane trip was routine. There was one plane transfer in Hong Kong; but they were now far enough away from their old friends in the CIA that all they did was to keep an eye out. After they switched in Perth onto the local regional airline, they landed in Broome on time, and Misty was at the airport to greet them.

The two travelers hadn’t had a bath in two days, so she rushed them both home to get cleaned up and to make them a huge meal. After dinner, Philip and Kort both apologized to her that they would need time to sleep from the jet lag, and they both conked out in the living room, Kort on the sofa and Philip in the easy chair. Misty continued to care for their every need. In her mind, it was like having two sick children recovering from a sudden illness. Kort woke up the next morning and sneaked out to go back to his own living arrangement, promising with a note to be in contact.

“You have got to be kidding!” the general said to Giorgio. “Oh, I watched the news all right. Did you really think you could catch Kort off guard on an airplane?”

Giorgio responded back with the results, “Yah, sorry, it was planned as a surgical take-out. The explosion was in the front stewardess station, near first class. The flight manifest showed their seats to be in that area, and they were the only passengers scheduled for first-class that night. So, all we did was blow a

hole in the front of an airplane-relax. We'll make sure the job goes south. We'll tie it to one of the dictators in South America. That will work best as the United States government would never send a war plane or missile down there!"

"Okay, but cool your jets! I don't want this much publicity. I thought we agreed to always work in secret. You just created an international incident!" the general chided.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of the aftermath," Giorgio reassured him and hung up quickly.

Three months had passed, and Philip and Misty had been working diligently on getting their new planned coffee shop business off the ground to convince the Australian government of their intentions to stay and work in the Land Down Under.

Philip sent an e-mail to Kort and asked if he could meet him at 624 Queen Anne Boleyn street at ten the next morning for coffee. Kort thought that someone must have opened a new coffee shop in town; he hadn't heard of this one before. He had walked down that almost-deserted corner of the city before, and all he had seen was a vacant storefront.

Having no idea that Philip was inviting him to the grand opening of their new state-of-the art coffee cafe, just on the border of China Town, Kort arrived in time to see a new business, the Terra Incognita Cafe. Kort walked inside and up to the counter to see Misty smiling his way.

Looking around in a 180, he spotted some of Misty's colorful artwork that she had completed while he and Philip were on their trip to the United States. There was a beautiful seascape of the crystal-blue ocean and Cable Beach, another of the stunning Kimberly mountain region with the red hues and the blue-black outlines of the spiky rocks. Then there was the portrait of a woman with angel wings, Barbara.

He was almost speechless as he placed his order for the daily special. "I'll take the Mountain Backpackers blend."

Misty filled him in on the character of this particular coffee by saying, "This is a robust blend geared toward backpackers who are used to a good spike from campground coffees!" She laughed and poured him a cup and pointed to Philip, who was sitting at a table near the back doing business paperwork.

As Kort walked to the table to join Philip, he looks up and

greeted him, "Welcome to our new workplace. We just opened this morning, and *you* are our first most valuable customer!"

Kort sat down and said, "Wow, you must have worked hard to get all this done in such a short time span!"

Philip mused, "It's a toss-up between the hours of paperwork with the Australian government or the procurement of all the special coffee equipment. We had to make one run all the way down to Perth, over five hundred miles! In kind, it was good for both of us to have a project to work on. We'll do some advertising now and let the townspeople know that we are here."

"I see you have quite a menu of unique coffee blends," Kort said as he looked at the menu. "I like the idea of having an international daily special and a house blend."

"That's right, one day we are in Peru. The next, Indonesia. It gives the customer a chance to experience coffees from all over the world," Philip added.

Kort took a long sip of his Backpackers blend and commented, "This coffee has the same kick as espresso. It's great. I can feel my brain cells waking up!"

Philip laughed and motioned with his hand for Misty to come over to their table for a minute. As she joined them by Philip's side, Philip looked at Kort and offered, "We are starting a comedy, open mike night, and we need someone to be the MC. We would be so thrilled if you would join us on Friday night and share some of your wit with our customers for our first open mike."

Kort smiled and took a sideways look to the stage set up behind them and laughed. "I don't have any experience on stage. Are you sure that I can be of any help?"

Philip looked at Misty for her input. "You can give it a try. I mean, who else in this town could make people laugh! You have always been funny around me," she said.

Kort just couldn't say no to Misty, and Philip knew that, which was why he had her come over to join him. Kort nodded with his full shoulders bowing to follow suit and said, "Why not? I told you on the plane that I'd do it, so I guess I'll go ahead and give it a shot. So what's the scoop, I tell a joke and then introduce the next act?" Philip nodded to the affirmative and added, "You can do that and anything else you want to try to make the night memorable for our patrons. Just show up after 7:00 p.m. and we'll get the night rolling. The one acts can do

anything they want: sing, tell jokes, read poetry, and we also have a karaoke machine if they need music accompaniment. I'll help you with the karaoke machine."

"Sounds like fun, I'll start to write some comedy lines this week. It will give me something to do. You know, it's funny, I have always wanted to try stand-up comedy, thanks!"

Misty went back to work when some new customers came to the front counter. "Welcome to Terra Incognita. Can I take your order?" Kort looked over at Philip and whispered, "She won on your heart. Now she'll win theirs!"

Philip smiled and went back to sorting his paperwork, mumbling, "I suppose that there is the possibility that *the company* may send someone over to inspect my new operation here someday."

Kort laughed. "Yah, they'll probably think you opened a new *cookie-cutter* spy operation, it'll drive them nuts, but then, they deserve to be bonkers!" They both laughed out loud.

God's Protection Over Believers

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

-Psalm 91:11-12 (*Hebrew-Greek Keyword Study Bible*)

[27_

God's Judgment on the Wicked

But God shall shoot at them with an arrow: suddenly shall they be wounded.

-Psalm 64:7 (*Hebrew-Greek Keyword Study Bible*)[28]

God's Hope

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience, and experience, hope: And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

-Romans 5:3-5 (*Hebrew-Greek Keyword Study Bible*)[29]

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Characters

Hunter Bannister: FBI special investigator to the Florida Task Force on Prostitution, cooperating with the St. Augustine Police Department.

Barbara: An angel sent from heaven to warn Philip of impending dangers.

Lisa Bogadeen: Cleveland, Ohio, office manager for the FBI, sent along with Hunter Bannister and Terry Rainer on the X1 investigation and pursuit to sharpen her skills.

Brady the Beak: Hitman hired by the Green Snake and X1.

Earl Butteman: Personal-friend of President Dearden. Comedian, played on stage as Esther HoOt.

Trung Can: ambassador of Socialist Republic of Vietnam.

The police chief: St. Augustine Police Department, overseer of investigations.

Children of Corn: A name for children of Mafia leaders; Katie and Nick Franchesco, the children of X1 are examples.

Xeri Chong: The new northern representative in Vietnam who took over for Chang Ti after he was removed by X6.

The colonel: SRO (senior ranking officer) at JSOC, in charge of the JSOC team that apprehended Wong Tang in Ho Chi Minh City in Vietnam.

Harold Courtier: Former mayor, buried at Waterford Gardens in Bend, Oregon. Slack Brothers Funeral Home did the Chinese hotel funeral.

Ginger David: The president's press secretary.

Liza Dean: The FBI undercover agent found dead on Highway 16, who was working for the Florida Task Force on Prostitution. She uncovered X1's prostitution network of thousands of women in slavery.

President Richard "Spike" Dearden: POTUS (president of the United States), negotiated for the trade and release of remaining POWs in Vietnam.

Destiny: Representative for the Elizabeth City writers' guild. Secretary of Defense Ronald Fabian: Helped to secure a deal for U.S. POWs being held in Vietnam.

Major Chip Forester: SRO (senior ranking officer) of the Ho Mansion in Hanoi.

Katie and Nick Franchesco: AKA Children of Corn, son and daughter of X1. Fled to St. Augustine police station for protection.

Fred: Store owner in Elk Lake, Oregon. He gave Philip directions to Misty Keller's home and art studio.

Giorgio Garlini: Thirty-year veteran with CIA at Langley, Virginia. Friend of the general at the Pentagon. Also associated with the boys at the Coffee Club.

Sergeant Sam Gedescar: St. Augustine Police Department, originally handled the case of the dead "prostitute" (FBI undercover agent Liza Dean) on the roadway.

Duncan George: Washington DC party master.

Gerry: Minister in Nugget, Australia, who married Philip and Misty. John Hendricks: Maryland State Police and Drug Enforcement Task Force, investigating the shortcomings of the congressman Ben Parington.

Bart Hollingsworth: On staff to Congressman Ben Parington, Republican, Tampa, Florida.

A. Harry Hull, part of the plumber control team, involved in Watergate. May also have been a player in *the big event*.

Jenny: Philip's wealthy grandmother who left him a fortune.

John Joyce: Publisher. Connected to the CIA and underworld, throws a party in St. Augustine where "water bottles" are distributed.

Misty Keller: Age thirty-nine, medium build, height five feet, six inches. Very soft blond hair. Small-town artist living in Elk Lake, Oregon. She saw Barbara the angel in an apparition and made a drawing and later included it in a painting that caught Philip's eye. She has a home-based art studio in her garage at Elk Lake. She later marries Philip in Australia.

Jane Kelly: Former and deceased mistress of the president, whose name was signed on the card X1 handed to Philip.

Kort: A former Washington DC Pentagon hit man who switched sides to protect Philip McKenna and keep him safe and secure from any CIA-sponsored attacks.

Larry: The honest mechanic from Winnemucca, Nevada who worked on Philip's truck.

McGinnis: The rival "crime family" clan of the McKennas who took out a president for power and control of the East Coast Mafia trade.

Philip McKenna: Age 35, slim build, black hair, 5'8." Code

named the Dreamer by the CIA and the underworld. He is the main character of this book, a journalist always looking for a good story.

The McKenna family: A powerful, wealthy political family, one of the most visible in America.

Bob McKenna: Former President of the United States, POTUS.

Hugh McKenna: Brother of Bob McKenna. Husband of Julianne.

Douglas McKenna: Senior member and patriarch of the McKenna family, father of Bob and Hugh.

Julianne McKenna: wife of Hugh McKenna, murdered by X1 and his underworld contacts. Philip proposes to dedicate his newly planned book to her.

The McKenna Team:

Mr. Miller: Lead private investigator for the McKenna family.

Moose: Bodyguard for the McKenna team.

Lorna West: McKenna family secretary.

Senator George McKinney: U.S. Senate select commission on POW affairs.

Richard O'Malley: Senior detective of the St. Augustine Police Department and Terry Rainer's boss.

Secretary of State Denise Milner: Assisted the president in securing a trade deal for U.S. POWs in Vietnam.

Congressman Ben Parington: Republican of Tampa, Florida, district, busted for drug possession. His *real* trial was with the media.

Pizza Head: Cleveland crime boss under X1, AKA Gerald Herman.

Tom Purdy: Private First Class, released in 1999, was the first POW repatriated since the 1973 Paris Peace Accords.

Annette Puzzo: Socialite public relations representative for the Williamsburg writers' guild.

Terry Rainer: Assistant detective to her boss, Detective Richard O'Malley, of the St. Augustine Police Department. She was the quintessential best interviewer and rising star investigator in the department.

Dirk Ramos: Washington DC drug dealer interviewed by the drug enforcement task force. He spilled the beans on Congressman Ben Parington.

Shadow Figure: Head of the CIA training school in St. Augustine. Only those close to him know his name. Even his code name is kept secret. Bore a striking resemblance to one of the former leaders of the KGB (out of fear of the unknown, nobody in his sphere of influence ever mentioned this).

Green Snake: The thug that X1 hired to persecute Philip McKenna. Drove the green Chevy Malibu that changes hues in the sunlight. Lieutenant Thomas: Worked on the drug bust of Congressman Ben Parington.

Tony “the Big Tooth” Scarelli: Tampa crime boss over the prostitution network in Florida directly under the Pizza Head of Cleveland.

Mr. Slack: Mortician. He did the funeral for the former mayor, Harold Courtier. He later realized some possible indiscretions about the burial and kept silent.

Erin Springer: Florida state representative of Tampa involved in the prostitution network.

Nam Quoc Su: Politburo member, Socialist Republic of Vietnam. Involved in the important vote to release U.S. POWs.

Wong Tang: South Vietnamese Cashew King. Traded for POWs.

Senator Dan Terry: U.S. select commission on POW affairs.

Lieutenant Thomas: Washington DC Police Department and Drug Enforcement Task Force, investigating the shortcomings of congressman Ben Parington.

Brady Ventura: Democratic congressman, California, stepped on by Giorgio and the general.

Waitress 1: The country girl at the Towne Buzz who had a humorously short fuse.

Waitress 2: Marta the manager/waitress at the Broken Shell Cafe, who made Philip very comfortable, sometimes with free coffee and light conversation.

The X operatives:

X1: *The Scavenger*, head representative of the powerful banking syndicate and member of the Franchesco crime family of Cleveland, Ohio, a mob family. Also, a member of the Guardians of the Backwater of St. Augustine, Florida. Although X1 has an Italian last name, he really is Irish, as Irish mobsters, to walk in a strict cloak of secrecy, change their last names to *sound Italian*. No person knows his actual name, other than the

Italian last name he uses, Franchesco.

X6: *The Kingpin*, CIA representative, AKA Mitch Vanderbilt. Member of the Guardians of the Backwater of St. Augustine, Florida.

X9: *The Flyer*, retired CIA operations pilot, AKA Walter Stair. Flew for Air America and smuggled plane loads of marijuana back to the United States during the Vietnam conflict.

X100: AKA Omar Zwahari, Egyptian CIA operative. Worked for CIA-front corporation, Band Corporation, a CIA think tank, and recruiting center for high I/Q code breakers and analysts. Third-level operative.

X412: CIA operative who came to Broome, Australia, to trail Philip. Was sent home by Kort in a most unusual way. Third- level operative.

X51: The Crazy Korean. Member of Mafia syndicate.

Venues

Anastasia University: A secret espionage school on Anastasia Island, secretly disguised as a State permit training facility, of which the CIA uses for part of the year.

The Blue Mountain Cafe, Bend, Oregon: Where Philip met Barbara, the angel.

Broken Shell Cafe, St. Augustine, Florida, on Anastasia Island: A twenty-four-hour safe house for Philip.

Fortune Kong Hotel: Central Ho Chi Minh City, District 1. FBI team stayed here.

Parrot Fever: Congressman Ben Parington's official hangout. He meets here for a drug deal and is busted.

River Crest Community: Location of Wong Tang's home near Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam.

The Sky-High Coffee Shop, Bend, Oregon: Where Philip met with Mr. Miller.

The Towne Buzz, St. Augustine, Florida: Home of the original Coffee Club where Philip meets the first three X operatives.

Geographical Areas

Bend, Oregon: Philip flees to this city, inspired by a dream. Here he meets Barbara the angel and his future wife, Misty.

Bora Bora: Part of French Polynesia, with a capital at Pape'ete. Bora Bora was put on the map by a WW2 airport located on one of its outer keys. Now a resort with golf courses, it's a major tourist stop in the Society Islands. It is also a hideaway for underworld gangsters on the lam.

Broome, Australia: Philip travels here to meet with Mr. Miller at the McKenna family ranch. Here Philip and Misty get married and purchase a historic home. Philip writes a book in Broome and has it published.

Elizabeth City: Located in the north of North Carolina. A port along the inter-coastal waterway. It is a historical city and has a variety of arts and culture. Philip gave a speech here at a local Christian university.

Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam: Home of Wong Tang, "the Cashew King," and his worldwide distribution warehouse.

Lakewood: Suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, location of the "holiday pizza delivery massacre."

St. Augustine Florida: One of America's most historic cities, much of the first third of the story takes place here. Home of the Guardians of the Backwater, the protectors of the fountain which makes one youthful.

Washington DC: the city of OG, home of the original gangsters.

Williamsburg, Virginia: One of the most historic cities in the United States; it has a strong art and culture community. Philip gave a speech here for the local writers' guild.

Glossary

The Company: a coded term that officially refers to the Central Intelligence Agency.

Company Asset: a person chosen by the CIA to work for them in a key position in a domestic or foreign government, industry, or military position. These are very dangerous assignments for the asset, as they are often inexperienced in espionage and can make mistakes. Even other spy agencies can easily spot an asset working in their sphere of influence.

Doctrine of Dirty Tricks: associated with the secret espionage training program at Anastasia University. Here operatives learn the art of cyber warfare, framing people, surveillance, and a host of other harassing techniques to target other international spy agencies.

don: the head of a mafia family or syndicate.

espionage: the act or art of spying to receive secret information for an organization or government.

Guardians of the Backwater: a secret society in St. Augustine, Florida who are committed to protecting the flow of an underground spring in the St. Augustine area that has water that can make one youthful. They were also connected to the CIA and the underworld.

hard player: Someone who is very skillful in escaping snares and traps set by the CIA or the underworld. Philip was a hard player and frustrated even the higher-ups in the CIA hierarchy.

interpretive dream gift: a cognitive gift where one is able to see into things, the future, and understanding in all visions and dreams.

Moll: sometimes referred to a gun moll, a gangster's girlfriend, in some cases in charge of recruitment of high-dollar prostitutes; she befriends and later introduces them to the don (mobster).

OG: The original gangster. Origin of OG comes from the gigantic biblical Ammorite king. In Philip's mind, the city of OG is Washington DC.

operative: someone who works in espionage, whether it be

for the CIA, a foreign spy agency, or the underworld; a spy.

operative ID numbering system: The operative ID numbering system in this book is as follows: one digit in a title like X1, denotes someone who is a head operative. Two digits in a title, like X51, denotes someone who is very experienced in his area of expertise and extremely dangerous to spies from another entity. Three digits in a title denotes someone, like X412, who is third level, and has been recently trained and is relatively new to the world of spies and espionage. They can be effective or inexperienced, depending upon their own level of expertise. Also, operatives sometimes take, or are appointed, nickname titles like: *the Scavenger*, *the Flyer*, or *the Kingpin*. They may also fool people by giving them a real name like Tom, Dick, or Jane; however, these are usually just one of many common names that they use.

Precog: precognition, have knowledge of life situations and possible future events by a gifted, higher sensory sensitivity.

safe houses: a carefully chosen, guarded home or building where spies can meet and live, domestically or in foreign nations.

spy: someone sent by a government or organization to secretly obtain information about an industry/military establishment/ person or government with competitive or sometimes hostile intent.

underworld: Made up of mobsters and crooked CIA agents and sometimes government officials. It's a world that operates underneath the surface of society, complete with its own economy and law enforcement. It uses money, murder, frame-up, extortion, and intimidation to achieve its ends.

wet work: murder and disposal of a body, often in a body of water, by a CIA third party who does all their dirty work.

Yeshua: The original name of the Christian Christ from the Aramaic language, a Semitic language widely used at the time of Christ throughout SW Asia

About Andrew Smith

Originally from Minty-snow-ta (Minnesota), some of the most enjoyable times of Andrew Smith's life are his work, or volunteer work, in different communications/media outlets. Having professional skills in radio, television and print media, he once worked for one of the largest media research companies in the U.S. Some of his other work experiences include Radio, as an announcer, and marketing and distribution for a couple of small newspaper publications. He once owned a successful small business corporation in Florida for over a decade, and hosted his own international radio show on shortwave radio. As a volunteer, he was on the board of directors of a Minnesota based radio station, and produced a church-based cable TV program on a large northern Minnesota cable system for several years; also serving as the communications director of a large church in Florida. Andrew now lives at the base of the far western mountains of the United States.

Acknowledgments

Writing acknowledgments to a book that outlines activities of rogue elements of the CIA and the underworld is not an easy task, so I will do the best I can. I would like to thank, nonofficially, my old *retired* friends from Florida, who shared a table with me at our favorite *Irish* restaurant, weekday mornings...early! For the record, I will disclose that they introduced themselves to me, not I to them. My reason for going to the restaurant was simply to enjoy a good cup of coffee. From their addictive conversation of assignments-past, and around the world, I got a glimpse into the life of the Intelligence service, and the underworld. By their admissions, they aligned themselves as veterans of Intelligence work, one of whom was a *real asset*!

So, with my old *retired* friends in mind, then I will give my compliments to Senator Kefauver's 1950 hearings, *I plead the fifth*! And, to hold on to what I still have left, *all rights reserved*! And of course, as I sail my make-believe yacht around the Caribbean in sometimes unchartered waters, I need to say, *I have few regrets*, as I have more *intelligence* now than I ever had dreamed of. In conclusion, the Book of Daniel speaks truth to my old Florida friends in one brief sentence, "ME'NE ME'NE TE'KEL U-PHAR'SIN!"[27] Knowing them, it won't take very long to decipher this ancient code. Again, I thank them for *nonofficially* supplying a lot of the background information for the outline of this book. My friendship with them was so unexpected!

Appendix A

TWA Flight 800

The crash of TWA Flight 800 is connected to two other airplane crashes; so in order to understand fully what happened it is necessary to start from the beginning: In the 1990s Ron Brown was the acting Secretary of the Commerce Department and was involved in a couple of different missions that preceded his death. He also had a disagreement with then President Bill Clinton and had threatened to expose Clinton's dirty laundry, or the selling of satellite technology to the Chinese against U.S. government guidelines:

In June 1994, the CEO of Loral Space and Communications, Bernard Schwartz, made a \$100,000 contribution to the Democratic National Committee. He then joined a Ron Brown trip to China that led to a \$250 million telecommunications deal for Loral's satellites to be launched by Chinese rockets [in violation of U.S. law at the time].[1]

To further the disagreement, Secretary Brown had been involved in more illegal business dealings with his boss, and Brown himself was under investigation for corruption:

Records show that Commerce Secretary Ron Brown used his position to raise illegal donations for the Clintons. Brown turned the Commerce Department into a shakedown machine, just the way the Mafia shakes down businesses. Commerce under Clinton was a protection racket. Donate to the Clintons or something bad might happen to your company. Or your kids.[2]

Brown's final business dealings began with a mega business deal between two key entities: a modular home builder and a powerful financier who were planning a residential development in the third world, the Ivory Coast. The key negotiator, a businessman working with Ron Brown was a man who was reportedly on TWA Flight 800 when it went down on July 17, 1996: Mohammed Samir Ferrat, a wealthy Algerian-born businessman and financier. He was with Ron Brown at the signing of a £62.5 million contract between a major financing

firm and a U.S. construction company, Chatwick Inc, who would build modular homes on the Ivory Coast.[3] At the same time investigations into Ron Brown's business dealings were pointing to indictments where Brown had spoken publicly that he would "not go to jail alone." [4] Also, he told President Clinton that he was prepared to expose his dirty dealings with the Chinese if Clinton didn't help his son who later pled guilty to money laundering. It wasn't long after this tension with Clinton that Ron was on an official trade mission to Croatia, April 3, 1996. He flew in a USAF plane with 35 dignitaries, and several from his own staff; included were key business representatives who wanted to conduct business in that region of the world. He never arrived safely to his destination though; instead, the USAF CT43-A, a military version of a Boeing 737, crashed into a hillside near Dubrovnik, Croatia. After the crash, the Clinton administration covered up *everything*, hiring a professional legal strategist, and not allowing an autopsy, even though examiners later found a bullet hole in Brown's skull. One lady survived the crash and was up walking around. She was later taken to a hospital where she was discovered dead with a broken neck. These two scenarios show that the secret government sent in a "cleansing team." Witnesses said that "Americans" were at the crash site before the emergency teams arrived. Ron Brown probably survived the plane crash, as well as the lady in question, but both were later pronounced dead. There was another person of interest who was supposed to be on the USAF CT43-A flight that day (but didn't board), a businessman who had deep connections with a powerful financial services company, who 3 months later had his name on the passenger list of another plane crash: TWA Flight 800, which went down on July 17, 1996, in New York. Following Flight 800's crash, he, Mohammed Samir Ferrat, was reportedly deceased; Or was he—really? It has been reported that *before* he supposedly boarded TWA Flight 800, he took out numerous life insurance policies, and borrowed money heavily from creditors. Records also show that someone tried to use one of his credit cards following the crash of Flight 800. How could another person get his credit card when it was supposed to be in the ocean waters off of Long Island? In my opinion, this man named only Ferrat on the Flight 800 passenger list, who was later identified as Mohammed Samir Ferrat, a native-born Algerian, is a red herring. At the time of

Flight 800's incident, Ferrat's home country Algeria, was in the middle of a bloody civil war, and a hotbed of terrorist organizations. Terrorist groups had already been involved in several bombings in France, namely the GIA (Algerian Armed Islamic Group 1994–1996). Another interesting coincidence is that the leader of the GIA, Simon Zitouni, was killed by a rival faction the day before the Flight 800 incident on July 16, 1996. Putting all of these loose ends together then: we have a man named Ferrat who had strong ties to one of the wealthiest financial companies in the world, who was supposed to be on two different flights: Ron Brown's and Flight 800, who took out numerous life insurance policies and borrowed heavily just before the Flight 800 incident. Coincidentally both planes, Flight 800 and USAF CT43-A, crash under extremely suspicious conditions; both followed by a White House cover-up of major proportions. It may be added that there was a CIA operative on the passenger list of Ron Brown's plane. Could it be, that the party who was connected to Ferrat, a powerful financier*, when they realized that their agent (Ferrat), and themselves whom Ferrat represents, are targeted by a Deep State operation; becoming aware of this possibility when Ron Brown's plane goes down, that they may have set up a retaliation? A terrorist act on U.S. soil during a presidential election year? How could Ferrat be on the passenger lists of two important flights that fall from the sky under questionable circumstances? Could this be high-level espionage...?

- Ferrat is supposed to be on Ron Brown's plane, the USAF CT43-A.
- Ron Brown's plane crashes, Ferrat and his financial associate company recognize that they were targeted.
- Ferrat, a few months later, books a flight on TWA Flight 800.
- Ferrat takes out millions of dollars in life insurance and borrows heavily from his creditors.
- Ferrat's home country is a hotbed of terrorist groups: namely the GIA or Armed Islamic Group, an Algerian-based terrorist group, led by Abderahmane Amine, born Simon

Zitouni, a terrorist group responsible for a series of bombings in France.[5]

- Abderahmane AKA Simon Zitouni is killed a day before TWA Flight 800 on July 16, 1996. The CIA was actively involved in the Algerian civil war (refer to: [Appendix B](#) for more on CIA terrorism).

TWA Flight 800 is taken down by a missile fired from a small ship in the New York Harbor; over 200 witnesses witnessed the missile. An important document of the Flight 800 incident, is a witness testimony which said of the event:

Witness 73—NTSB Docket No. SA-516

Witness was on the Mobay section of Long Island Beach. She noticed an aircraft climbing in the sky traveling from her right to her left. Witness noticed that the aircraft appeared to level off. Witness thought that the aircraft was too low of an altitude to be leveling off at the time. While keeping her eyes on the aircraft, witness observed a red streak moving up from the ground toward the aircraft at an approximate 45-degree angle. The red streak was leaving a light gray colored smoke trail. The red streak went past the right side and above the aircraft before arcing back toward the aircraft's right wing. At the instant, the smoke trail ended at the aircraft's right wing, witness heard a loud sharp noise which sounded like a firecracker had just exploded at her feet. Witness then observed a fire at the aircraft followed by one or two secondary explosions which had a deeper sound. Witness observed the front of the aircraft separate from the back. Witness then observed the burning pieces of debris falling from the aircraft.[6]

- Ferrat's personal credit card is used after the event. FBI could have tried to figure out who was using his card if they wanted to.

- Ferrat's body was later found by investigators on the search and rescue team. Was it really his body? There was also an "unknown" passenger on Flight 800. This body could have been substituted for Ferrat's.

- The Clinton administration in an election year takes part in a massive cover-up of the true facts of the incident. A final note: “There’s no question about the fact that that airplane was shot down,” Admiral Thomas Moorer, Former Chairman Joint Chiefs of Staff.[7]

*the major financier whom Ferrat was connected to are so powerful that just the mention of their name could bring consequences for this journalist.

The End

Appendix B

Does the CIA Support World Terrorism?

After this journalist was chased around Florida by third-party thugs hired by a powerful Mafia asset of the CIA, and later being followed over 3500 miles to my new home in the Western mountains of the United States, and verifying numerous tactics of how they were trying to either poison me or set me up for a pseudo-crime to get me into the system of U.S. corrections, and meeting one of their own: a man calling himself Muhammad who possessed a strong India accent; I got the idea that the CIA was not just an intelligence agency—there was something more, something deeper and intensely sinister. And then, after doing some research I found a program known as OPERATION PHOENIX, a Vietnam era assassination program, part of the secret war in Laos, where thousands of locals were recruited to fight in a ‘secret CIA army’ to patrol the outer trails of Vietnam that ran through Laos, including the Ho Chi Minh trail. And then I heard of the secret drug running operations like the famed Air America (another Vietnam era drug smuggling program); and recent revelations of drug running south of the U.S. border, including Operation Fast and Furious. Then in my own Florida-based research of this organization, there appeared: prostitution rings, more drugs; a Southern Base of the CIA; a major CIA retirement community; this area having ties to the Kennedy assassination where the man who owned the Texas School Book Depository also ran a small airport in South Florida, not far from where the terrorist pilots that flew the planes into the World Trade Center were apparently trained. All these research findings made me start to think that maybe what was once an intelligence agency begun with good intentions, had morphed into something much larger; much more influential; much more powerful, and truly; much more dangerous. Is it probable that in some ways the CIA is out of control? For the most part Congress does not have a clue as to what they spend the over 62-billion-dollar annual budget on. Let us take a closer look at this terrorism connection to the Central Intelligence Agency. First, what is a modern definition of terrorism?

“Terrorism” is here taken to mean the practice of the deliberate inflicting (either directly or indirectly) of harm, injury, death and/or destruction upon a civilian target sufficient to cause horror, revulsion or despair among civilian populations and/or their political leaders, with the goal of causing those populations or political leaders to act in a way desired by the terrorists.[1]

The CIA was created following WW2 as an intelligence gathering organization and has gone far from its original charter. Today it is a covert action agency of the president’s foreign policy advisors. In this capacity it overthrows governments, or supports them, using intelligence gathering as an excuse to continue operations abroad. A classic example of their meddling is:

The CIA planned and organized the military coup d’état in 1973 in Chile which overthrew the legitimately elected government of Salvador Allende (because he would not implement economic policies designed in Washington to favor American corporations doing business in Chile) and brought to power the regime of General Augusto Pinochet; this regime abducted, tortured and killed thousands of Chilean citizens in an attempt to suppress opposition.[2]

In the 80s the CIA financed and created one of the world’s most dangerous terrorists: Osama bin Laden. Through their financing and training of the Mujahideen, Osama being a member; the Mujahideen successfully fought the Russian occupation of Afghanistan. But by supporting a terrorist organization, the U.S. government created their own enemy that came back to haunt them after the year 2001.

Former British Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook said,

“Bin Laden was, though, a product of a monumental miscalculation by Western security agencies. Throughout the 80s he was armed by the CIA and funded by the Saudis to wage jihad against the Russian occupation of Afghanistan.”[3]

One must question the tactics of the CIA in training the Mujahideen in classic terrorist activities:

The CIA trained the Mujahideen in many of the tactics Al-Qaeda is known for today, such as car bombs, assassinations and other acts that would be considered terrorism today.[4]

And where were U.S. dollars being spent? Like Air America in Vietnam, U.S. dollars were funding the drug trade out of Afghanistan!

The USA would fund Gulbuddin Hekmatyar a Mujahideen leader and alleged heroin dealer who worked closely with Bin Laden. Hekmatyar and his political party/paramilitary group would receive more than \$600 million from the USA. Author, Alfred McCoy, would claim that the CIA supported Hekmatyar in his illicit heroin trade to allow him to fund the Mujahideen. Like Bin Laden, Hekmatyar has also become an enemy of the U.S., waging a war against coalition forces in Afghanistan after 2001.[5]

A final note about Mujahideen, they are also known as *jihadist*, or those in religious holy war.

So, exactly how close has the CIA been to a known terrorist act? One only must look at the facts behind Flight 455: a terrorist bombing incident back in the 70s that took place in the Western Hemisphere. The main terrorist behind the operation on Flight 455 was a former CIA operative, Luis Posada Carriles. He being a former operative, helps to create a sense of distance from the actual agency, which they like if something goes wrong, but usually hiring third parties, in this case a second party. I must question: can a former CIA operative still receive orders from the Agency? What about Carriles using his former contacts of the Agency? Even if Carriles didn't get his orders directly from the Agency, just the fact that he was a former member of the Agency and performed, until 9/11, the worst act of terror in the Western Hemisphere; who himself admitted, "the CIA taught us everything." In a sense, this could make the Agency implicit, they didn't keep an eye on him! And then, it is reported that he went on to work for the Agency in the 1980s in a CIA sponsored illegal gun running operation to the Nicaraguan-Contra terrorists. So then, how can one be former CIA, as reported of Carriles, and then he goes back to work for them after a major terrorist

operation? Did the Agency then forgive him for his shortcomings? I hope the reader does not mind my mental exercise here, as it is important to try to grasp how the CIA operates. Could it possibly be that Carriles terrorist work on Flight 455, and his brief incarceration, and release from jail so impressed his handlers that they hired him back to work in the Iran-Contra affair? Now I think the reader is getting the absurdity of how the CIA reasons when picking their assets, especially if it is dirty work to be done. Flight 455 will give us a clear sight into how the CIA uses an airline to make a statement. Flight 455 took place long before there were known terrorists taking to the air. Shortly after takeoff on October 6, 1976, Flight 455 blew up as a result of two explosions on board; the plane going down with 73 passengers, with the entire Cuban fencing team who had just won gold medals in the Central American/Caribbean championships. Also aboard were some Cuban officials on their way to Havana on the DC-8 Cubana Airlines flight.[6] Later arrested were Orlando Bosch and former CIA agent Luis Posada Carriles, the masterminds behind the terror attack. Carriles' trial was as such:

He went on trial in Texas in 2011 for lying to U.S. authorities and about his alleged involvement in bomb attacks in Havana in 1997. His case was very public because of the threats of terrorism after 9/11. Chavez considered Carriles the biggest terrorist on his continent at one time. Carriles' attorney filed a motion that argued:

“The Defendant's CIA relationship, stemming from his work against the Castro regime through his anti-communist activities in Venezuela and Central America, are relevant and admissible to his defense.” Further that he argued that because the CIA utilized him, they were complicit. (3) He was acquitted on all charges....[7]

Orlando Bosch was also acquitted.

These men were U.S. backed anti-Castro Cuban exiles, creating the worst act of terror in the Western Hemisphere until 9/11. The CIA's fingerprints were all over this early terror attack on an airline. Had they been investigated and stopped then, we would not have had 9/11, which in the opinion of this author also bears their fingerprint! What is significant of Flight 455 is that it

occurred back in the 70s, the reason that it wasn't investigated by a congressional committee, is probably due to Henry Kissinger who got on TV and vehemently denied any U.S. involvement. Taking the gospel from the Bore (Kissinger's code name), Kissinger a known Russian double agent, was like hearing the fox plan a Sunday picnic for the rabbits! Yet, Congress and the American people, with no whistleblowers alerting them that something happened deep inside their government, chose to accept Henry's denials. Later, Carriles is permitted to live in the state of Florida without any due process! If the CIA can get away with an act of war against the Cuban people by blowing one of their airliners sky-high, what else then can they master in their evil bag of dirty tricks and claim national security and walk away?

The End

Appendix C

Does the CIA co-op in Illegal International Drug Trading?

As they say in Minnesota slang, “you betcha!” All one has to say is Air America! In the Vietnam War of Southeast Asia, an area nearby became known as the Golden Triangle, where tons of opium shipments were smuggled back to the good ol’ USA and sold to American youth; Air America planes returning to Vietnam with payloads of gold to trade for opium. Another illegal substance smuggled to the public was marijuana (Vietnamese Black cannabis) grown in Vietnam and outlined in the book: *Guardians of the Backwater*. To find out if the CIA is directly involved in illegal shipments of drugs into the United States today, one only needs to ask: What theatre of operation? The Golden Triangle? The Fertile Crescent? The Columbian drug cartels? The Mexican drug cartels? Over 4-6 billion dollars in opium trade comes out of Afghanistan every year. And, since the U.S. military has entered this country to patrol: Afghanistan has become a *leader* in the opium/heroin drug export trade. The Mexican drug cartels also smuggle hundreds of millions of dollars in a pipeline of drug trade over the U.S. border. And yes, the CIA has a hand in it!

Since WW2, the CIA has made systematic use of drug trafficking forces to increase its cover influence, first in Thailand and Burma, then in Laos and Vietnam, and most recently in Afghanistan. With America’s expansion overseas, we have seen more and more covert programs and agencies, all using drug traffickers to opposing ends.[1]

As far as Mexican drug cartel profits, the numbers are absolutely shocking for our neighbor south of the border. It is just too much money for the CIA to resist, needing a large amount of this easy money for its overseas clandestine operations. Here are some figures ... In a 2007 report, the Government Accountability Office said:

According to the National Drug Intelligence Center, drug proceeds in Mexico in 2005 ranged from \$2.9 billion to \$6.2 billion for cocaine (including Central America), \$324 million to \$736 million for heroin, \$3.9 billion to \$14.3

billion for marijuana, and \$794 million to \$1.9 billion for methamphetamine... adding up the midpoints for each range, the total would be roughly \$15.5 billion, though we note there's a wide disparity in the marijuana estimates.[2]

Even if only some of these numbers are correct, this is a monumental drug problem that the CIA has a connection to. In the year 2007, a plane carrying a large amount of cocaine was later confirmed to be used by the CIA.

A Gulfstream II jet, aircraft # N987SA, allegedly used to transport Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) rendition prisoners from Europe and America to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba crash-landed September 24, 2007, in Mexico carrying a cargo of over *four-tons* of cocaine.[3]

Key players in this monumental government conspiracy are high up, even the office of the President: George H.W. Bush, William Casey (CIA Director), and Colonel Oliver North, General Richard Secord, both from Operation Black Eagle; these men allowed the Contras to smuggle cocaine into the United States in exchange for payments on weapons and arms needed for their war in Nicaragua.[4]

The CIA is a branch of the President of the United States, and little of the illegal drug trade that is promoted by the CIA goes unnoticed by the president and his closest staff members....

The End

Appendix D

The Kennedy Assassination: New Insights

Introduction: MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSEN

“MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSEN” is a phrase taken out of the book of Daniel 5:25; it means that “God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.” That “thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting,” and, “thy kingdom is found wanting (KJV).” These phrases are known as the “writing upon the wall.” In our modern context, I am not referring to the Kennedy administration, but rather to those who instigated the coup d’état. It is their kingdom that will in due course collapse upon its own in deep corruption. Corrupt men make many mistakes and continually use lies and political maneuvers to cover up these mistakes. Many good people are stepped on in the process through their classic bag of dirty tricks, the likes of which the general public has no defense against. And like JFK and his brother Bobby, it only takes TWO good men to uncover all the corrupt practices of the Deep State: extortion, racketeering, assassinations, conspiracy, illegal wiretapping, and a great deal more. Much was found-out in the Kennedy administration investigations; deep corruption in the CIA, and a surprising fact: their Mafia associations! In JFK’s arena, the Mafia seems to have infiltrated his own presidential offices at the White House, for unbeknownst to him, the two men closest to him had strong Mafia contacts—not to mention the CIA director also had working Mafia contacts. Following JFK’s assassination, the country club Mafia kings took over, doing anything they could to funnel government monies toward their legal and illegal racketeering business enterprises. Lyndon Johnson, the next president in line after JFK was notable for high pressure tactics in Congress, acquiring government contracts for his Texas-based big business buddies. In the corrupt post-Kennedy era, this was the mantra of some congressional leaders, create a need like a big war, and sign up all your big business industrial/military buddies on the lucrative federal money contracts; from troop mess-kits to tanks and airplanes—YOU BETCHA! The bulk of Americans are usually smarter than their congressmen and many have heard of the deep rivers of corruption that JFK and Bobby addressed. But, 50 years later, NOTHING HAS CHANGED! In fact during the Bush administration, this deep-pocket money

grabbing even involved the Vice President, Dick “fill your pockets” Cheney, who had investments in at least one major war security company; he was well known for his associations in the ‘halls of Burton.’ Today, all you need to do is look at where most American tax dollars are spent on war and you will see massive corruption amongst both the private and the public sector! This is the counterfeit kingdom that will soon fall upon its own weight, MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSEN.

Contributing greatly to the flow of evil in this self-styled wannabe kingdom, is the government’s own CIA. To give the reader the impression of how out-of-control this agency is, we just need to look at the post-Kennedy administration era when, without any further government scrutiny, the CIA began to operate under their own oversight. All this writer needs to do is cite, Flight 455. This is one terrorist attack, long before 9/11, that firmly points a finger at the CIA (**refer to: [Appendix B](#)**).

It was a bright sunny day in Texas as President John F. Kennedy finished his last breakfast of hard-boiled eggs and orange juice at a premier hotel. Being one of the most popular presidents in history, he met up with many enthusiastic citizens at his first stop for the day: Love Field in Dallas, Texas. His itinerary was carefully laid out to the advantage of the Irish Mob, as the men planning his assassination route to take place during his last motorcade appearance in downtown Dallas at Dealey Plaza, were known humorously to other White House staffers as: the “Irish Mafia.” What JFK didn’t know was that at the last turn of his limousine from Houston street to Elm would be a Mafia sponsored crossfire between two critical points: a building called the Dal-Tex of which a third floor window was broken out, and a storm drain at curbside level with the foot of the limousine’s wheels, and just off the right at ground level. Two well-polished snipers lay in wait for the presidential limousine to make its turn onto Elm Street: a Jim Braden and the man who took the headshot, Roselli. Braden spent the evening at a Mafia owned motel, and the same motel where coincidentally Jack Ruby stayed; Braden later being one of the only people interviewed by police at the Dealey Plaza massacre. A documented police report records that he was on the third floor of the Dal-Tex building on the morning President Kennedy was shot.[1] Roselli’s involvement was confirmed by Bill Bonanno, son of Mafia-boss Joseph Bonanno, who claimed in his 1999 memoir: Bound by

Honor, that he had discussed the assassination of John F. Kennedy with a man named Roselli, and had implicated him as the primary hitman in a conspiracy instigated by the mob. According to Bonanno, Roselli fired at Kennedy from a storm drain on Elm street.[2]

The Texas School Book Depository building would have been at a wrong angle for the perfect shot, being at nine-degrees. The ballistics only line up perfect from the Dal-Tex third floor window at two degrees; and a low angle to the headshot, from the storm drain.[3] Roselli is quoted as saying in Bill Bonanno's book: Bound by Honor,

I'm standing there on these iron rungs (inside the storm drain), I watch the cars make the turn, see the guy's head maybe ten feet away. How could I miss yah know? I don't miss, I saw his head go up. And, I'm thinking all the while I'm going like a rat through that tunnel. I was so close, they saw the flash of the muzzle...my heart's going like a cannon.
[4]

Later in his life, Roselli began getting too vocal about his involvement in the fateful Kennedy appointment, and was later found at the bottom of Key Biscayne Bay; his body compressed neatly in a 50-gallon oil drum. Could there have been a connection to what the wild beasts in black armor may have thought about his palatal urges? And then, the Warren Commission's conclusion: that a lone shooter targeted Kennedy from the 6th floor of the Texas School Book Depository building ... this is fallacious, as any studious reader can look closely at the incoming angle of the headshot. It clearly came from an angle to the front side of the limousine; the Texas School Book Depository is to the rear. The bullet throws President Kennedy's head backwards with the force of a head blow from the front! This evidence ON VIDEO makes the Warren Commission's conclusions quite disturbing; not to mention that one of John Kennedy's probable enemies filled a chair on the commission: the elitist Allen Dulles. President Kennedy had formerly discharged Dulles and replaced him after the infamous Bay of Pigs fiasco; it would be probable that he had an axe to grind as he sat on the Warren Commission. Dulles was also once a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, an independent

non-partisan think tank helping its members understand the world and foreign policy choices facing the United States and other countries.[5] He was also a member of the League of Nations, an intergovernmental organization originally dedicated to preventing wars through collective security and disarmament and settling international disputes through negotiation and arbitration. Dulles was a high roller on the international scene, and thus saw the world through a different shade of glasses than John F. Kennedy, who himself admitted in a speech that,

Having imposed upon this nation, the role of leader in freedom's cause no role in history could be more difficult or more important...we stand for freedom, that is our conviction for ourselves, that is our only commitment to others. No friend, no neutral and no adversary should think otherwise.[6]

For Allen Dulles on the other hand, his view of freedom was “loyalty” to his contacts and his cause as a master spy. He was one of the first men employed in the OSS (later the CIA) and ran the New York City office. He was involved in the overthrow of President Jacobo Árbenz of Guatemala (PB Success), and, played a major role in the planning and carrying out of the fiasco, the Bay of Pigs in Cuba (JMARC) that troubled the Kennedy administration. He was a man that played along with the powers that be, undermining the U.S. Constitution and national security (Bay of Pigs). Freedom was not a word that Allen Dulles could speak, only allegiance to his contacts.[7]

There were other men who may have been involved in the Kennedy assassination, men who were surprisingly close to JFK, including one of his closest friends and associates. I will introduce you to two men who have never been unmasked in the assassination of JFK before, yet at the same time, did have a front row seat, being seated directly behind the President in a trailing limousine, that fateful day in Dallas, Texas, November 22, 1963. Both were mysteriously labeled by other White House staffers as: the “Irish Mafia.” Most people close to them ignored the label as probably being an “inside joke,” as both were from Massachusetts and close insiders, working inside the Kennedy administration. And now, after an imaginary drumbeat ... meet two of the most influential men known around the Kennedy

White House as the “Irish Mafia.” Dave Powers and Kenneth O’Donnell! Joking aside, the actual Irish Mafia is a serious entity in the world, the size and power of which is known only by a few. The Irish Mob had a strong concentration of members in Boston, and surrounding cities. Most notorious is the Winter Hill Gang of Somerville, and one of the most successful crime organizations in American history. James “Buddy” McLean and James J. “Whitey” Bulger headed up the enterprise; they rose like dark stars from the Boston neighborhoods. To solidify their base, a corrupt FBI agent John J. Connolly Jr., in the 70s and 80s, found Whitey Bulger to be useful as an informant against the competition of his branch of the Irish mob, resulting in a monopoly control of territory. Whitey Bulger also had political influence in the statehouse; his brother William Michael Bulger was for many years the president of the Massachusetts State Senate. During these influential times for the Irish mob, they solidified a strong presence in the Boston area, and beyond, possibly even a contact in the White House. There was a third member of the “Irish Mafia” in the Kennedy administration, a Matthew McCloskey, whom JFK appointed as the ambassador to Ireland in 1962.[8] McCloskey, however seemed to play a careful hand, not having any involvement in the JFK assassination. We will explore in our next section the possible involvement of the first two men named in the White House “Irish Mafia,” in the death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Could the real Boston-based Irish mob be malefactors in the well-planned crossfire at Dealey Plaza on that fateful day, November 22, 1963?

THE IRISH MAFIA, THE MOCKERS

Galatians 6:7 “Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

When John F. Kennedy was in boarding school he led a group of practical jokers, and just for fun, to help tolerate their boredom. The chancellor of the school, and a very proper man, in his disgust would refer to them as “the muckers.” This may have originated from its original meaning: a muck rake, or rake used on muck or dung. At times, the chancellor was so disgusted with them over practical jokes that he threatened to expel them, notifying their parents. JFK’s father, Joe Kennedy intervened immediately with some of his masterful negotiating powers. Jack

and his buddies were subsequently not expelled; but, continued in more stark secrecy to annoy the chancellor with even more practical jokes as they were able to administer. This was good training for Jack (as JFK was known to his classmates), an up and coming politician in the area of dealing with Washington politics. The chancellor continued with his usual concentrated oversight, looking for any informers who would rat on Jack and his group of “muckers.”

The possible infiltration of the Irish Mafia into White House politics, of whom John F. Kennedy fell to two or more of their bullets, are known similarly and craftily by this author as the “mockers.” They work in the dark shadows, claim their victim, and when they know that they in the clear: they mock. Let me introduce you to two men who worked under John F. Kennedy of whom, if the chancellor of the boarding school were still alive, would gainfully apply a nickname to them as: the “mockers,” a likeness of the “muckers.”

Kenneth O'Donnell:

Born on Massachusetts soil, in a city not far from the center of Irish Mafia activity in Boston, on March 4, 1924. He met Robert Kennedy at Harvard University and campaigned with the Democratic Party to get his brother JFK elected to the Senate. He later in 1960 directed JFK's presidential campaign schedule. After JFK was elected, he became his appointments secretary and top political aid, special assistant and friend. O'Donnell arranged many of his most important commitments, including his most fateful one: the notorious motorcade through Dealey Plaza, and the speech Kennedy never gave at the Dallas Trade Mart. This Kenneth O'Donnell, rode directly behind JFK in a trailing Secret Service car as the President, being placed upon the altar of sacrifice for the Deep State, was caught in a deadly crossfire of bullets: one sniper in the storm drain and the other aiming down directly behind him from the Dal-Tex building's third-floor window. Following the assassination, O'Donnell bowed to pressure from the conspiring FBI, testifying the way the FBI wanted him to. However, he is noted to have said to friend Tip O'Neill that: “he believed gunfire to come from the front to the motorcade.” This could support the storm drain theory. He also wrote of presidential limousine driver William Greer who mysteriously stopped the car, making JFK more of a

target: “Greer...could have saved President Kennedy’s life by swerving the car or speeding suddenly after the first shots.”[9] Finally, there is the question of O’Donnell being a member of the White House “Irish Mafia;” this label was never really explained in any articles or books that I researched on the JFK assassination. It is my guess that this label was meant to be an insider joke around the Kennedy administration; however, as I have discovered in my own personal research, it probably was not *really* a joke: there may have been some circumstantial truth to it. There really was a Boston-based “Irish Mafia.” Kenneth O’Donnell himself was from Worcester—not too far from Boston, the main center of Irish Mafia activity. Following his departure from the White House, he ran for governor of Massachusetts, and in my opinion, a reward for his possible conspiring. I will outline later when I discuss the book, he and an associate “Irish Mafia” White House staffer wrote on JFK, that he *was* one of the true “mockers.”

Dave Powers

Born in Charlestown, Massachusetts April 25, 1912. In 1946, he joined the JFK political campaign. In 1960, after the JFK election, he became the President’s special assistant; his duties included the escorting of guests into the White House. An unconfirmed source claimed that Powers set up JFK with some of his bimbo affairs. Mary Myers, an alleged presidential girlfriend, may have been a regular visitor to the White House of whom Powers would have been quite familiar with. Following JFK’s assassination, Mary Myers herself was mysteriously gunned down in a local Washington D.C. park; her assailant never to be apprehended, even though law enforcement had a description of the offender. This assassination showing direct underworld involvement to silence Mary Myers. Dave Powers was one of the President’s closest political advisors, as well as a close presidential friend. Dave rode in the Secret Service car directly behind the President on that fateful day in Dallas, Texas, getting a bird’s eye view of the whole ambush and crossfire on the Presidential limousine. He, too, admitted later that shots came from the vicinity out in front of the President, his belief being the grassy knoll fence. So, now we have two White House staffers, who rode directly behind the President confirming shots coming from somewhere out in the front of the car! This sort of

shreds the Warren Commission claim: Oswald acted as a lone gunman.[10] Powers was also another member of the White House “Irish Mafia;” Powers was also was “the other author,” in a book written on the life of JFK titled: “Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye,” by Kenneth P. O’Donnell and Dave F. Powers. This books title gave him, in the opinion of this author, as being one of the “mockers.”

The other members of the “Irish Mafia” in the JFK administration:

Matthew McCloskey

JFK appointed him as ambassador to Ireland. He was a close friend of JFK and an important fundraiser. It is estimated that he raised in his lifetime over 60 million dollars for the Democratic Party.[11] He was also a member of the White House “Irish Mafia.”

Larry O’Brien

Born July 7, 1917, in Springfield, Massachusetts. He assisted JFK in various political campaigns. Appointed special assistant to the President in 1961, he also rode in the notorious motorcade while JFK was being assassinated. He became chairman of the DNC in 1968-1969 and 70-73 and was later an employee of Howard Hughes for Washington interests. Later, he was involved in the infamous Watergate scandal which damaged the reputation of another president: Richard M. Nixon.[12] Also a member of the White House based “Irish Mafia.”

So! On the fateful day of the mob-inspired crossfire at Dealey Plaza on one of our most beloved presidents, there was Allen Dulles as a former head of the CIA, who had already made deals with Mafia West Coast boss Johnny Roselli over the CIA plan (JMARC) to take out Castro in Cuba. According to Bill Bonanno, in his book: *Bound by Honor*,

“Roselli himself was the sniper in the lower side of street storm drain.”[13]

Then there was Jim Braden, a man who was confirmed to be on the 3rd floor of the building, opposite the Texas School Book Depository building, with the suspicious hole in the window in

direct line of fire to the presidential motorcade; this all confirmed by one of the only police reports of the day, completing the CROSSFIRE! THEN, sitting in the Secret Service car directly behind the President were two men who were already confirmed by White House staffers to be, tongue in cheek: the “IRISH MAFIA!” One of whom, the presidential appointments secretary, Kenneth O’Donnell, meticulously set up the fateful day at Dealey Plaza; absolutely scheduling the *death appointment* for President John F. Kennedy, setting up an imaginary gravestone, and inscribing on it a mocking epigram of the day’s activities: Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye!

Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson’s documented involvement in the Kennedy Assassination:

Then there was Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson, a known ruthless, political thug, leader who held anyone hostage who would not go along with his wishes. He once, in the site of reporters who were along for a ride in his Cadillac to tour his ranch, got out of the car and entered a family cemetery to piss publicly on a family grave at the Johnson ranch in Texas. It is common knowledge that LBJ held a secretive meeting the night before the assassination with a host of contacts; confirmed by one of his girlfriends, Madeline Brown of the tarnished Box 13 scandal (election ballot-box-stuffing victory). LBJ met Madeline at his “Box 13” *eighty-seven vote victory party, where later in the evening, he shares with her his hotel key for their first private meeting together, which continued for many years. According to Madeline, LBJ met with several powerful people in a conference room at a Dallas, Texas dinner party at the Murchison Mansion the night before JFK’s assassination. Present were: J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the FBI; Richard Nixon, the next elected President of the United States; followed by LBJ and H. L. Hunt, a Texas billionaire oil tycoon. Madeline claims that after LBJ came out of the conference room he was....

“Red in the face...he took my hand and said, “those [God’s name in vain] Kennedys will never embarrass me again. That’s not a threat. That’s a promise!” [14]

It is not clear exactly where LBJ was the hour of the assassination of the 46th president of the United States, but what

is clear, he was more than available to be sworn in when the time came. His immediate actions as he entered office as President, was to push toward a police action/war in Southeast Asia against the wishes of his predecessor; this may show partly his motive. What is known of his character as the President may also reveal what type of man he truly was: most notably his lack of candor; forcing his staff to have council as he sat on his private office toilet—his disgusting bathroom throne! His speech also was always filled with expletives, often filling his demands to White House staffers with allegories of farm animal's reproductive escapades. After he left the office of president and retired, he became a sad, remorseful man—he appeared to have many regrets.

Further, a discussion on the LBJ section **page note*: LBJ's Box 13 - 87 vote victory party. The number 87 is a code number of an elite group of people on the worldwide control grid. Whenever there is a catastrophic event that they secretly induce, they use this number, printing it on something connected with the event to show their fellow controllers around the globe that they had something to do with the disaster. For example, after one false-flag event, I was viewing newspaper photos taken at its "ground zero." Someone standing in the background, in clear view of the news photographer, had a large number 87 on his jersey. In a deeper sense, historically, 87 is a Congressional Congress: the 87th United States Congress which met from January 3, 1961-January 3, 1963, during John F. Kennedy's term in office. Is it possible that the Deep State uses the number 87 at its false-flag events to mock the presidency of JFK?[15]

The Book: Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye by Kenneth P. O'Donnell and Dave F. Powers. Is this book a mockery?

Two of the now former Kennedy White House "Irish Mafia" staff, Kenneth P. O'Donnell and Dave F. Powers, wrote a book titled: "Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye." The title sounds rather strange for two men who claimed to be friends of President John F. Kennedy—Dave Powers claiming "best friend" status. The truth is, it is one word off from the title of a popular Irish folk song titled: "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye." The song may reveal the secret intentions of the authors. This old Irish folk song from

the 18th-19th century, was also used in the Civil War era. It is a traditional/anti-war tune, sung to the tune of: “Johnny Comes Marching Home.” The theme is about an Irish woman who longs for her former lover following a war: “Indeed your dancing days are done.” It tells of the horrors of war, describing a former lover who does not come home. This all sounds innocent enough until you get into reading some of the other words to the song—the descriptions are graphic and CHILLING. Now, once selecting the song as a title of a book about JFK, it can easily be interpreted as a MOCKERY. Such mocking is exactly what Irish Mafia mobsters do when they know that they have gotten away with something, or feel the need to publicly gloat over their satanic sacrifices of a human being, or robberies, extortions, and other forms of evil where they—shore up their bottom line. Read now the words of this song and decide for yourselves if Kenneth P. O’Donnell and Dave Powers were keeping a straight face when they published their book: “Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye!” As you read the words of this song below, keep in mind the possible associations to the tragedy of their former boss at Dealey Plaza.

Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye (An Irish Folk Song)

While on the road to sweet Athy, haroo, haroo
While on the road to sweet Athy, haroo, haroo
While on the road to sweet Athy
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

With your drums and guns your drums and guns, haroo,
haroo
With your drums and guns your drums and guns, haroo,
haroo
With your drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye

Where are your eyes that look so mild, haroo, haroo
Where are your eyes that look so mild, haroo, haroo

Where are your eyes that look so mild
When my poor heart you first beguiled
Why did you run from me and the child
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye

Where are your legs with which ye run, haroo, haroo
Where are your legs with which ye run, haroo, haroo
Where are your legs with which ye run
When first you learned to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

I am happy to see ye home, haroo, haroo
I am happy to see ye home, haroo, haroo
I am happy to see ye home
All from the island of Suloon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, haroo, haroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, haroo, haroo
Ye haven't an arm
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll be having to put a bowl to beg
Johnny I hardly knew ye

I'm happy to see you home, haroo, haroo
I'm happy to see you home, haroo, haroo
I'm happy to see you home
All from the island of Ceylon
So low in the flesh, so high in the boon
Johnny I hardly knew ye

Extra lyrics found:

They're rolling out the guns again, haroo, haroo
They're rolling out the guns again, haroo, haroo
They're rolling out the guns again
But they will never take our sons again
No they will never take our sons again
Johnny I'm swearing to ye

Author: Joseph B. Geoghegan, song believed to have originated just after the civil war in Ireland. Sung to the tune: “When Johnny Comes Marching Home.”[16]

Let us now scrutinize some of the choice words of this Irish folk song....

Now as an informed reader: do you think that the contents of this song are an appropriate theme to be used on a book penned on JFK? For two men who claimed to be friends, and who said later through their book title: “Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye!” This phrase alone reveals a mocking spirit. To compare the titles as they are written: there is a strange similarity....

“Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye,” The Song.

“Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye!” The Book by Powers and O’Donnell.

I will choose some of the key MOCKING phrases to let you, the reader, decide that if choosing this song’s close title and delirious content was appropriate. In the discovery of this song, they changed one word in the title for their book, changing: “I” Knew Ye to: “We” Knew Ye. With that slight change, the inference that they are strongly pointing to this song is clearly implied by this research author. There are no other songs published which come close to this title with the personal pronoun: “YE,” as the last word of this song title! Changing one word points clearly to this Irish folk song, “Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye.”

The song repeats in almost every stanza the phrase: “Johnny I hardly knew ye.” This is hard to believe for two men who claimed to be close friends and associates of JFK: Dave Powers and Kenneth O’Donnell. In a pattern typical with Mafia associates, and to understand exactly what they are saying: you carefully scrutinize every word — looking for double meanings. Could they really be saying about JFK: “Of course we knew ye, but on the day of your assassination ... WE HARDLY KNEW YE!” Both were seated directly behind the President in a Secret Service car and had front row seats of the action—like a couple of W.H. “Irish Mafia” bosses who paid for front row seats, and to watch close-on, the dirty work in progress. This may have given them a great sense of power to be able to view *their* boss, who himself was one of the top ten most powerful men on earth;

and like sitting in a sports arena, attending with a nationwide audience. Here the ride for any of the plotters was full of confidence, that all the exit bases for the Dallas assassin machine are covered by conspiring, paid off associates: witness testimony pointing to Vice President Lyndon Johnson, the CIA, the post investigation by the FBI (a pure sham), and the putrid findings of the stacked Warren Commission. Surely Powers and O'Donnell *knew* JFK, but they claimed together by their book title, “hardly to know” him—at least on that fateful day in Dallas.

Looking at one of the lines in the chorus: “the enemy nearly slew ye.” This phase clearly depicts the mood of the rest of the song: the horrors of war, and the closeness to death. Both these actualities were found at the Kennedy assassination: the first two shots missing and “nearly slew” him during his last moments, just after the presidential limousine turned onto Elm Street. Then, another phrase, “my darling dear, you look so queer.” At the time of the writing of this song, the term: “queer” meant “adverse,” or unfavorable. Yes, the whole day was unfavorable for JFK; however, and in stark contrast, O'Donnell and Powers were possibly sharing a moment of satanic bliss—as the song implies: what a pity! How unfavorable for JFK, “so low in flesh, so high in bone!”

Next is the phrase, “where are your eyes, that looked so mild.” A character feature that caught the love of the American public was the Kennedy look: soft and tender eyes, and of course a beautiful smile! His eyes spoke of purity of purpose and deep compassion for the cause of the American spirit. O'Donnell and Powers by choosing such a song with these above words show deep contempt for the character of JFK. Kennedy was like a father to the American public — one who had concern for everyone of all walks of life — a troubadour of compassion and purpose. A man who openly spoke of freedom and American independence from parasitic world powers. A man who was not afraid to take on an out-of-control, evil policy-architect at the offices of the CIA, and at the same time, their underhanded associates in the realm of organized crime. JFK stood like a statue of American constitutional strength. But the words of this song show a disparity of what he stood for—mocking him. JFK sketched out the framework for peace and freedom in a speech scheduled to be given at the Dallas Trade Mart on the day of his

untimely death. The golden laced speech of which he never had the chance to deliver, spoke volumes,

We in this country, in this generation, are...by destiny, rather than choice...the watchmen on the walls of world freedom. We ask therefore, that we may be worthy of our power and responsibility, that we may exercise our strength with wisdom and restraint, and that we may achieve in our time and for all time, the ancient vision of ‘peace on earth and good will to men.’ That must always be our goal, and the righteousness of our cause must always underlie our strength. As it was written long ago, ‘unless the Lord keep the city, the watchmen waketh but in vain.’[17]

Now the song Powers and O'Donnell chose to closely emulate, gets even more synergistic to the Dallas tragedy: “where are your legs with which ye run ... when you first learned to carry a gun ... indeed your dancing days are done.” The song’s synergy now reflects deep contempt toward JFK. Prior to JFK’s ‘sucker hit’ on a football field at Harvard, where another schoolmate tackled him at full-speed from behind, triggering his lifelong back problem — he was in good physical condition. Of course, the use of this Irish song alludes to the damage done to him in his final moments at Dealey Plaza. The song highlights: “where are your legs with which ye run!” And then, when Jack *learned* to carry a gun, he became a war hero as a PT boat captain. He is credited for saving his ship’s crew after a sudden wreck, and they all had to swim to safety. He also carried the big guns as the Commander and Chief of the United States—he accomplished far more than his apparent critics! Cowards mock brave men when ‘they’ don’t have legs to stand on. Also, at formal White House balls, Jack showed off his dancing shoes to world leaders, but this song mocks him to say, “your dancing days are done.” A heartless blow to a man who once walked the halls of the most prestigious centers of power.

Next, the song laughs at the former president’s pain, “ye haven’t an arm, ye haven’t a leg.” When will someone say enough is enough! By now, you the reader must be fast getting the message they are sending from their choice of this Irish song to represent their book. Here is the part of the song that gloats over the crafty trap John F. Kennedy was placed in—the

crossfire at Dealey Plaza. Seated comfortably, and directly behind the President, Powers and O'Donnell calmly make comments to each other as the bullets fly. Powers whispers, "Kennedy, I think the President has been shot!" Kenneth O'Donnell then casually makes the sign of the cross. Later, O'Donnell by his own admission, when referring to his testimony before the Warren Commission says, "I testified the way [the FBI] wanted me to, I just didn't want to stir up any more pain and *trouble* for the family." [18] Trouble—there was already plenty of trouble—what the family and the American public needed, was the truth! So, now the song brags about the President's lack of mobility after a shot to the head: "ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg."

Heartless braggarts they are, and masters of illusion ... aside from these so-called friends of the president: Powers and O'Donnell; there were others who may have been delighted in misfortune. As for the top Mafia families, theirs was a day of triumph over a President whose brother, the attorney general, was actively pursuing them. Now Bobby Kennedy would be placed under the oversight of LBJ, the pinnacle of corrupt corporate contract bastards! The triumph of these powerful corporate conspirators, would be over a President who spoke affirmatively of protecting the constitutional rights of citizens, when all these companies wanted to do was to step on their God-given rights and rob the public trust accounts. Similarly, in the faces of conspiring international banksters, JFK was restoring the strength of the U.S. Treasury by issuing real silver coinage. The 90% Kennedy silver half-dollar is still today one of the most popular traded coins. And in the face of the CIA and their Mafia contacts was JFK's desire to rebuild a corrupted CIA agency, epitomized by the failed Bay of Pigs fiasco. Around this time in U.S. history, the CIA and the Mafia had begun to work together—this has continued from that day forth. There were other items that angered the military industrial complex, a partner with crooked Lyndon Johnson. Most noteworthy, JFK's desire to control military actions in Southeast Asia. Following JFK's assassination, LBJ stepped into the Oval Office and escalated the war in Vietnam. November 22, 1963, marked the day of a coup, the mob and the secret government (CIA), took over the most constitutional president and government the world ever witnessed—and that since Andrew Jackson!

The “Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye,” song choice insults just do not stop: “ye’re an armless, boneless, chicken-less egg.” This phraseology can come only from the bottom of the heart of men who suffer from ice-cold eyes—eyes that were once full of color but have sunk into a deep abyss, like underworld operatives who wear mirror-sunglasses to hide their true intentions. The action in Dallas on November 22, 1963, was committed by corporate, government and mafia-based conspirators of the President who secretly lived a bold crime, and like a dog that rolls in dead fish to hide its scent—they lost their own scent in the process, masking it from others who might catch on to their conspiratorial plans, sinking deep into the world of underworld cover-ups....

“Ye’ll be having to put a bowl to beg.” Unfair—Unmerciful—Disrespectful! The song phrase outlines the M/O of the world’s power elite: they have no respect at all for people of lower means. They determine by their own measurements that some innocent person ‘knows too much,’ or are somehow a threat to their money grubbing organization; they seek to do one of several things: destroy a person’s reputation by framing them; chase them out of Dodge; or hire a thug to stalk them. They disrupt the life of a witness or innocent person and then make fun of their broken condition.

The Irish song finally finishes a mocking dirge: “they’re rolling out the guns again.” Yes, there were plenty of guns used in the crossfire at Dealey Plaza. One to the front and one to the rear of the President—two sharpshooters and a man who could not drive a presidential limousine correctly during an emergency if he tried. One big question is looming over conspiratorial revues: “if the driver had stepped on the gas before, instead of after the fatal third shot was fired, would President Kennedy be alive today?” In hindsight, the driver felt that he could have saved the President’s life by swerving or speeding up the car after the first shots.[19] Because of this blunder the mafia/corporate/government conspirators had plenty of time to—*roll out the guns again*, as the Irish dirge concludes....

OTHER MAJOR PLAYERS IN THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION:

Prior to the Kennedy assassination, there were several groups doing business, making favors, and hoping for continued associations—these associations started as early as the 1920s when Joseph Kennedy made a fortune in bootlegging liquor, making at least some kind of agreements with at least one major Mafia organization, that of New York’s own Frank Costello.[20] And when John F. Kennedy ran for president, Joseph Kennedy purchased voter influence through Chicago mobster Sam Giancana. Now that this was done, and John F. Kennedy won the election, the dye was cast for a major misunderstanding to develop between the Kennedy White House and the mob that helped him get elected. So, when Joe Kennedy made the election deal, the Mafia expected a favor from the Kennedys, but what they got, was Bobby Kennedy’s appointment as Attorney General. As time would prove, Bobby Kennedy used his brother’s power of the presidency to go after many of the major Mafia figures, including some of the most powerful: Jimmy Hoffa, Chicago Teamster Boss; Carlos Marcello, New Orleans; Santo Trafficante, Tampa; and forty other organized crime figures that were targeted for investigation.[21] Many of these mob figures felt very threatened, especially Carlos Marcello, who Bobby Kennedy deported to Guatemala, briefly, until he snuck back into the country. Carlos Marcello did a good job hiding his wealth through the years, keeping the focus off him as a suspect in the Kennedy assassination. It was reported recently though, that his wealth was extensive, and in the hundreds of millions. He was also controlling the Dallas region, where Kennedy was targeted. The hatred boiled between Bobby Kennedy and the mob, and there was much tension—creating an environment for a mob contract. In order to find out what really happened on November 22, 1963, one must first ask *why* JFK was killed—instead of why RFK was not?[22] The answer to this is how the Mafia conducts its business. First, unknown to

many of the public, major Mafia groups cooperate on key operations or contracts. It is a well-known truth that: *there IS a Commission*. It meets at least once a year and is made up of many major Mafia groups to discuss—business. Bobby Kennedy ordered a raid on one of their secret meetings in Northern New York state, sending top bosses into the woods, running like fanatics. Secondly, when one major Mafia group attacks another, they don't shoot the lieutenants, they go after the head of the organization. In the case of the Kennedy administration with JFK as the President, and Bobby as the Attorney General; they went after the head: JFK—not Bobby! New research shows that it was Jimmy Hoffa who gave the order to assassinate JFK, passing the order along through a common attorney, Frank Ragano, and then to Trafficante and Marcello who met together in New Orleans. Before Ragano left to meet with his two mob associates, Hoffa says to him, “the time has come for your friend and Carlos to get rid of him, kill that son-of-a-bitch John Kennedy.” Ragano, being an obedient mob attorney, then passed this message on to Marcello and Trafficante.[23] Carlos Marcello then easily receives an update about JFK planning to be in Dallas in November 1963 — a news release had been sent to local media. Later, major Mafia groups traded information on the exact motorcade route. With the two Irish staffers, Dave Powers and Kenneth O'Donnell in the White House, this would have been possible: both would have had easy access to this information. The next people to be briefed by the mafiosos were the snipers, and two men were dispatched to create a deadly crossfire at Dealey Plaza. And further, to set up Oswald as a fall-guy; truly a man who couldn't shoot a BB gun off his back porch at a stationary soda bottle! Then in walks another fall-guy, right into the action — Jack Ruby—who stupidly strikes down Oswald, thinking he will be supported by the mob in his prosecution to ... get off easy. In court, his whole defense was set up to fail, when Melvin Belli an attorney, persuaded Ruby's brother to let him take the defense for Jack Ruby. Belli set Ruby up by having him take a psychomotor epilepsy insanity defense.[24] This assuring

from that point on, whether he won the case or lost, his testimony about the Dallas assassination and his reasons for murdering Oswald, would never be taken seriously by any media or law enforcement—he was judicially made a lunatic!

Basically, he was silenced by the psychomotor defense, Belli formerly rested Ruby's defense, without putting his client on the witness stand.[25] Ruby lost the case and was sent to jail. Later, Ruby's conviction was overturned; however, no new date for the trial was set, for Ruby soon died of lung cancer.[26] Some think that the cancer was injected into his body to silence him forever—a familiar practice of the CIA. Ironically then, Ruby's defense was handled indirectly by the mob through Melvin Belli, assuring mob control over the double murder of JFK and Oswald and the prosecution of the second assassin, Jack Ruby. This points out to the reader that even in the 1960s before technology became king, the secret powers of the underworld were as far-reaching as mastering the regime change of a presidency. To quote Frank 'the Irishman' Sheeran, "to the Italian bosses, it is merely a matter of following the old Sicilian maxim: that to kill a dog, you don't cut off the tail, you cut off its head." [27] Ironically, another major player to cover-up the assassination of JFK, was Bobby Kennedy as head of the justice department—he stifled any long probes into finding out if there was a conspiracy beyond Oswald.

Update: The Assassination of Mary Kennedy

Mary Kennedy died in May 2012. Her death was declared as a suicide. As a journalist I came across some insider information not available to the public. Mary Kennedy was targeted and murdered by extremely powerful people connected to the Mafia and the CIA. As the wife of Bobby Kennedy Jr., she had some emotional problems—not in any way serious—and used doctor recommended pharmaceutical drugs. She was the weak link in the family chain that the diabolical Deep State stalkers make deliberate plans to target. She was found hanging by a rope to her neck in a shed out behind her brick mansion home. This

journalist declares with confidence that Mary Kennedy's death was NOT a suicide ... it was a cold, calculated, planned murder by members of a Florida-based Mafia who had direct connections with the CIA! One bit of fact: investigators have found that women normally do NOT hang themselves—death by hanging is usually only done by misguided men.

The End

Appendix E

DREAM TECHNOLOGY

Dream gathering started several Millennia ago, not long after time began on Earth, or the 5th century BCE. Amongst the rulership of ancient Egypt, the art of recording dreams was held in high regard. A detailed, revelatory dream from a magician or the King himself would be the talk of the court for days. If a dream came true it could bring promotion of a wise man to governor; this happened to Daniel the Prophet (Daniel 2:48). And then there was the patriarch Joseph, who was freed from prison to offer the Egyptian King, dream interpretation (Genesis 41).

The last great Assyrian emperor, Ashurbanipal who ruled from 668-627 BCE, had in his extensive collection of documents—a dream book (Paul Kriwaczek “*Babylon*” 2012).

There are many unsolved mysteries in the world: the runways in Peru, the Bermuda Triangle, and the Egyptian Pyramids. How were such things constructed thousands of years ago when science and technologies were just developing? The answer to this could be in the lost art of recording dreams, for it is possible to get designs to new products and technologies from dreams. Famous inventors have admitted to having received their designs and revelations from a dream or series of dreams. There is an unlimited amount of information and technology available through the systematic recording of dreams. Paul McCartney wrote the song “*Yesterday*,” following a dream. I call the art of dream gathering *spiritual mining*, as there is an unlimited amount of wealth and treasures available from the heavenlies by simply becoming aware that it is at hand—all that needs to be done is the simple process of recording it. Thus, by recording your dreams in a simple, concise format, your dreams become an effective technology. A frequent recurring dream, or highly visual dream, increases the likelihood that it will occur. Basic finite math tells us that when we have two related events from random occurrence, the chances of it repeating itself again are probably a billion to one. So, two dreams of related material in the same month are an indicator that the information given to you by the heavenlies is more probable than not to occur.

Dreams can come in many forms: symbols, signs, riddles, puzzles, word combinations, codes, visions, visitations, impressions, futuristic preventions, numbers, teachings, intelligence, vocal transmissions, warnings, exact time indications, dates, downloads, soul translation, confirmations, names of individuals/places/things, explanations of events, and the prophetic.

SYMBOLS:

To start our study of dreams, we will look at symbols. Everything you observe in a dream has importance: a pencil, a coffee cup, a fence, a tree, a house, a horse, a man, a car—it all has meaning. Ancient wisdom is full of symbols. Some national languages still use mainly symbols in their writings; the Chinese language is highly symbolic. The Hebrew language, one of the oldest in the world, is a visual language. Western language is more cognitive: when we speak it, we create the symbols in our minds with sentences: “like a river,” or “lit up like a light bulb!” Dreams tend to hinge more toward the visual symbolic languages. As Westerners when we dream, we observe things from our common daily lives in a visual manner: maybe a coffee mug, or an automobile—something we are familiar with. I had a dream where I saw a man sitting at a table with a dirty coffee mug before him. He looked resolute and spoke matter-of-factly. I knew instantly that he came from the underworld by the symbolic dirty coffee mug, and the dream was a warning for me to watch for him. I was also able to get a good look at his facial features and a few months later, I shockingly saw him at a local restaurant when he walked in, stopped, turned toward me, and stared for a long moment. Then he came over and sat across from me and listened to a conversation I was having with another restaurant patron. Our conversation was about the Deep State, and I observed that the strange visitor sitting nearby was getting annoyed; he was nervously tapping his hand on the table. I quickly concluded my conversation and left, never to return to that restaurant again.

PUZZLE OR RIDDLE:

Another key feature of dreams is the puzzle or riddle. Some of these can take days or even weeks to solve. In the Bible the use of riddles was for teaching. Samson gave the men at his

wedding a riddle which took them a week to solve, and then only with the help of his contriving bride (Judges 13-16)! The ancients used to sit at the city gates and propound riddles and puzzles to each other to pass the time. Some of these riddles, depending on their difficulty, became the talk of the marketplace! With no local newspaper or puzzle page the ancients would share riddles one to another for days, until someone, or a group of people together, solved the puzzle/riddle—this was the case for Samson’s wedding. Solving Riddles/Puzzles from dreams has taken a huge leap forward with the introduction of the internet search engine. An unfamiliar sentence from a dream may connect with something tangible on a search engine, saving weeks of energy and time researching it. Occasionally, I get one-liner riddles and can solve them in seconds, or at least get an idea as to what it could mean. For example, last evening I was awakened to the phrase: “Moon God Ashur.” At the same time, I looked out my window to witness the full moon shining directly into my eyes. There may be several meanings to this riddle. First, the Moon God *Sin*, was a god of the Assyrian Empire, and the term Ashur was also a major deity of the Assyrians. The fact that the moon was full when I awakened put another thought into my mind to solve the riddle: the Assyrians apparently didn’t miss worshiping their “Moon God” on a night when there was a full moon! This all made sense, as my dream source knew, I was studying ancient history at the time I received the dream, and wanted to call to my attention the historical significance of the Moon God by giving me this simple riddle. An amazing part of the riddle is its teachable side; for instance, I discovered that to some Evangelical Christian Groups, Allah is also a Moon God, and refers to the Crescent Moon of the associated symbology. So, in solving a riddle we have these other teachable moments. And then, there is the complicated riddle: riddles *are intended to be* complicated. Dreams and interpretations are for people who like the challenge of a good puzzle, and solving riddles is good mental exercise, which can increase intelligence.

Dreams in sequence become: PUZZLE PIECES that fit together.

Over the years, I have had many memorable dreams. One thing I have noticed is that a dream in the year 2005 can complement a dream in 2013, and there may be some information missing from an earlier dream that is brought to light in a later one—later dreams becoming updates of earlier ones, *like puzzle pieces fitting together*. Our lives in a sense, are gigantic puzzle pieces being fit together. An experience in our childhood can prepare us for something later in life, and dreams can act in the same manner. In the year of our Lord 2012, I became aware that I would be moving from Florida; suddenly. In my inner soul, I could sense that a change was coming. As the year progressed, there were many things that confirmed my move: one was the change in the business climate of the State of Florida: a recession. For that reason alone, it became one of the puzzle pieces of my thoughts to move. Then began a *series of dreams* showing me exactly where I would be moving. The first, was a visual dream of a major West Coast City—I later moved to a city 120 miles east on the other side of a mountain range. Then another night I received a vocal transmission of an exact business name and zip code—located just 20 miles north of the city I later came to live in. Now knowing that the area my dream source was pointing to, and two weeks before I left, I decided to look up the address of an old friend who I knew lived in the same area. I found her living in a city five miles from where I now live. Finally, I saw a street sign with a street name on it—this street is adjacent to the street I now work on. There were many more confirmations in dreams, so many that if I went somewhere else, I would have been clearly out of the will of YHWH (the abbreviation of the true God).

CODES:

Then there are the codes in dreams that are similar to what the intelligence community and the military use: their codes are made to help move government information, and these same codes are sometimes broken by other governments by retrieval experts. The most memorable dream code I received took me over seven years to decode it! In the dream, I saw a general stand before me with a chest of scrambled eggs (medals), where he said, “G-57 ARE YOU READY!” This was a highly visual dream and one that I could not forget. Here is the interpretation: G-57 represents the 57 Muslim nations of the world, who in a

future time, will become so militant that a U.S. Army General will announce an alert: “G-57, ARE YOU READY!” There was another time when a *personal conversion code* was given to me in a dream that corresponded to the time on an old wall clock. The conversion of time went something like this: first, an exact time was given, 8:40 p.m. Then, during the day if I happened to randomly look at the clock at 2:36 (or the 36th minute of an hour), it meant that I was to save in my mind four time-segments from the first time given of 8:40 p.m.—each minute from the time center of 8:40 p.m. representing 20 minutes. This indicated that I was to leave the house at: 7:20 p.m.; or four 20-minute time segments before 8:40 p.m.. This was important as there were significant dangers lurking about during that fall season, and my dream source would warn me to leave the house at *exact times* using this conversion code. This again sounds complicated, and yes, breaking codes can be just that. But if you are called into this “dream world” of new possibilities, it is not a problem for you! YHWH will simply give you a personal conversion code and show you how to use it!

DATES:

A similar occurrence is the exact date given in a dream, where on occasion I am updated to be on the alert. My dream source is warning me that there is a significant danger in the area that day. A most recent date given was February 25, 2013. Here my dream source confirmed to me that this had financial implications to it. As the date approached, I called my bank and had them flag my personal bank account in the event of a cyber-attack. Then as the date arrived, I received a call from my personal banker that an internal banking error had occurred. We got the problem straightened out over the phone, and as a result, I try to keep a closer eye on the financial accounts. So, my dream source gave me the exact date, and even an idea of what was coming, so I wouldn’t be overtaken when it happened. Even the bank had some idea that a problem might occur after I had them flag the account. This stopped it from being a problem....

SPIRITUAL VISITATIONS:

I find the spiritual visitors I encounter as I dream to be most amazing. Prior to the recording of my dreams, these visitations by heavenly spirits seemed to be more abrupt and shortened.

However, as I became more sensitive to the possibility of their presence, they seem to come as more personable. It could be that they are aware that I can sense them the second they manifest in my presence. I welcome spiritual visitors as they always have a reason to be there: many being messengers. One night the Spirit of Death entered my room, his presence was very startling—I awoke immediately to hear some knocking on my living room window. I turned on several lights and it was quiet again. Then I went outside to inspect the window in question to discover that someone had attempted to chisel off the storm shutter; they had it hanging and about half removed. On the other side of the window was my desk where my wallet and valuables were placed. Robbers were planning to break the window and steal my money; my neighborhood was going downhill. The Spirit of Death came to me at that time because he thought he had a fair shake at me. However, *he* woke me up instead! Because I was so startled to see him in my dream, he instead warned me of a danger outside my window!

One night I had two Spiritual visitors, good and bad. First, an old hag spirit came into my bedroom and grabbed my arm—I saw this visually in my dream. A millisecond later, a huge twelve-foot angel of YHWH entered the room, and in a flash, cut off the arm of the old hag spirit. She made a beeline for the back door of my home! Somewhere in all of this I awoke from the abruptness of the visitation. Seeing the whole battle between the two spiritual forces was an awesome experience. I found out later from a long-time resident who had lived in my city, the old hag was the spiritual principality that ruled over the city for the dark side! For the reader of this book, I want to assure you that negative spiritual visitations are much less of an occurrence than those I have had from the good side. Often, I sense and observe in my dream the outlines of their appearances as they stand near me. Visitations can come in many forms: they can be of the heavenly spiritual world, or the dead physical world; dead souls traveling to their destinations. From heaven's spiritual world, visitations are clearly visible in the form of Angels or in auras, mists, brief glimpses. From the dark side the visitations are much more abrupt and sometimes invisible; you may just sense a presence of evil. While awake, I spot spirits from both worlds out of the corner of my eye. This occurrence at times is so common that I point to them and say, "I can see you!" Probably

the first Angelic spirit I saw, walked into my room when I was sleeping. His presence woke me up suddenly and I saw him consciously. He pointed to me and spoke in an Angelic language that sounded something like “yada, yada, yada!” The authority in his voice was astounding; the shock wave of his voice threw my body up in the air above my bed. Then I came crashing back down on the bed, and he was gone. However, a godly presence carried with me over the next three days. It was like walking around in a spiritual peace I had never known before. Witnessing spirits, or spiritual presences can be definite signs that heavenly activity is going on in your life: positive like a peaceful anointing, or opposing, possibly spiritual warfare.

Sometimes *people* can be Angels, either from heaven, or in the place of Angels. And they often help you, being ministering Spirits. Some might argue that whoever helped you was a good Samaritan, or a real person. However, in some cases, it could have been an Angel from heaven. Sometimes people will confirm—100%—that the person who helped them had to have been from heaven! Sometimes the circumstances are too peculiar to be of normal human origin. An Angel may answer your questions with personal information that only YHWH could know. Angels can be visible to the human eye and look just like the average human being; however, you may get a feeling that they are different, and you will probably get a really good feeling about them.

“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares (Hebrews 13:2 KJV).”

I had one of these types of Angels visit me on a summer ministry once. I was sent with a team of workers to Southern Utah to be a summer minister in Zion National Park. Late in the season the rest of the team went back to their colleges, and I was left alone; the workload was placed on my shoulders to do the ministry alone. Along came a man on ministry day who volunteered to help me—I was thankful that I didn’t have to do my job alone, as I had a full campground full of people to call on and invite them to Sunday services. It also looked more professional to them that I had an assistant go along with me from campground to campground. He seemed to know an unusual number of things about God and spiritual things too, and

his answers to my questions always had an *insider* knowledge about them. After we worked together for that day, I felt compelled to give him what he needed for his journey: food, clothing, and camping gear. Once he was on his way the Holy Spirit spoke to me that, “he was an Angel sent to help!” On another occasion, I was driving my car with a passenger down an icy highway. An oncoming vehicle spun out of control and was now taking up the whole roadway, heading directly toward me at a high rate of speed. It could have been a horrible dead-on collision, except for the fact that all of a sudden, the steering wheel in my white-knuckled fingers jerked hard to the right by an unseen hand, directing my car off the highway and directly down into a wide, snow covered ditch. This unseen hand continued to control the steering and took us through the ditch for a quarter mile and back up on the roadway — as if nothing ever happened! I kept my foot moderately on the gas to keep the car from getting stuck in the snow while in the ditch. Looking into my rearview mirror, I saw the car that had been out of control spin to a stop on the shoulder—we drove on. At that moment, my passenger looked over at me and said, “man, that was some first-rate driving!” I went on to explain to her that it wasn’t me that did the NASCAR correction of the near accident, and she was pleasantly amazed!

IMPRESSIONS:

Impressions can be widely varied; they can correlate to a person or persons, events, places, locations on a map, or just a sense that something is right or wrong. It could be that you just sense that someone you know is in danger. In dream Technology such impressions usually come the moment you wake up. It is a good idea to keep a journal where you can write your impressions down. Usually, I have 30 seconds after waking to record something before I forget it. Impressions are not limited to dream time, as I sometimes get these throughout the day. Once I had a daytime impression that a couple of friends were in danger, I got immediately down on my knees and prayed for their safety—this was 4 in the afternoon. I learned later that they were out on thin ice rescuing a dog that had broken through, and they were most likely walking above deep water. The impression was close to the exact time of the incident. Such an impression to Bible believers is called a *Word of Knowledge* (1 Cor. 12:8).

This is one of the power-ministry gifts. To the dream interpreter, it is also a useful endowment which often flows in the dream world.

PREVENTION:

This is the ultimate benefit of dream technology! Some of the readership is most likely familiar with biblical futuristic prophecy, and *dreams of prevention* is similar. When I first began to record dreams, I was amazed at the number of them that dealt with *future events* in the nation, friends, family, church, in my own life, and work associations. I began to figure out early on, when I received a dream warning about some future event, that I had time to pray about it and react with a phone call to a friend, or a letter to correct some business-related item. I could react to something I knew was coming and change it and the circumstances. I could prevent an accident, stop a check from bouncing, renew a friendship, or get a heads up on a spiritual attack—the list was endless, and the focus was purely prevention. On one occasion I had to call a Washington D.C. intelligence agency to warn them of an event that was of an intelligence nature! I had seen something very significant occur in a dream; they took the dream information from my call, and as far as I know—a prevention was probably made, as the event I was warned about, never occurred. I, however, get a little squeamish about calling government agencies with *dream intelligence*, for if you don't get just the right person; they can be quite rude. But then again, just the fact that you can spot something in a dream, record it on paper, and turn it into a prevention, whether it's in your own life or someone else's, is a powerful tool! The government must spend a great deal on intelligence in order to prevent acts of terror. Sometimes thousands of dollars are spent to investigate and analyze documents, videos, or recordings regarding possible events. Operatives are often sent across oceans to gather evidence and make new leads. But with dream technology, all you do is catch it in a dream and make a record, and that is free! I dream a great deal about things going on in my surroundings. That is: I just moved from Florida to the far Western mountains. When I was in Florida, my dreams focused much on my community there—scary place—Florida is a vacationland by day and a spiritual vacuum of underworld activity by night ... Sodom and

Gomorrah. But, when I moved clear across the country to the Western mountains, I began to get dream information about *this* local community — a family dysfunctionality. My theory then is, that if I were in theory, to move to Paris France, I could gather all kinds of interesting information about that city, the government, and the spiritual life of the people. I have no doubt that much of this information could be useful. Now, if you have six people with a dream gift in different strategic cities of the world, and all connected by computer; it could be a real clearing house of revelations! The key to prevention, with dreams as a catalyst, is to interpret the dream's details/parameters in relation to real life situations. Then spot the details/parameters and make an adjustment. If you can adjust just one detail of the dream information in the real-life situation, then you can prevent an unpleasant event from occurring. For example, if one observes a car running a red light in a dream and make a note of it—then later that day that individual is sitting at a red light; they are more apt to take caution when starting out—looking for any surprise runaway vehicles! By remembering to take caution at the light, he/she has identified a parameter of the dream—the red light—and has made a correction of one detail, looking both ways. By taking caution for an extra second or two, they made the prevention, and didn't take any unnecessary chances.

LOCATIONS:

Recently, I was made aware that I should call an old friend. Apparently, he was lonesome, and I was the only person available to comfort him. The way my heavenly contact made me aware of this was to give me three different highway numbers: 17, 70, 31. At first, I did not recognize what these numbers represented, and it took several hours of looking at these on my notepad. Later I figured out that “17” and “70” were the two main highway numbers that intersected in the downtown area of my old hometown. Also, Highway 31 intersected Highway 70 on the eastern part of town, so it became clear that it must be an old friend who needed a phone call, as he lived only a mile from one of these intersections! I gave him a reassuring phone call and e-mailed another friend in that town to give him a call. As it turned out, he *was* in need of fellowship.

TEACHINGS:

First of all teachings in dreams come in many forms: they can be simple impressions of a topic that can be written down and used in a report or book, or the teaching can be more complex, including visual stimuli with data-filled bursts. There are many different types. I once had a visual dream of a dry riverbed with a monument in the bottom of it of praying hands. This vision also correlates to a scripture given to me in the dream—by impression—on the same subject:

“Behold I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert (Isaiah 43:19 KJV).”

From a visual standpoint, this is a powerful teaching when combined with the scriptural reference. How I interpreted it: the monument for praying hands was in the bottom of the dry riverbed which represents, dryness. So, when you are dry, your prayers become a lifeless monument. The intention to pray is there, but there is no Spiritual life in them. Then God says through Isaiah, “I will bring rivers in the desert.” If correlated with the teachings of Joel and the “latter rains,” a power-message could be extracted from this 10-second video burst from a dream.

This next type of dream is the most exciting of all. What I am about to share with you may amaze, and I can imagine some may find this hard to cognitively absorb. On occasion, there is the *full-dream teaching*, including text! In this type of dream, a complete written page appears before me and I start reading it line by line. I am aware as I am reading that it is an ancient text; or on occasion a modern version of the Bible, and I only have a brief time to capture it! Usually within a minute or two I wake and am disappointed I could not read more. The cognitive result is that I seem to have more knowledge of the areas that God is instructing me in! For me, this type of dream is the most fascinating of all—the concept of acquiring ancient wisdom, or incredibly deep teachings while sound asleep! Just think of the possibilities for wisdom, knowledge and understanding. Once, I had a dream like this and spent a considerable amount of time reading a text before me. Upon awaking my now conscious mind felt like it had been through an all-day seminar on ancient wisdom. Other times, I have had visions in dreams that I am in a

special school. In one of these dreams I kept seeing a prison and saw some people lined up to get into it. I started attending a new church a few months later to discover several of the leaders were prison clergy. This visionary dream then told me that I would be attending a church in the future that would teach me about ministry in the prison system. Other dream teachings often come in short, one-sentence vocal transmissions right before you awake. These are usually no more than a couple of words that you can look up on a computer search engine. In this case, your heavenly contact is giving you a word-phrase to look up so that you can do further study on a topic of deep interest. This will not only increase your knowledge, but the information you examine is often a subject that you will have deep interest in. I had one dream where I saw myself teaching a class. A student in the class asked, “when will we be done?” I returned, “we’re still an hour early!” Then, someone asked me for my ID and said, “we still have a week left.” All this dream information interpreted together, shows that we are in the final hour (an hour early). The ‘ID’ represents the ‘Mark of the Beast’ introduced to mankind in the ‘final week,’ the tribulation period. That is quite a teaching in a 30-second visual transmission! Another thing that can happen with dream teachings, is that after scrutinizing an ancient text, it is possible to have knowledge, unknown to you before the time of transfer, downloaded into the inner chambers of your mind for later use. Many of these teachings line up exactly with scripture for your future reference. Often the result of such a download, is an increase in intelligence — an outpouring for the cognitive gray matter....

THE VISION:

Dreams are often visionary, and they can contain powerfully accurate futuristic or current information. Visionary dreams can help you see into the past, present, and future. In one futuristic dream, I observed three Russian built SU36 low altitude fighters fly directly over central Florida. They came from the Southeast and headed toward the Tampa area’s MacDill AFB. The three planes were in flying formation and moving low over the trees at a high rate of speed. Following this visual dream, I heard that the Russians were assisting Cuba in the rebuilding of airfields; most likely resurfacing, structuring and lengthening them to handle these high-tech aircraft. Visionary dreams are distinct from

others in that they last longer (10 seconds to minutes); have sometimes remarkable clarity (something like viewing a motion picture); have powerful symbolism (one item or feature could be the whole key to an enlightening interpretation); can have a message of teaching (a volume of information can come from one image), and may show futuristic prophecy details (some accurately predict future events). Some of the futuristic predictions in my own dreams include: the police state takeover of regions of America; the Russian Air Force invasion of Florida; the Russian naval invasion of the Great Lakes region, with much unrest in Northern Minnesota (starving people in food lines blasted by high pressure water hoses); a nuclear exchange on Florida's east coast; the invasion of California and takeover by Mexican troops, and the takeover of the Pacific Northwest by Chinese troops. Around the world there is the fall of Egypt with a great naval battle off its northern coast; a missile attack on Israel, followed by a mass army from Russia penetrating through the Caucasus Mountains into Turkey, and more!

Visionary dreams are the primacy of all dreams—they are what dreams are made up of!

Often resembling a motion picture, they are full of details and futuristic information. When you have a visionary dream—you know it, and it stays in the forefront of your mind for days, weeks, or even years. Average daily dreams are often forgotten when you awaken, but not visionary dreams ... they stay with you for a reason. One of those reasons is that you are chosen by your heavenly contact to receive this information. I recall the first days of my being able to receive messages from dreams: when I would try to share with other people, it was awkward and clumsy—sometimes people would change the subject. After years of trial and error in living the dream-gift, I find just sharing information, salted into conversation, can sometimes work. For example, I had a dream that a friend was in danger, but he lived in another state. I called him on the phone and told him I had a disturbing dream and needed to say, “You live in a bad neighborhood; don’t talk to any strangers!” That worked, being honest and sugarcoating it somewhat, so as not to make it sound like a general warning—being too abrupt can sometimes be

troublesome. Pick the audience carefully that you share visionary dreams with....

Visionary dreams can also be useful for teaching.

As a former radio minister, I often used the subject matter of visionary dreams in radio sermons—these are powerfully prophetic and effective. The great advantage here, is that my heavenly contact did all the research and even picked my subject matter for me, saving me hours of preparation. This also gave me the confirmation that what I was teaching on, was exactly what the audience needed to hear. When passages from the New Testament appear before me in a dream, I write down the scripture and verse numbers; then use this information in my communications....

It is of great advantage to record your dreams on paper when you awaken.

You generally have around 30 seconds to record something seen or heard before your conscious mind fully kicks in and overrides most of the information. I began recording my dreams in 2005 and was amazed that some of them took up to seven years to come to be fulfilled. After time, you will get more effective in recording dreams, and they can become a daily update for you. I record a dream almost every evening and find that many of my dreams are in fact “daily updates” on things or people I need to contact or watch for.

INTEL:

A heavenly source has much more sophisticated Intel than any source of mankind’s—greater than all the sum of any spy agency....

A caution to the watchmen who read this—dreams do contain what the intelligence community calls ‘INTEL.’ This *IS* the same essence of Intel that the CIA, MI6, KGB (GRU, SVR: Russian intel past and present), the Mossad (Israel), and other spy agencies use. It is gathered in much the same way—in bits and pieces and, over a few days or weeks, fits together. In my

opinion, Intel from the heavenlies is much more reliable and accurate; is full of leads, and can be used in a general sense to update users on Intel of the area they live in. For example, I no longer live in my old Florida neighborhood, as when I first moved into the neighborhood in 2004 it was just moderately bad. However, in the last year I was there (2012), I was getting almost daily updates about the criminals who lived around me through nightly dreams. In the last two months I was there, I would label the area as *dangerous* after 11 p.m.. These dream warnings were accurate in that there were several attempted break-ins at my house. Other neighbors testified of things missing from their yards. I also lost a bicycle, and one evening, averted people throwing rocks at my truck! The dreams warned me up to 3 days in advance of planned criminal activity. The caution of having such updates about evil activity, is that if it is spoken out loud to other people, spiritual warfare will probably result. The evil forces of darkness don't want anyone to know their plans, or much more, make public their secret underpinnings. I experienced spiritual warfare when I spoke of such evil plans on my radio show. Whew! I had demons and demonic people circling around my house for weeks! It was hard to sleep more than four hours at night, before I had to leave the house and sit at the 24-hour restaurant to drink coffee and do my office work overnight! And then, the demon-filled criminals would circle the restaurant in their fancy Mustangs, the bold ones coming in to buy take-out food while delivering to me ugly stares. Now that I have moved from that criminal infested city, I won't miss that rat-infested neighborhood for a minute! After leaving Florida, I slept sound every night for three weeks, as I was exhausted. I don't want to scare you about receiving dream Intel; however, you should know that it needs to be handled with cognitive maturity.

The Intel community once did some research on dream Intel and found that there was some accuracy to it:

At least one Russian submarine design plan was exposed, for U.S. intelligence received some sensitive diagrams of the Russian design from one seer. However, U.S. Intelligence probably hasn't done very much with paranormal activity since Operation Stargate (1970-95) was decommissioned.

Some intelligence operations focus on people who “know too much.”

If one happens to say something about one of their “secret” operations, they have been known to start surveillance operations on innocent American citizens. That can mean that operatives will start to appear in public places taking photographs, checking e-mails, and monitoring phone calls. Bugs will also be placed in homes and on vehicles. If this does start to happen, a targeted individual might consider moving from the area, as there may be a clandestine operation present in that community that they are trying to keep secret. This was the case of the community in Florida where I lived—there was a secret CIA college and high-tech training center just miles from my home.

Intel from heavenly sources outline: hidden activities inside your local or national government; local criminal activity; international events, and commonly, personal family issues of family, friends, or associates at work. I have seen deep military intel unfold before my eyes in other nations: I have had visual dreams of activities in Canada (frequently), South America, Iran, Russia, Saudi Arabia, Australia, Greece, and the Southern Caucasus. I have seen operations underground, above ground, and high-level government activities—in Washington D.C. I have seen troop movements, future wars, and spy activities. Inside the borders of the U.S. where my gift is *most active*, I have seen spy and criminal activities, family issues, governmental activities, and even the inner workings of local churches. Truly, the list can be endless of what things someone with a dream-gift can observe—truly that’s up to your heavenly contact in how much they want to reveal to you. However, when you get the information, you do have to use much cognitive wisdom in how you reveal it or expose it. I have a trusted friend who helps me with the tough stuff. I first share it with him and wait a few days. It’s remarkable as to how it is then used. Just taking a few days to think about it can help to modify the dream information for the best use, for what you initially thought your information to be about, may later link with something else that surfaces. I call these later revelations *updates*. One of the most shocking Intel dreams I had was when I found myself inside of one of the most secure buildings on earth: the McLean office

building on the same campus of the CIA's Langley offices. It was there that I talked to one of the directors and learned of one of their European operations in the city of Athens, Greece. This one may have got me into some trouble with the secret government. I used to frequent a coffee house where CIA, spies and the underworld hung out, and I shared this dream with a couple of them, hoping for a reaction of positive interest. Well, I got a reaction all right, and it wasn't positive. I reveal much of this in the book: *Guardians of the Backwater*. Life *should* be a journey; a positive adventure, and dreams will make it just that way!

Occasionally, I receive specific intel information on a company or individual; or am given a specific company or individual's name. Once received, I go directly to the computer search engine to get an idea of what, or who this could be referring to. I recall getting a woman's name once and found her to be an executive in one of the major church denominations; I decided to pray for her. Other times these names come up on the search engine with many other questionable articles attached, showing them to be people connected in some way to the underworld. Some are powerful influencers in their field of operations, even politicians. One of these turned out to be someone associated with powerful Communist political proliferators. Another was a politician who had several articles speaking of his CIA ties. In the age of computers and search engines, many of these dream mysteries can be solved in minutes. In my own neighborhood, I had several dreams about a local bar. The dreams showed me that the people inside that bar were thugs and were to be avoided. The bar is a den of iniquity, and I have prayed to ask for God's intervention there. This is one of the unique things about being an active dream interpreter, for you become a watchman for your community. It is, in a sense, one way to make a change in your locality from the armchair at home—see it and pray about it!

For example, I once received information about a prime minister's wife who was in danger in another country. This information was especially sensitive, so I can only briefly outline the situation. I saw something happen in a dream that was important and real enough, to call a U.S. intelligence agency and make a report to them regarding the prime minister's wife. They took the information down and as far as I know the situation

never transpired. I was never thanked for my help but that is the nature of a watchman—all the glory goes to God. Isaiah the prophet wrote:

“I am the LORD: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images. (Isaiah 42:8 KJV).”

Another interesting thing about dream Intel is that you can judge the range of your gift by the information you receive.

For example, if what you receive is from a local area, then you are most likely a ‘local’ watchman. However, if you receive intel on a regional level, your gift is more extensive; if the information goes to national or international levels, then you have a significant gift indeed! Another thing to take note of is accuracy, as it makes little difference if you are accurate mostly in local occurrences or national levels—accuracy is the primacy at any level of dream interpretation. It can be said that accuracy at the local level is better than inaccuracy at the national. It is also easier to share your information with other members of your local community than it is to call some government agency in Washington to report something you have been made aware of emerging at their level. I have been shunned by only one government agency when I called. Don’t be too hasty though to share your gift information with any government agency; you have to be sincerely led by the Holy Spirit to do so....

PRAYER AND INTEL:

Whatever level your dream interpretation finds you in, another key element is the ability to intervene through *prayer*. As a watchman you can see specific events coming and have the preventative ability to pray about them *before* they happen, possibly acting as a catalyst to stop something damaging from transpiring. Thus, part of my reasoning for my outlining *dream technology* is to educate people in their gift, and their ability to look ahead, warn, and through prayer: prevent (intervene). If you are a church prophet/watchman, then you should know that YHWH God does gift certain people with the ability to spot the enemy’s (Lucifer’s) purposes ahead of time and “blow the trumpet!” As one of the Biblical prophets spoke:

“Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the LORD cometh, for it is nigh at hand; (Joel 2:1 KJV)!”

On occasion, I observe things that are too difficult to speak to anyone about, and in these cases, YHWH God has already trained me that I can share these observations with Him and can leave them at his altar. Once this is done, I refuse to worry or concern myself on such matters that are perplexing, as the finite mind can get too taxed, trying to figure out complex problems—the God of the universe laughs at them:

“He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the LORD shall have them in derision (Psalms 2:4 KJV).”

Sometimes, he gets me to laugh along with him. For in many ways, life is a comedy. It is possible to find something funny in almost any situation. When I wrote the book *Guardians of the Backwater*; I reveal that, in some ways, situations in life can be a tragic comedy....

Education is the next element of Intel from dreams.

Often, I get a word or a phrase that reveals some secret purpose of the enemy (Lucifer). It wasn't until I began receiving such information that I began to clearly understand what a schemer the devil is. He is actively determining evil activity against the *anointed*: those who serve with a special calling of God. If there is a minister that has no anointing, then Lucifer pays no attention at all. But, if they are a pastor, prophet, or teacher who exposes deep hidden secrets of the devil's plans; well then, they are often targets of his evil schemes. There are sometimes well-organized operations against key ministries by Lucifer's underground network. For example, one prophet was known in his community as the “*Midnight Minister*,” as he would stay up all night in the 24-hour café drinking coffee in the presence of all the underworld criminals who dined there in the middle of the night. He would observe them first-hand, the unique cars and trucks they drove, and who they hung out with:

the thugs, the prostitutes, the dons, the pimps the gang members. Then in the last hour before sunrise he would walk out of the restaurant to the parking lot and pray for the criminals and the gang members he witnessed. After a few weeks, the gang members figured out what he was doing, as he sat there reading his over-sized Bible. They began to throw rocks at his truck, vandalize his house, and send text message threats to his cell phone. The Midnight Minister had to soon shake the dust off his feet of the evil rattlesnake-infested town and move to another state. This is the cost of ministry with the anointing, and dreams can be the advance warning mechanism for us of evil activity if we do carry an *anointing*. I might add, the Midnight Minister was very blessed in the new community that he moved to and was rewarded by the Lord, prospering greatly. YHWH God never forgets to reward those who serve by faith.

VOCAL TRANSMISSIONS:

This is when someone with a dream-gift gets a word or phrase, a person's name or location, or a geographic location, or perhaps a company name. There are some other variations that could be received. In my experience, these are the most thought-provoking, for you may get the name of a person or corporation that is encompassed in intriguing activity. The context of a *vocal transmission* in a dream is that it is spoken by a voice, and the transmission is usually short and concise; possibly just an abbreviation: like CIA. Following the reception of such a vocal transmission I go to the internet search engine to clarify everything about it. In most cases, I find what I need in just a few minutes. These are often helpful in giving direction to my life, or occasionally a warning about the name of a person I need to avoid. Vocal transmission are powerfully directive and amazing in the amount of information they sometimes springboard to. I have received the names of crooked local politicians; names of companies that are connected to the underworld; and names of rulers to research. Vocal transmissions often come in twos or triads. Sometimes I am concerned by the first one, knowing from experience that more information will be coming later on to confirm it, and then, a day or two later, another transmission comes to clarify the first one. For example, in one visual dream I became aware that I would be moving to the Western mountains. A later vocal transmission

gave me more specifics of the exact location—it gave me a zip-code located just twenty miles north of the city I moved to. This combination shows that vocal transmissions not only clarify a previous visual dream’s information, but they can also complement each other. I then moved to the far Western mountains—go west young man! Often, vocal transmissions accompany visual dreams, as usually towards the end of the dream you will hear a word or phrase. These vocal transmissions further clarify what you may be observing in the dream. I have had instances where I received the name of a person in a dream, followed by more information given about that person in another: one of those persons was former U.S. Attorney General Erick Holder. He is one who operates in secret on government back-channels—unofficial of course! This demonstrates how specific your dream source can be in the knowledge he shares through dreams in general. At times, it can take you back to pause and ponder at this infinite knowledge and information source. One of my favorite vocal transmissions was: *Man of La Mancha*. When I researched it, I found the most incredible song: *The Impossible Dream*. This song has lyrics that are so impressive:

“The Impossible Dream (The Quest)”

To dream the impossible dream

To fight the unbeatable foe

To bear with unbearable sorrow

And to run where the brave dare not go

To right the unrightable wrong

And to love pure and chaste from afar

To try when your arms are too weary

To reach the unreachable star...

To be willing to march, march into hell

For that heavenly cause...

Yes, I’ll reach the unreachable star (Joe Darion, Mitch Leigh, *The Impossible Dream*, 1966)....

CONFIRMATION DREAMS:

Confirmations: dreams come in many forms: vocal transmissions, visual dreams, downloads, impressions, and repeatedly they confirm each other. In one dream you will receive what I call an information *bit*, and this will be followed a

day or two later by a confirmation. Now confirmations can come from dreams or real-life situations. I was praying once for a confirmation on the time frame I had to make a major life decision. In a dream came a vocal transmission of an exact time frame: 6-months. Then in real life I kept hearing the term “6-months” spoken randomly in other people’s conversations. After hearing the term three times, I knew it was confirmed that I had plenty of time (6-months) to make this decision. It seems that three confirmations *are* the standard, as triads are common in the heavenly realm, but I rarely get more than three, whether they come from dreams or life situations. I once received the name of a man who, after I did a computer search, came up on the FBI Most Wanted list. I sensed my heavenly contact was making me aware that this man was in *my* community for a season; probably employed by the underworld—at the time, I was being followed a lot by CIA second and third-party contractors. Sometimes such names are given so that one can simply pray for that person. Another time a financial director’s name of a major church denomination was given, I prayed for her and felt a release in the spiritual realm. Other times I have been given names of politicians, or possible spies and criminals. The possibilities are endless, names of people from all walks of life; but rule number one is to listen to the Spirit as to why you got the name and then research, pray, and ponder.

DUAL MEANINGS:

Often, in dreams I get information that has dual meanings, or possibly numbers that refer to highways intersecting on a street map. The numbers may also refer to people or things located in certain geographical locations. For example, my dream source may want me to pay attention to a certain area, so he gives me the numbers of two highways that intersect in that town, and this makes me aware that someone or something is going on in that town that needs attention. A computer search of local news can reveal much about current situations, giving me enough information to know what to do with the update. This then becomes what I call a dual meaning or message. This type of dual meaning can occur in any number of combinations.

Dual meanings are sometimes confirmations of vocal transmission material.

On the onset, a couple of numbers are presented, or a name presented may refer to one thing; then after a few days, these same numbers or names may parallel to refer to other related things. The keywords in dual meanings are *related* or *related items*. The heavenly contacts in the dream world share intelligence which will challenge. They often enjoy combinations and relating those combinations to you. If you have been around crossword puzzles at all, people who are good at solving them are also mentally trained to perceive combinations. Life is full of these combinations and as you begin to recognize them, your possibilities for success and advancement in your field are endless. Dream technology makes you aware of these relationships between people, business, church, military and social spheres. We live on a global planet that is made up of an endless number of combinations or relationships. For example, lawyers are related to police who process and file violations of codes. The lawyers make their living on interpreting these codes in front of a judge. They are trained in the school of law to stand before a judge in his arena; another relationship, lawyer to judge. *We the people* then sometimes need help from other sources to stay out of their trap: to avoid the snare of the code people! That's where dream technology can warn you in advance: to be more careful while driving your car; take caution of certain social relationships; watch your investments in certain sectors of finance; or avoid certain people who have their own hidden and evil agendas. The help that can come from the heavenlies acts as a longnose looking glass to help you perceive what is ahead, and where to take your next steps. There are also good social relationships that dream technology can update you on to spend your time with and enjoy. That could be possible church relationships, or business and finance. It can tell you the best areas to live in, or the best places to shop, and the best places to vacation. For example, I had so many warning dreams when I lived in Florida—I will never consider going there again....

WARNING DREAMS:

In the troubled world we live in, warnings are a regular feature of the dream world. It took some getting used to at first, to receive dream warnings; it seemed there were more warnings

for a time than general updates. Warnings in dreams come in many forms: visual and vocal transmissions seem to be the most frequent. Often, I observe future situations play out in dreams: like a car accident, or an angry person ... I know when I wake that I need to be observant over the next several days. In one dream I saw the details of a parked-car accident. The next day as I drove up to a customer's home, I saw the parameters of the dream match the neighborhood. In the dream, I saw someone hit my truck from behind. Observing the parameters line up in real life, I moved my truck from the spot that I would have normally parked in. Within seconds after reparking, I saw the vehicle that would have hit my truck. A lady was backing from a driveway across the street from between two other vehicles. Her view was obstructed on both sides—she shot straight out. If I had been parked in the regular spot, as the dream indicated—she would have backed right into my vehicle! So, when you have warning dreams, do keep abreast of the parameters, and try in your mind to match these details in real-life situations. When you get in a situation where the parameters of the dream start to play out before you, do one of three things: make a proximity adjustment, or a time adjustment, or remove yourself entirely from the situation if you think it's too dangerous. When warnings come as vocal transmissions, they can be the names of individuals to watch for. Even in a harmless church environment, I have had warnings of people that are attending. One man was schizophrenic, and my dream source warned me to not get too close! In another related visual dream, I saw a dangerous, drooling dog standing before a church that I had just started attending—I never went back there again! So, even in church there can be dangers. Other names have been offered of people who are in positions of responsibility; in real life you would never guess that such people working behind a counter or desk are—aggressive.

THE GLIMPSE:

Frequently, at the end of a dream, I will get no more than a glimpse of something. Of course, I always awaken and record such a dream either on a mini voice recorder, or just write it down on paper. What I see in a glimpse is usually an episode of something that has happened in the past or may occur in the future. Sometimes the information witnessed is in the category of

“secret.” Some of these secrets could be on a national level, so I need to be careful how I share the given information. To give you an idea of what a glimpse is and how to interpret it, I will go to a hypothetical example ... in a given dream you observe a clear photo of a dollar bill that is fading away. This is all you notice for a few seconds before you awaken. As you go about your day, you ponder the meaning. Perhaps it means economic stresses may come your way. Then you are reading something in a newspaper describing that Fiat currency will one day be worthless. Now you have a confirmation of the true meaning of the glimpse that your dream source showed you. You breathe a sigh of relief when you realize this has more to do with the general financial state of the world than with you individually. However, it is still meant to show you *something*, so you begin to take more caution with your investments; perhaps buying more tangible real gold and silver currency. Dreams are always meant to benefit your well-being. Occasionally, a glimpse is something that my dream source wants me to run a computer search on to advance my education on a select topic of interest, usually one that will benefit me later. Glimpses and the ability to receive them are truly a high valued feature of the dream-gift, truly one of the most fascinating....

The End

Appendix F

High Level Targets of the Deep State

There are certain individuals who threaten the stability of the actors of the former Lyndon Johnson administration. First high-level target on their list, and what started the wheels-a-turning of government corruption was of course, John F. Kennedy. Following his day of destiny in Dallas, the carnage has not stopped, and here have been numerous assassinations following JFK's event at Dealey Plaza—worldwide. With some of these tours de force, it is obvious of *who* played a part in-da-job. Then strangeness enters the picture with other targets: namely key scientists, who are taken out because of an invention that may take big business away from the kingdom of darkness's business operations. These mob hits are more obscure and may even go unnoticed except by people in the know. For example: two young scientists were found bound, gagged, stabbed and set alight. One was hoping to become an expert in eco-friendly fuels; the other a student in proteins that cause infectious disease. [1]

There are other reasons why people are assassinated or targeted today.

Target Reason Number One: Popularity

In the quest to control large populations, the rock that will throw off the balance of *the Deep State's total control*, is a person who is popular—especially one with independent views. Now it is acceptable to the kingdom of darkness that one is popular *IF* they hold their beliefs; they may even promote them! Many satanic rock bands have found their way to success by promoting darkness through their music. Then there is also the liberal talk show host who finds his way onto the networks, even though most of the population cannot stand his swamp-wash of opinions. Somehow the networks find willing advertisers to support his show, so he can spread his pig-slop nightly on the airwaves to back the Deep State's agenda. But because new audiences can bypass the control grid of the elite through the internet, new talent can at times operate from a grassroots appeal, where suddenly there comes an individual who average people really like. Whether it's the music, the jokes, or his/her

ability to get out the truth ... he/she emulate the general listeners own political or general values better than anyone the Deep State can produce. Many rising stars have come in the past: JFK, Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., Ronald Reagan, Marilyn Monroe, Elvis, the Beatles, John Lennon, Ross Perot, Alex Jones and more. What makes it tough for some of these popular people is that they sometimes make such clear sense, they shine like beacons on a foggy night. They may even expose the hidden agenda of the powers of the dark side, or the people trying to control *everything*. Who are some of *these controllers*? Some of the most powerful secret societies in the world are: The Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), the Illuminati, major Mafia families, the Club of Rome, the Fabian Society, the Bilderberg Group, the Trilateral Commission, the CIA, and several powerful individuals.

Secret societies have a definitive agenda, and anyone who challenges their status quo can become a person of their interest....

The first of their targets we will look at, and probably the most popular president since George Washington: John F. Kennedy. First, we will take a closer look at his popularity. The first question: why *was* he so popular amongst the common people? He was a true exception as a member of the Democratic Party, but this was before the party went left, and beyond all reason. Usually popularity amongst politicians is limited to their side of the aisle—JFK was not only popular with most Americans—he was off the charts in Europe! They called his presidency along with his young beautiful wife Jacqueline, a modern-day Camelot. His popularity unfortunately turned heads on the elitist, darker-side crowd, and it was his constitutional belief system that had many of them bothered. Right at the beginning, he and his brother Bobby (U.S. Attorney General) saw directly through the corrupt practices of the CIA, viewing their leadership as totally out of control. JFK forced CIA director Allen Dulles' resignation as a noted shot-off-the-bow to the rest of the corrupt roaches inside the government. One famous Kennedy quote around that time was, "how could I have been so stupid?" That is, how could he have been so stupid to trust the groups that had been advising him, the CIA and the JCS (Joint

Chiefs of Staff). Even more damning to the CIA at this time was a quote by JFK that he wanted to “splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds.”[2] Secondly, JFK stood up to the evil, dark powers in areas of justice actively with his brother Bobby, for under their leadership, the FBI sought out the most powerful dons of the Mafia. He also clashed with the international bankers on areas of U.S. currency production and control. The silver-half-dollar was a mass-produced 90% silver coin, and they were produced by the millions, giving Americans the feel for true money; not the nickel-plated copper that followed! Kennedy also clashed on his views toward the police action conflict in Southeast Asia. He would not expand the war as his successor did; no blood-for-dollars in his book! However, after Lyndon Johnson took over the presidential office, full expansion of a war followed, and with crippling rules for engagement that prevented victory. But that is what the evil directors in the government wanted—expand the war as long as possible to fill the pockets of their buddies in the defense industry with as many lucrative government contracts as they could get their hands on, sustaining the flow of war monies as long as possible. Kennedy would not have anything of this corruption. Kennedy spoke like a constitutional statesman: in his mind the *people* were the ones in power; the government was not their nanny! “Ask not what your government can do for you, but what you can do for your government,” he said. His speeches are still of the most read and quoted, and you do not have to read too far in any of his speeches to hear the heart of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. This statesmanship greatly concerned the evil dark forces of the Deep State that were actively undermining and trying to take control of the highest offices in the land. Sadly, after they succeeded in assassinating JFK and his brother Bobby, they did take over key controlling positions in the government, media, and even in industry.

So, what makes a popular person a target of the dark side?

With Kennedy there was a third factor—his bloodline. According to Fritz Springmeier in his book: *Bloodlines of the Illuminati* (1995), these are the thirteen controlling families of the world:

• Astor—Bundy—Collins—Dupont—Freeman—Kennedy
—Li—Onassis—Reynolds—Rockefeller—Rothschild—Russel
— Van Duyn.[3]

Let us look at the next reason people become targets of the dark side: *independent beliefs and agendas*.

Target Reason Number Two: Independent Beliefs and Agendas

There is one man who challenged the political position at the highest levels of the Obama administration: Richard Holbrooke, the United States Special Envoy for Afghanistan and Pakistan under Hillary Clinton, Secretary of State. He was a top American diplomat, who also served under Bill Clinton and Jimmy Carter, and was a key player in the Vietnam conflict. Holbrooke fell ill while meeting with Hillary Clinton at the State Department on December 11, 2010. Holbrooke died December 13, 2010 from a torn aorta in his heart. His last words to his doctor before being sedated for surgery were,

“You’ve got to end this war in Afghanistan.” [4]

Holbrooke was no stranger to conflict with the Obama administration, who doubted that the President’s decision to send tens of thousands of troops to Afghanistan, would end the war. Instead, he desired to broker a deal between the Taliban and their troublesome neighbors: Pakistan and Iran. He also believed in the power of promoting agriculture, which he believed to be the base of the Taliban’s national pride. He knew he could not get a hearing at the highest levels of the Obama administration, and also had concerns with the way General Petraeus was running the war, who wanted to weaken the Taliban before entering peace talks.[5] With so much disagreement, something moved in Washington when Holbrooke visited with Hillary Clinton at the State Department. One would think that inside the State Department, he would be in the safest place on earth; yet instead, he was taken out on a gurney. It is amazing that the news media did not suspect something waggish about him falling ill while meeting with such a person of power. There are a couple of ways that Holbrooke could have been influenced to be ill while he sat ... perhaps someone handed him a *water bottle*. Was there

something tainted in the water? Or was there something pointed at him from another room, zeroing in on the chair he sat in—perhaps a sophisticated ice weapon? Or maybe high frequency radio waves shot from a new stellar weapon? Whatever the vehicle, this author is convinced that Holbrooke was a victim—not a sick patient, as the fake, CIA-influenced news media concluded. What is my evidence? Just a hunch or feeling? No, much more than that; my trusted source pointed this out to me that this was a hit! And who is my source? Only the best!

A hypothetical meeting follows, created by this author's personal cleverness; it will illustrate an imaginary word exchange between Secretary of State Hillary Clinton and Richard "Dick" Holbrooke. This hypothetical meeting takes place in Secretary Clinton's office at the State Department, December 11, 2010.

"Oh hell-ooo Richard," Hillary greets him as he enters her office for the last time. "I prefer to be called Dick," Holbrooke reminds her. Hillary adjusts her posterior in her oversized red-leather chair, which begins formulating strange flatulence sounds. With a look of disdain she says, "Richard, we have many things to discuss today, but before we get into our deck of cards, let me say that we in the Obama administration, want to remind you not to speak of your personal desires to stop the war in Afghanistan with any members of the media. It takes us two weeks to cover your words every time you speak in opposition to our position. You are still aware of *OUR* position, aren't you?" Holbrooke reaches over to grab a plastic water bottle that is set for him on a coffee table next to his chair. Unscrewing the already broken-sealed top, which he didn't notice, since it had been tightened to hide its dangerous nature inside ... Holbrooke takes a long sip and replaces the cap on the bottle, still holding it in his hand for a future use. Looking at Hillary with eyes of fire from a position he long held, he says very slowly with gritted teeth, "we need to end this war

in Afghanistan.” Suddenly Holbrooke grabs his chest with his left hand and drops the water bottle on the floor with a thud. Hillary calmly picks up her office phone instructing her office secretary to call an ambulance. As Holbrooke slumps over in his armchair dying from a torn aorta in his heart, a direct result of swallowing a strong dose of a sodium chemical delivered to his heart from tainted water, Hillary speaks over him in a whispered voice, “Richard, this war will go on for the next 100 years, and nobody will stand in our way—you’re no longer a team player — we’re sending you to the dugout!”

Moments later an ambulance crew of EMTs enters the room and begins resuscitation techniques, quickly removing him to the local hospital. Holbrooke is an example of someone who was removed from the Deep State system. He was one who challenged the powers that be at the highest levels. He knew too much of the Deep State’s methods and was vocal of his opposition; he had integrity and would NOT go along with illegal or evil political positions based on greed, lies, and secrecy. What is significant about Holbrooke is the fact that he *was* one of them; he was accepted in the club—being a member of the CFR, the Trilateral Commission and a member of the Steering Committee of the Bilderbergers Group—he was deeply connected with the world elite.[6] But some Deep State politicians are simply drunk with greed and power and will crush anyone who challenges the status quo. One of the problems with war is that there are whole industries backed by politicians who are making millions of dollars off supplying the military hardware, from jets to bullets. None of these greedy, power hungry brokers want anyone in their way to cut off the flow of monies into their evil empires. As we learned from the Bush administration who started the *Mother of All Wars*: some of their key political players had investments in the military machine ... it’s bread from bullets and planeloads of cash for bribes. If they can take out JFK and get away with it, they can take out the World Trade Center Towers too. They like to pride themselves on how much they can get away with—and how many of the American people’s constitutional freedoms they can cancel with

new legislation that follows—like the Patriot Act: a major constitutional boondoggle which followed 9/11; a government insider job.

Target Reason Number Three: Family Bloodlines

The average citizen would have absolutely no idea of how focused the world elite are on their *own* bloodlines, and the purity thereof. The truth is, much of the world is controlled by families ... extremely powerful families. To keep power these top family organizations intermarry—much in the same way the royal families of antiquity protected their turf with politically-led intermixing. Some of the elitist weddings resemble the high expense affairs of former kings and queens in the royal bloodlines; some industrialists ride alongside emerging crime families; some co-opting with each other for control over regions; much of Chicago business is under Mafia influence. And then, much of the American government is controlled by powerful political families: those Bushes and the Clintons—with Mafia influence in the shadows. Clinton ran the Department of Commerce like a pay-to-play Mafia don!

There are many hidden power struggles within these families today.

The world is unaware of these power grabs, except to see the aftermath. Probably the most significant of the bloodline struggles was the assassination of Princess Diana. Yes, the media reported her death as a car accident; however, car accidents are one of the main ways that people are set up by hitmen of the elite to be taken out. They call it “wet work!” This author is persuaded that Princess Diana *was* assassinated! She became a target of her own royal family from frustrations over her affair with an Islamic man, Dodi Fayed. He was from an elite Egyptian billionaire family that the royal family obviously did not approve. Before her death on August 8, 1997, Diana had made predictions that she was a *target in trouble*. After her “car accident” in the Pont de l’Alma tunnel in Paris, she did not exactly get a royal ambulance ride! Instead, it became a Tour de France, taking over an hour for her ambulance to reach the hospital; a four-mile ride equals five minutes![7]

There is also hidden, ethnic cleansing of some royal bloodlines by other ruling bloodlines.

Hitler obviously attempted to ethnically cleanse the world of all Jewish bloodlines, he also was aware of some royal Jewish bloodlines—the most powerful of Jewish bloodlines being that of the tribe of Judah, of which the royals of England share a blood heritage; this is also the tribe of the savior of the Christian church. Throughout history there has also been some positioning for control over Judah by the tribe of Dan. Some of the more powerful Jewish families are from this tribe that was carried away in the dispersion to Assyria. However, when someone like Hitler attempts to perform the ethnic cleansing of *all* Jewish people, one only needs to look at who sponsored Hitler in the first place to find the root of all evil: the Bush family through their patriarch father, Prescott Bush, and the financial assistance from his association with Union Banking Corporation which assisted a powerful leader in the Nazi war machine's steel industry. To find more roots in the evil base, just look at the Bush family's trademark association with Skull and Bones secret society. To this author, it is clear some entity is trying to ethnically cleanse members of the Kennedy family: JFK, Bobby, Mary, and John Jr., died under strange circumstances, or they were assassinated. John died in a small airplane crash on his way to Martha's Vineyard, an experienced pilot. Then Mary, a wife of Bobby Kennedy Jr., was supposed to have committed suicide—this author says she did not commit suicide—her death was made to look like a suicide by some very evil gangster who targeted her. Then there is the Polish royal family cleansing by unknown forces, and the Russian royal family cleansing, mostly gone on unseen. This all being done by powerful families under the control of an emerging, unilateral world government who demand no competition for power going forward. They do not want any competition from other rising families of power.

In the emerging world government, there is only room for the thirteen world-ruling families, with some exceptions....

There are 26 Mafia families that control much of the Eastern Seaboard states and the Midwest and key Western cities—certain parts of Florida are simply ... mob central! The face of the world

is changing for the old-style royals: Nicholas the last king of Russia was executed by the Bolsheviks in 1918; William, the last king of Prussia ruled until 1941, and the last king of Poland, Stanislaw, ruled until 1798; Haile Sellassie the last emperor of Ethiopia. This author has some royal bloodline connections and knows from experience that ... times are a-changin'.

How powerful families make wealth....

- Defense contracts are quick cash, with gunrunning to militant groups and third world countries; pharma and other key Wall Street investments (they own one large investment bank that has key funds on Wall Street); drug running is a steady flow of sometimes hundreds of millions USD.

- Evils of defense spending: One *trillion* dollars was spent on the F-35 lightning fighter jet—defense contractors make billions just on research and development of new weapons for the military!

- Back-channels to make money: natural disaster relief companies where insurance dollars are funneled for home/business repairs and wars. They own stock in defense contractor companies, who get the beefy government contracts from state representatives in Congress; all reaping huge payloads, with shiploads of brand-new hundred-dollar bills!

- Setting up natural disasters: In the West, it's wildfires, where the DNR either sets the fires themselves, as "controlled burns," or they let the naturally started fires, via lightning strikes, burn out of control in key areas. In one fire, hundreds of homes can be destroyed. Then their partner companies can reap huge profits in fire disaster relief, and disgusting real estate transactions of claiming "distressed" properties. The DNR personnel themselves can reap huge wages fighting the fire itself: from providing tanker trucks and high wages to fight the fire: how about \$100/hour for fireman duty; or several hundred per hour for providing a firetruck.

In the East, it's hurricanes. By the ability to control the weather, gigantic Atlantic hurricanes can be driven, much like a vehicle, to hit key areas. One of these ways is by use of a powerful laser beam shot down from a defense satellite. By vaporizing the clouds in an area out in front of an approaching hurricane, they can create an area of *least resistance* driving the storm — much like using a pogo stick to run an arcade video

game. Weather control and modification is a geopolitical business. Another way is to use high frequency radio waves generated on a defense department radio farm. By concentrating these radio waves against the jet stream, they can curve it to influence the weather in an area into which the hurricane is approaching and influence the outcome of where the hurricane turns or travels to. Hurricane Charley which struck South Florida in 2004 caused \$16.4 billion in damages. As it skimmed the Florida Gulf Coast, it suddenly took an unexpected turn, directly into one of the state's wealthiest communities. As it passed through, a local resident reported, "I saw a speedboat literally flying through the air!" Huge profits from the cyclone destruction went immediately into the pockets of any company involved in any kind of disaster relief: general construction, roofing construction, landscaping, electrical; later, insurance companies raised homeowner rates to new outlandish levels to "compensate" their payouts. The state responding in kind by having to start its own homeowner insurance company to assist many stressed citizens with more affordable rates.

Then there is the military-industrial complex, driven behind the scenes by the power brokers of the world....

Famous Persons Who Have Been Targeted by the Military-Industrial Complex:

1 John Lennon: He became enemy number one of the U.S. government for being a peace activist. He was the last iconic anti-war activist of our age. Lennon also wrote his anti-war themes into his music; his most notable song of the Peace Movement: "*Give Peace a Chance*," was a national hit, being sung by half a million peace protesters at the Washington Monument in 1969. It became the universal chant at anti-war rallies. Lennon had an almost single-minded devotion to the anti-war movement, courting top representatives as Abbey Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. In Lennon's own words he explains,

What we are really doing is sending out a message to the world, mainly to the youth, especially the youth or anybody, really, that's interested in protesting for peace or protesting against any forms of violence. There's many ways of protest, and this is one of them. And anybody could grow

their hair for peace or give up a week of their holiday for peace or sit in a bag for peace. Protest ... anyway, but peacefully, because we think that peace is only got by peaceful methods, and to fight the establishment with their own weapons is no good, because they always win, and they have been winning for thousands of years. They know how to play the game violence, and it's easier for them when they can recognize you....[8]

But now the Washington military-industrial complex had Lennon in their focus; the FBI alone had over 400 pages of information on file.[9] Someone in the Deep State must have decided to not “give peace a chance,” for on December 8, 1980, Lennon was walking into his apartment building in downtown New York when drifter Mark David Chapman approached him. Wanting to be famous, Chapman pulled out a .38 caliber pistol, opening fire on Lennon four times. After the singer-songwriter collapsed, TV networks interrupted their broadcast to announce Lennon’s death. Within hours, the murder became front page news across the globe. Later, Chapman boasted to authorities about the amount of time and preparation it had taken. He said it involved “incredible stalking” and “incredible planning.” Speaking after the murder, he said he committed the crime because he wanted “that bright light of fame, of infamy, the notoriety that was there; I couldn’t resist it.” Chapman was sentenced to 20 years to life after pleading guilty to second degree murder.[10]

The military-industrial cult picks its victims carefully and strategically plans their attack over time.

Mark Chapman’s .38 revolver handgun was loaded with body crushing dumdum bullets; a similarity to the “dead on contact” bullets now used by some police departments. These bullets are designed to do the maximum amount of damage, leaving almost no hope for recovery to the recipient if shot into the mid-section of the body. To recap: five shots rang out, four connected, and John Lennon fell to the floor, hit fatally in his back, shoulder, and side. After an ambulance rushed his body to a New York City hospital, he was DOA. When police interviewed his killer, Chapman simply said, “I acted alone, Lennon had to die.” Also,

in his possession was a copy of the book: *Catcher in the Rye*, J.D. Salinger's famous novel which highlights adolescent alienation. Chapman was described by the media to be a loner and a drifter. Truly though, he was a married man from Hawaii, who had traveled the world over, spending time even in Beirut, Lebanon, where the CIA had a secret assassination training camp. It is unknown where he got all the money to travel to distant places and then to New York City to carry out his supposed "independent act." Another author, Strongman, determined that he did not act alone, but was in fact set up as a patsy by the CIA, a sort of Manchurian candidate to do their dirty work. Witnesses said Chapman looked like a zombie following the shooting, and police officers on the scene said he seemed to look in a "programmed-state." Whether this is true or not; it is a fingerprint, which seems to be part of a pattern of the CIA: always working with a third party so that the investigation never points a finger back to them. And Chapman certainly was not a fan, as he had *no* Lennon memorabilia or music in his home. He did stalk Lennon for a couple of days before he executed him, resembling a highly trained killer. He admitted that he went after Lennon because the Dakota mansion was an "easy hit." Author Strongman writes, "I am as convinced as any human being can be that elements of both the FBI and CIA were undoubtedly behind a cover-up in December 1980. They were also deeply involved in the killing itself." Why was Lennon on their hit list? He led a strong opposition to the Vietnam War, and was a pacifist. It is strange that he had no axe to grind with capitalism, as he was a self-made multi-millionaire himself. So why did the military-industrial political complex decide to target him? His songwriting did threaten them because he was a dreamer and genius; but most truly, it was because of his popularity. He could take a concept and get millions of people to believe it, and then act on it—that is what the madmen in Washington are afraid of. Meanwhile, his assassin Mark Chapman has had a home at Attica State Prison for over thirty years and has little hope for parole. A parole board once asked the reason why he murdered Lennon, and his response: "the result would be that I would be famous ... I would receive a tremendous amount of attention, which I did receive." Some files relating to the Secret Service investigation into Lennon's life-activities are still closed, and this continues to point to suspicions

of a government-sponsored cover-up.

The End

Appendix G

The Fallacy of DNA Testing and Results: DNA Used as a Weapon for False Criminal Convictions

Dirty Lawyers, Corrupt Judges, the Frame-Up:

This is a system where the secret government combined with their Mafia associates are flawless. The only type of person who can escape one of these types of seal-em-in-da-can tactics are those trained in the art of espionage. Here is a scenario on how they achieve the art of locking an innocent person up in prison — literally. First, they hire local thugs from a rattlesnake bar to come by a victim's house at the middle hours of the morning—they steal his garbage, taking special care to find the garbage out of the bathroom. Next, they send their catch to one of their underground labs, where DNA is extracted from napkins, or other similar items that have had contact with the mucus membranes of the body. Then, they take their extracted mucus and place it on the clothing of a body at a crime scene which they created—voilà! And worse yet, the crime scene they created is physically on the property of the innocent victim of whose garbage they stole a few days earlier. While the body lay lifeless in the innocent person's backyard, they then call the sheriff and report a body—woe! They now have what they call, sealing-the-can of Tuna—the perfect frame-up. Oh, but they are not done yet ... once the innocent victim is arrested, they work behind the scenes to make sure he gets the worst charge of some horrible sexual crime. Then, they make sure their own corrupt judge rules over the proceeding, and not to mention giving the innocent victim a public defender who is in their own back pocket too. Now if that is not enough, once the innocent victim is sentenced and charged with the worst possible sexual crime, he is dragged off to a corrupt prison where they also have insiders, and prison inmates absolutely despise anyone who has been charged with sexual misconduct. His life in prison becomes a living hell, and compliments of the elitist judicial system and the evil people controlling every aspect of it.

DNA has another fallacious face to it. When articles of evidence make it into a crime lab, errors can be made in the analysis of DNA. In an article from the *Atlantic Weekly*, a

thorough discussion was made into the possibility of major systemic errors in determining if evidence from a crime scene is trustworthy to convict someone of a crime. There have been DNA exonerations where someone once convicted of a crime by a DNA test, is later found innocent when retesting is administered. In one case, a lab analyst was fired, but later rehired when it was found that the analyst needed “more training.” A man had to spend almost four years in prison because of her mistake. Houston Police Department’s Crime Laboratory, by one estimate, handled DNA evidence from at least 500 cases a year—mostly rapes and murders, but occasionally burglaries and armed robberies. Acting on a tip from a whistleblower, a media outlet *KHOU 11* had obtained dozens of DNA profiles processed by the lab and sent them to independent experts for analysis. The results were terrifying: it appeared that Houston police technicians were routinely misinterpreting even the most basic samples. This Houston crime lab is one of the largest in Texas....[1]

The FBI has a combined DNA Index system called CODIS. This system was created for storing DNA profiles of convicted criminals and arrestees. Also included, is an accreditation process for contributing labs. This is to standardize how samples are collected and stored.[2] A reliable source informed this author that this tracking system is even more widespread. He, who is not a criminal, was at a hospital to get a routine treatment, where he was coerced to sign a document giving the hospital permission to take a blood sample so his blood could be entered into a *DNA database*.

DNA typing has long been held up as an infallible technique, rooted in an unassailable science. Most other forensic techniques in the past were developed by police departments, while this one arose simply from academic discipline, and later validated by other qualified researchers. However, as one reliable source quoted, “It was no longer a question of whether errors are possible. It was a question of how many, and what exactly we’re going to do about it.”[3]

Because of some popular TV programs, juries are already made aware of DNA police procedures and only need to hear the term DNA, before passing on a guilty verdict. Thus, DNA evidence, no matter how it is collected carries more weight in a

criminal trial than it deserves.

And now, today, the art of collecting DNA has changed from the previous requirement: plenty of biological material like semen, mucus, or blood to work with. In our age of more powerful tools to examine DNA evidence, all that is needed is the smallest of samples, like *touch-DNA*, focusing on a smeared thumbprint, or a speck of spit on a counter. They also can claim to identify DNA profiles from complex mixtures, or genetic material from multiple contributors. This concept is horrifying as most people who pass through a building in a day leave little samples of their DNA, hair follicles and fingerprints on counters and floors and bathrooms.[4]

And then there is a lot of pressure, from the prosecutors and police as they wait for results from a crime lab, results that can convict a defendant of a serious crime. And then, to add even more confusion to the process of incrimination, a crime lab in North Carolina is compensated as much as \$600 for a DNA analysis that *results in a conviction*! This is a formula for bias and corruption—when there are monies involved things can get a little skewed. It should be noted that these crime labs are state and local law enforcement agency crime labs.[5] So can DNA samples be relied upon for a firm, truthful conviction of a defendant? This author says a definite—NO!

The End

Appendix H

Deciphering the Fears of the Deep State

What the secret government, military-industrial complex fears the most:

Media exposure—Whistleblowers—Independent media—Church/righteous living; they implant agitators to disrupt churches—Off-grid living/cash only purchases where they can't track you—Each other; there is no true camaraderie in the Deep State camp—Corporations that compete with Deep State contracts, sending regulatory government agencies their way.

Media Exposure and Whistleblowers:

First and foremost is media exposure. Secrecy is the greatest weapon of the elite and how they back-channel in the government, their profit-making industries, or their illegal underground enterprises. America's rural highways have become their killing fields, as bodies keep being thrown out like trash, discarded from passing vehicles on the roadsides of once peaceful counties. I say peaceful because the real debasement is in the county bordering them. The whistleblowers, or sometimes persons who are witness to crimes, are killed by the corrupt counties' criminal network, and driven to an adjacent county, usually two county lines away. Here they are tossed into the ditch, or convenient waterway. Thus, relieving the corrupt county of the bad statistics, to further hide their evil enterprises. They dump the body, which becomes an unsolved murder statistic in the 'peaceful' county. Now there are different ways for the elite of industry, the government, and the military complex to dispose of bodies; depending upon which area of the country they operate in. In Florida, they throw them to the gators or into a landfill in convenient, dark plastic bags. On the East or West Coast, it's in a body of water, deep water! In the big city, they make the body a part of a cement roadway, or other building project. They have many ways of getting rid of their "problems." But after a few years of this madness, the MEDIA, in the form of an honest reporter, starts to dig. And the more they dig, the more bones begin to surface; and from the bones, more names; and the more names, the more connections—until—a

story breaks along the lines of: corruption, extortion, bribery, murder, and the like amongst public officials! This is media exposure that Mafia-connected politicians fear the most! Public disclosure brings: the truth, negative publicity, coverage on the news and—the spotlight! Suddenly the political crime bosses throw out a fall- guy to take the major weight of the exposure. Then the local authorities step in and charge this someone with a crime. A cover-up follows: files being shredded, discs being discarded and hard drives disappearing. At least one politician will step down to spend “more time with his/her family.”

Independent Media is the Backbone of a Free Society:

It used to be the main media outlets who told the truth, with Walter Cronkite and your local news anchors. However, following a CIA planned operation in the middle part of the last century to infiltrate all the major medias with CIA plants to “control the news diet of Americans,” major medias now simply feed American viewers with a pabulum of mixed news, lies and exaggerations—they seduce them with fake news! In some cases, like 9/11, complete fabrications are balanced between media outlets! Only independent media can possibly tell the truth today, while the major medias label their spin as “conspiracy theory.” Independent media is not afraid of exposing corruption, on a local, regional, or national level. The only problem is, they find it difficult to get advertisers to support their well-done investigative research on corruption. If American business would get behind advertising their businesses on independent media outlets, a great deal more corruption would be exposed, and Americans would live in a less corrupt political environment. Just the fact that a few major power brokers are being exposed may cause the rest of the cockroaches to flee from the light. Following 9/11 for example, the horribly corrupt world leader, President George W. Bush, tricked the American people into accepting tyranny with the sudden passage of the Patriot Act. This bill allows law enforcement to investigate into people’s private homes and affairs with no search warrant, holding any Americans who are labeled as a terrorist indefinitely—without due process! This bill is a sham of corruption, and a violation of the U.S. Constitution. It is a free pass for the secret government to crush free speech, harass whistleblowers, and have free rein to run their illegal secret operations.

In a recent ruling in Portland, Oregon, a U.S. district court judge ruled two provisions of the U.S. Patriot Act to be unconstitutional. The article reads...

PORTLAND, Ore.—Two provisions of the USA Patriot Act are unconstitutional because they allow search warrants to be issued without a showing of probable cause, a federal judge ruled Wednesday. U.S. District Judge Ann Aiken ruled that the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, as amended by the Patriot Act, “now permits the executive branch of government to conduct surveillance and searches of American citizens without satisfying the probable cause requirements of the Fourth Amendment.”[1]

Sometimes the elite fear each other....

- The world is controlled by 13 families. These 13 families are: the Kennedys—the Astors—the Reynolds—the Bundys—the Collins—the DuPonts—the Freemans, and Li—Onassis—Rockefeller—Rothschild—Russel—and the Van Duyns.[2]

On occasion, these families are challenged by other powerful families who want to take their place in the line of world domination. This results in litigation, or gang warfare, as some of these families have sublevel ties. What the public sees happening on the surface are: assassinations, abductions, and outright gang warfare. Over a holiday weekend, a newspaper headline might read: “Over 30 People Killed on Memorial Day Weekend in a Region-Wide Gang Uprising.” Behind the scenes though, it’s a powerful elite family duking it out with another family over territory, shipments, and contracts. It can get very messy! One example of this was the weekend of July 4th, 2016 where at least 64 people were shot in Chicago. There seems to be a link to these Chicago shootings and gangs, as just prior to the holiday weekend police rounded up 88 gang members, a public show of stepping up its police patrols. Some may wonder why all these shootings took place over the 4th of July weekend. With the 4th of July comes fireworks, and people are used to the sounds of firecrackers being shot off—these loud reports also cover up gun shots in the streets, allowing criminals to have a shooting gallery where no gun shots are reported to police for a quick follow-up. On a normal day, if citizens hear gun shots, they immediately

call police, but not on the 4th of July....[3]

Elite psycho-controllers are sometimes irritated by churches that have a connection with God.

Audible prayers go out from these congregations that disrupt the flow of the elitist's power control grid, their illegal activities, and supply lines. In government, prayers expose the corruption of corrupt officials. After a while, the evil controllers catch wind that a local assembly of believers is getting onto their turf—“we have reports that they pray for us during their church meetings,” an elitist official complains. Perhaps the church has outreach programs to dry out the alcoholics and drug addicts, subsequently reducing the number of drug users. Perhaps the church has an outreach to prostitutes and street people, as prostitution is one of the elitist's biggest money-making enterprises. Once a church is targeted by the mob, the enforcers of the elite's illegal grid; send in plants to disrupt the ministry of the church. These are demon possessed thugs sent in to purposefully lie, gossip, tell tales, and create scandals that disrupt and split the church, weakening its ministry to a fraction of what it once was. This occurred in a large church in a city I once lived in. This scandal was also fueled by an article featured in the local paper, which further spread the lies already circulating to the whole region. This large 800-member church folded within a month, never to open its doors again. Nobody will ever know if the vicious lies had any truth at all to them—it was a firestorm for the church leadership to handle. The local newspaper article gave the people the impression that the lies were true, but that is all. This was a classic case of yellow journalism at its apex. The yellow journalist who wrote the article, frequently portrayed ultra-liberal churches in a positive light, praising them consistently in her writings. The church she destroyed was a conservative, independent Bible church, of which she obviously had great hostility towards. The elite are very skillful in their use of the media as a tool to persecute individuals, ministers, politicians, high ranking military, businessmen and women, and even corporations.

Another discussion: how the elite target other corporations that are competing against their profits:

They have one simple strategy, call a government regulatory agency! If the corporation they target has a factory, or large warehouse operation, all it takes is a false complaint to the EPA to investigate illegal dumping, trash, storage leaks, or anything their snitches find that could be a possible violation—spreading lies to make it stick! Another practice is a fake call to the Feds by a malicious tipster to upstart an irritating search and seizure to disrupt a company at its core operations: one classic story is Gibson Guitars over the wood they used to make some of their fine guitars.

A large contributor to Republican causes, CEO Henry Juskiewicz of Gibson Guitars, was surprised one day when a paramilitary unit of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, raided his company without warning, because they violated some obscure provision of an import law from the early 1900s. The wood they imported from India and Madagascar for fingerboards, apparently violated some law in these countries, but not U.S. law! Authorities in India and Madagascar seemed surprised at all the attention about really nothing! The Gibson Guitar raid, which was settled later with a \$250,000 settlement and a \$50,000 payoff to environmental groups, cost the company over \$2 million in legal fees. The real villains behind the raid were really unions.[4]

Anti-competition is for sale in many flavors from the big government ice cream stand.

And this is not an isolated incident. Just ask Harvey Silverglate, a Boston lawyer, activist, civil liberties advocate, and author of *Three Felonies a Day: How the Feds Target the Innocent*. He explains...

The Feds routinely take advantage of the vagueness of many of our laws by starting from the target and working backwards, selectively prosecuting people they want to go after by charging them with crimes they often don't even know exist. Worse, 95 percent of federal cases never go to trial, because Justice Department prosecutors have engineered the system to make it too risky to go to trial, often railroading people who are innocent. They have built a conviction machine, not a system of justice.[5]

Greenmailing is a way that one company can take over another industry, lock, stock, and barrel:

In this scenario, one company keeps buying the stock of another until they obtain 51% of the shares that are publicly traded. Once this is done, the majority shareholder orders the company's assets to be sold off, profiting hugely on selling off parts of the victimized corporation. This tactic is done daily on Wall Street, and occasionally a company can be targeted by the elite for a planned takeover.

A more thoughtless way of the elite to target, could be, sabotage. Here getting professional thugs to flatten tires with a bent over wire pushed into the side of the tire, that after a few revolutions, starts flapping on the wheel well, showing the driver when he pulls over exactly which tire was sabotaged, and creating a slow, irreparable leak. These professional thugs are trained in the school of dirty tricks and know their profession well—creating accidents that appear real. VIPs who die in sudden plane crashes or car wrecks or other strange accidents may have been targets of the Deep State's sabotage. Some deaths that are suspect are: Princess Diana, Congressman Sonny Bono, Congressman Paul Wellstone of Minnesota, John F. Kennedy Jr., Pope John Paul II—just to name a few. Many key scientists have died mysteriously also. They had inventions that would have created competition for elitist corporations. Some people of political fame have died of sudden heart failure: Richard Holbrooke had a heart attack while visiting Hillary Clinton's State Department office, later passing at the hospital. The political and elitist landscape today is all—smoke and mirrors....

The End

Appendix I

The Mafia in America

A Triangle of Death

The American Mafia, which is spread from coast to coast in many key cities, has sometimes been portrayed out of curiosity in a positive light by profit-seeking Hollywood producers. I once ran a service business in an area of Florida known as the Mafia-world of South Florida. The Mafia had such a strong presence in this area that even a street carried the same name of the O'Donnell family gang of Chicago. Clients of mine, average citizens, would sometimes admit that they had friends in the mob. Because of the Hollywood glamour given to the underworld, many average citizens find it unique to have a Mafioso acquaintance. However, what they don't realize is that Mafia family members, or *made men*, are loyal to only *one* boss, and are sworn to silence by a secret code: *Omertà*. Should they break secrecy, the associate member can be disciplined severely. And that is why the average citizen should never keep company with anyone in the mob, friend or otherwise—they will turn on their own family members to follow the code of silence. They live by one standard: *loyalty*. So, whether they are an underboss, a capo, a soldier, an associate, or the top don, they are extremely dangerous to the average population—second only to the rogue CIA, *the most dangerous people in the world*. They live in a walled-in subculture; an underworld enshrined in secrecy. Mostly they fellowship among themselves, and rarely do they allow others into their dangerous, criminal environment, unless they are an associate. One man who had worked for a South Florida enterprise, and was released from prison; he told me some of his story. He had apparently been an *enforcer* for the mob. His job was to approach a targeted person's door with a box of flowers in which a shotgun was the centerpiece. When his target opened the door—bam! Flowers delivered on the spot for the target's immediate funeral. I doubt if he left a card! Another enforcer for the mob in the earlier years (1930s) was a man famed for his use of an ice pick to do his dirty work: Albert Anastasia of Murder Inc. One can only imagine the terror such a murder could cause in a mob infested city. Sometimes Mafia figures use the term—*rat-pig*: to refer to another associate of

little fame, and they are not far off from the truth. They are not the type of people to be invited to a family dinner! Mobsters have their own version of a family dinner. One such Mafia event of infamous nature was the St. Valentine's Day massacre which centered around a dinner which one Chicago gang prepared for another gang's leaders—dinner was served in a hail of lead. In fact, even today, a dinner invitation sent to someone by a mob member is usually a personal threat. One such dinner invitation is outlined in the book: *Guardians of the Backwater*.

America started to change when Italian immigrants came to the shores of New York in the late 1800s. Some of these immigrants brought their Mafioso trades with them, especially the Sicilians. During the Prohibition years of the 1920s, criminal groups gained much power and wealth supplying booze to a liquor starved population. The spread of the Mafia across America came to be 26 families in 26 different cities, including: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, New Orleans, Las Vegas, Detroit, and Tampa.[1] There is also a Florida city where I did all the research for the book *Guardians of the Backwater*, it's closely guarded and very secretive. This city is a "true mob-world," where powerful Mafia groups live alongside retired and active CIA. I am unable to give the exact location of this city on the West Coast of Florida, since after being chased out of Florida by their hired thugs, it was a miracle that I was able to have my deeply researched book published—whew! However, you will also notice that I did NOT mention a Mafia city in the Northwest: Washington state, or Oregon. This is because, this area is controlled by a foreign criminal group known as the Asian mob, who will not under any circumstance, allow American Mafias (especially East Coast and Midwestern) to operate in their region. This is where I fled to after doing my CIA/mob research in Florida, and after they found out about my book in progress! Other Criminal enterprises who operate in the West are the Mexican drug cartels; another, dangerous and very secretive group who are backed up by the CIA. Shockingly, some of the tonnage of illegal cocaine comes over our Southern border on CIA airplanes!

There have been increased government investigations into mob activity with several of the key Mafia leaders arrested since the 1990s. In 2017 federal authorities arrested 19 members of the Lucchese family, including its two top bosses, on charges of

rackeering and murder.[2] For the most part, the criminal mob has gone underground and operates in a full metal jacket of secrecy, analogous to the CIA. Not much is known of their current leadership and activities. On the regular internet, just scant historic information is available; however, they are very familiar with a darker internet; an underground internet shrouded in layers of protection. Their cloak of secrecy at all levels, makes mobsters even more dangerous to the general public, as they go about like fleeting shadows protecting their interests, leaving in their backwash, a contemptible triangle of death. The mob with its new advances in electronic surveillance, has thugs who do their enforcing, and innocent Americans who accidentally get too close, are caught in a vortex of terror. Historically, five families operate in New York: Lucky Luciano, Joseph Bonanno, Joe Profaci, Vincent Mangano, and Tommy Gagliano. The Chicago outfit identifies with: Al Capone; then Buffalo: Stefano Magaddino, and there is also the Philadelphia mob. Back in the early thirties, a Commission was established by Lucky Luciano and Meyer Lansky in Atlantic City—this Commission still exists. It was created to replace the concept of a boss of bosses, the last one being murdered. In fact, in mob circles a surprising number of their leaders have been murdered by other Mafia groups. Overall, the Commission made up of the leaders of the five New York families, reduces gang wars and internal conflicts among member families. The Commission has been known to assassinate family leaders who challenge the status quo; historically, hiring a group called Murder Inc, an operation run by Albert Anastasia—the man mentioned earlier of ice pick fame, to “take care of business.” Later, it was decided that two more leaders of the families could join the Commission: Angelo “Gentle Don” Bruno of the Philadelphia Crime Family, and Joseph “Joe Z.” Zerilli of the Detroit Partnership.[3]

Some of the ways that the Mafia makes money is through a whole list of evils: extortion, bribery, racketeering, drug running and smuggling, prostitution, illegal gambling, assassinations, loan sharking, bootlegging, counterfeit money operations, human trafficking, robbery, stolen vehicles and chop shops, kidnapping and other enterprises. The mob even runs some legitimate businesses, some of which they purposefully operate at a loss, for money laundering purposes. An example is a vehicle pay-daily parking lot, where they keep the price of parking too high

to prevent business, and then claim on cooked books that cars park there anyway, paying the parking fees out of their own suitcases full of dope cash. Thus, flushing the cash money through the parking lot's bank account; cleaning it up a bit, then paying themselves back with a profit! Or they run a limping restaurant purposefully to lose as much money as they can, using the losses as a tax write-off. These are just a couple of ways they use their illegal gains—the rest of their financial profits and losses are handled by skilled, crooked CPAs who spend their spare time studying international business law. And oh yes; then there are their crooked swilling lawyers who already have become experts in business law and know all the underhanded tricks. Oh, of course they then have international bank accounts in countries with loose international banking laws where they can park the most cash; island countries as the Caymans, the Bahamas and Panama, are just for starters.

The Mafia 10 Commandments:

- No one can present himself directly to our friends ... there must be a third person to do it.
- Never look at the wives of friends, but the wives of enemies are totally up for grabs.
- Never be seen with cops.
- Do not hang out at pubs or clubs.
- Always be available for Cosa Nostra, duty is a must.
- Appointments must be absolutely respected.
- Mobster wives must be treated with respect.
- When asked for information, the answer must be the truth.
- Money cannot be appropriated, if it belongs to others, or to other families.
- Persons who cannot be part of Cosa Nostra: anyone with close relations to the police; anyone with a two-timing relative in

their family; anyone who behaves badly and doesn't hold to moral values; and anyone with a close relation to military police.

[4]

Mafia Definitions:

- Cosa Nostra: "our thing."
- La Cosa Nostra: our thing, "this is ours."
- Omertà: strict code of silence.
- Godfather: "the boss."
- Capo dei capi: leader of all leaders, the boss of bosses.
- Boss: a leader of the Mafia.
- Lieutenant: Capo—Chief—Skipper.
- Black book: bad list.
- Associate: works with the mob but is not a member (can be a dirty politician).
- Borgata: basic structural unit of mobster society.
- Hitman: an enforcer of the mob.
- Asset: a mob member working undercover for the CIA.
- Moll: a female mob member who recruits women to work in a prostitution network.
- Don: the main man, mob leader.
- Made man: an official recruit of the Mafia.
- The Commission: a group of mobster families who run most of the Eastern Coast Mafia cities in cooperation together.
- A stiff, iced, juiced, whacked: mob terms for the dead.
- A dog: a mobster term for a prostitute.
- Grease a hand: money received in hand in a deal.

Names of Mafia members:

Often highlighted with a character trait:

- Niki "Icy Hands" Bogarti
- Mick "The Shovel" Torelli
- Stan "Big Numbers" McCormick

Cars of the Mafia:

Smart ones drive average cars. However, many are eccentric and love to show off their money in metal. Common gangster vehicles are:

- Cadillacs.
- Classic limousines.
- Big SUVs.

- Mustangs—especially souped-up.
- Shelby Mustangs.
- Luxury cars, the most expensive money can buy. They can park over a million dollars in one car.

Homes of the Mafia:

- Florida homes, mostly on canals with docks for yachts.
- Expensive mansions on Chicago's lakeside.

Major cities of Mafia operations:

- Tampa, Florida
- New York City
- Las Vegas, Nevada
- Chicago, Illinois
- San Francisco
- Vancouver, B.C.
- Panama City, Panama
- Bogota, Columbia
- Moscow, Russia
- Hong Kong, China

Major drug running operations:

- Central and South America (Columbia, Mexico, Panama)
- South Florida
- California
- The Golden Triangle of Southeast Asia
- Hong Kong, China
- Vancouver, B.C.

Politicians connected to the underworld:

- The Clintons

Government entities with mob connections:

- The CIA
- State of Arkansas under Bill Clinton's governorship.
- A state government on America's West Coast.
- One small city on Florida's Gulf Coast is completely run by the mob.
- Some Municipalities across America are influenced in one way or another by the mob or underworld. Some of these are

backwater communities which are often run by one corporation or industry.

Favored Mafia retreats:

- Florida, especially its Gulf Coast and Miami.
- Some Mexican resort cities: Puerto Vallarta and Cabo San Lucas.
- Caribbean Islands: Caymans, Jamaica.
- Panama

Favored Mafia hangouts:

- City parks: in parking areas—car window to car window.
- The gym: Classy health clubs—the bigger deals negotiated in the sauna.
- Irish restaurants, Italian pizza parlors or other mafia owned establishments.

Favored Mafia body disposal sites:

- A body of water: cement shoes.
- Swamps: gator infested ... automatic fish food.
- The mafia associate funeral director: crematorium.
- A county landfill: deposited in thick, black plastic bag and same day bulldozed over with the rest of the debris.

The End

Appendix J

The CIA and Its Domestic Activities

CIA Domestic Activities:

A friend made a statement to me, “I heard that the CIA wasn’t allowed to operate domestically inside the U.S.” As I thought about his statement, I recalled just one piece of information I had heard ... there are over 800 thousand people operating inside the U.S. with top-secret clearance! Now this would include all the government agencies together that offer such clearance: the military, the Feds, the CIA, the NSA, the FBI and the Pentagon. The truth about the CIA is that they do have people operating domestically when it comes to counterintelligence. Another program that has domestic employment is their retirement program called SAD, which allows retired CIA to work part-time out of their homes on counter-terrorism analysis. I once lived near one of these communities, and the problems associated with a CIA based secret operation in a rural city are multifaceted, as they work for SAD in “counter-terrorism research.” There was also a secret CIA college in the downtown area of this Gulf Coast Florida city. This drew spies from all over the world to the area to either study in their secret college, or spy on the secret college and its students. A Russian community formed in proximity, just 15 miles north. This made it clear that Russian intelligence (now SVR) were present. Innocent citizens who became aware of the secret college were eliminated: thrown out on the side of the freeway, poisoned, or framed with DNA transfer crimes. Even one city council member who had an altercation with another council member (retired CIA), suddenly died of a fast-moving cancer within 5 days of discovery (a known *radioactive* CIA kill tactic). Businessmen or women who got too close to the college, often suddenly left town in a mad rush. Another element that flooded into the area was top Mafia leaders and their families. They would wine and dine at the social events and make friends with active and retired CIA officers and their families; making casual contacts at first, but with the full plan of solidifying working relationships for the uninterrupted movement of their drug/prostitution/human trafficking pipelines into the states. The mob operated prostitution networks up and down the eastern

coast of the U.S., Florida being a gold mine with its hotels and tourist traffic—over a million people visit Florida every year! Then there was a flow of drugs of which were flown directly into South Florida from Central America at one time on CIA aircraft. Their international banking for handling drug money is probably based in the Central American banking capital of Panama and Puerto Rico. Pedro Escobar, the notorious *thirty-billion-dollar man*, became rich on the cocaine markets, running cocaine from Columbia to the U.S.—by the ton—every month! Apparently after he was killed, some other dangerous groups took over the cocaine highway. It is common knowledge that a Mexican drug cartel took some of the traffic. The secret college in South Florida outlined in the book: *Guardians of the Backwater*, has since moved off to the other coast of Florida. Woe to the inhabitants of this new host city, they will suffer from the same woes: out of control spy activity, and over time, a record number of Mafia profit seekers who will move into the wealthy neighborhoods of town! This is the whole problem of the CIA operating domestically in rural cities; people get hurt, lives destroyed, and there is an influx of Mafia. Who wants such a swamp of underground crime in their city!

CIA Defined:

What is the CIA, who do they operate under?

The CIA is a U.S. federal agency that coordinates U.S. intelligence operations. Created in 1947, the CIA was to:

“Coordinate the nation’s intelligence activities and correlate, evaluate, and disseminate intelligence which affects national security and to perform other duties and functions related to intelligence as the National Security Council might direct.”[1]

But what really is the main function of the CIA? Philip Agee in his book *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, clearly outlines the CIA’s operations in other countries; primarily in South America where he was stationed, as being heavily involved politically in foreign policy, and enforcing U.S. foreign policy over that of other governments, while protecting U.S. interests. He shows that the main goal is to: keep regimes in power who suppress the poor, keeping the flow of monies to the rich, while continuing

U.S. backed loans to keep U.S. corporations rich from interest off these loans. He states,

“The value of private investment and loans and everything else sent by the U.S. into Latin America is far exceeded year by year, by what is taken out — profits, interest, royalties, loan repayments — all sent back to the U.S.” [2]

From one of Agee’s archived newsletters, *Covert Action Information Bulletin*, I found what the main targets of the CIA in foreign countries were: governments, political parties, the military, police, secret services, trade unions, youth and student organizations, cultural and professional societies, and the public information media. In each of these, the CIA continues to prop up its friends and beat down its enemies, while its goal remains the furthering of U.S. hegemony so that American multinational companies can intensify their exploitation of the natural resources and labor of foreign lands.[3] The CIA infiltrates these other countries with their own agents, and also recruits domestic agents (assets) inside other governments to cooperate with their plans. In one country, even the prime minister was a recruit! All it takes is money to grease the palms of government officials, and the CIA has mountains of that; one of the latest approved U.S. congressional one-line item budgets was over \$60 billion USD! They also have their own *black budgets* derived from illegal networks of drugs and prostitution. The CIA in many ways is an entity operating of itself with *VERY LITTLE* congressional oversight....

The CIA May Target Domestic Citizens Who They Think Know Too Much:

It is the responsibility of this journalistic author to expose this part of their domestic operations. Yes, it is my personal experience that the CIA most definitely targets domestic American citizens who *they think* have acquired knowledge of one of their secret operations, and who they think may expose their dirty little secrets to the public. In my opinion, any CIA that co-op or are in any way connected to the Mafia are, without a doubt: *the most dangerous clandestine society in the world*. Much of my experience with the CIA and their Mafia assets is outlined in the book: *Guardians of the Backwater*.

The End

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